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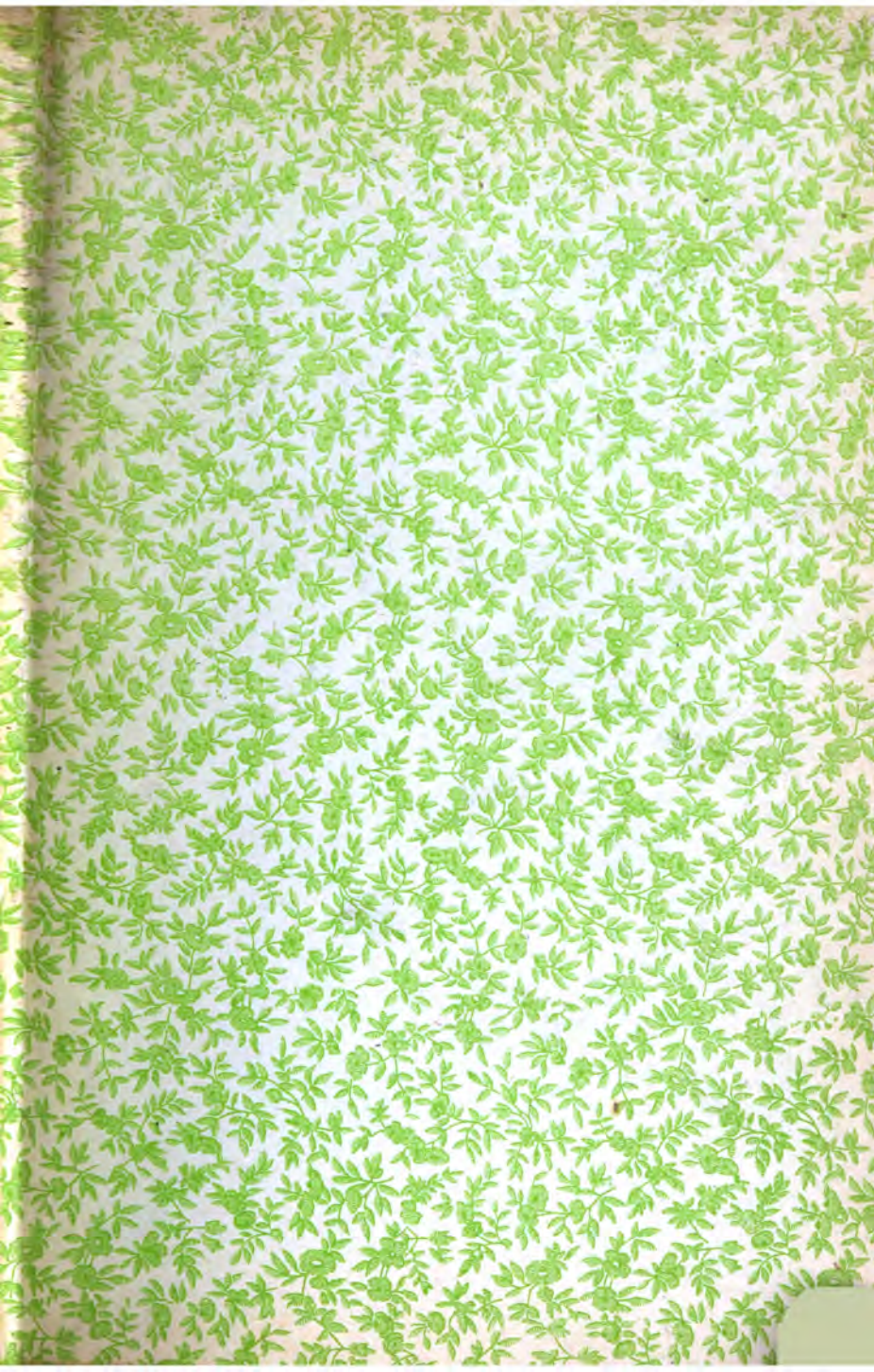
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MANDY'S WEDDIN', ... Eva C. Lovell
Illustrated by Binner.
IN BIRCH CANOE, ... H. L. H.
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ANOTHER CHRISTMAS DAY.

“The Star—came and stood over where the young child was.”



DEAR Mother Earth, another Christmas Day
Is added to thy jewel casket old;
Thy children throng on every traveled way
With gifts of myrrh and frankincense and gold.
Again the age worn story they repeat,
'Tis heard afresh by every list'ning ear;—
Again the Star of Bethlehem they greet,
The heavenly chorus crowns the parting year.
And as the stately centuries pass along,
Dearer and dearer does the story grow,
Dearer the star, dearer the angel song,
The blessed family in the manger low.
Thy children all, from care and grief beguiled,
Seek with their gifts to-day a little child.



MANDY'S WEDDIN'.



A MISSISSIPPI SKETCH.

GOOD MORNIN', Marse Doctor, good mornin' sah! I hopes yo' is mos' obligated ter fin' yo'se'f well dis yere Chuesday mornin'!

"Thankee sah, thankee, dey's all putty toler'ble well, an' 'taint no med'cin', Marse Henry, dat I'se cum atter dis mornin'. Yo' aint disrememberin' uv ole man Unc' Jeems Givens' darter, is yo'? Mandy Givens, whar been Miss Ca'line's maid? Well, Marse Henry sah, dis yere de Chuesday evenin' whar dey sot, her an' my brer Davy, fur ter git marrified in.

"Yassah, dey's er gwine ter try er double team, 'thout Mandy git er tantrum an' lev him. So sah, Aun' Polly an' dem sont me up ter 'vite yo' an' Miss Fanny down ter de church circumventin' sah, in cose, dat yo' 'rangements is not deflectin' wid dis time an' place. Unc' Jeems an' dem say, 'Will de Marse Doctor an' his lady hornify 'im an' Aun' Polly on dis 'casion uv fam'bly rejoicin',—sich as is de cases when de license is projouced,—an' 'cept dis 'vitation ter dese macrimonial cer'monies uv de jinin' uv dem two hearts, b'longin' at dis moment ter Davy Washin'ton an' Mandy Givens!'"

"Dis de arrint I'se been sont on, an' proud I is ter ast yo' an' Miss Fanny ter de weddin'. Unc' Jeems spesify dat he 'umbly begs yo' ter 'scuse 'im dis lib'ty, but he say day all be mighty proud sah, ef yo' cums ter dis 'sembly."

"Aun' Polly she say,—'Tell yo' Miss Fanny dat I dun sot my min' ter cook er supper sich as'll mak' fo'kes' moufs water in er dry spell.' She say dis yere meal is gwine ter be good 'nuff fur de Pres'dent hisse'f. She aint mistrustin' uv herse'f when hit cums ter cookin'. Aint dey dun kilt dat fat hawg whar been er eatin' sweet corn sense de craps cum in? Further—

more,—I aint nuver see no puttier lookin' gobblers dan dese same whar Aun' Polly dun clean, till sah, hit mak' me dat horngry ter look at 'em, er 'layin' in er row jist waitin' ter be 'vited in dat oven uv hern.

'Dem turkeys,' she say, 'is fur dem as is too del'cate fur eatin' hawg meat.' Lor' ! I'se sorry fur dem fo'kes whar can't eat *dat* meat, sweet an' fraish lik' dat young suckin' pig yonner, whar she dun rais' up herse'f.

"Sum fo'kes is cur'us; fur me, I jes' yearn fur er tas' of dat smilin' shoat, winkin' at er red apple whar he mak' b'leve he gwine ter eat, ha, ha, ha ! Yassah, de weddin', scusin' de supper, gwine ter tak place in de Baptis' Church at eight er'clock dis Chuesday evenin' an' we'all hopes sah, dat yo' an' yo' lady will be dar at de pinted time.

"Dancin'? Yassah, we's gwine ter hev dancin'. Unc' Bob an' dat fiddle uv hissen dey'll be dar ! Aun' Polly,—Lord ! she er boss 'ooman ; she riz up in meetin' an' says, 'No !' she don't want no foolishness an' dancin'; dey kin play games and sich, 'thout kissin'; she won't hev no 'misquous kissin' ! Gord—, Marster, she nee'n be 'feered, nobody gwine kiss *her*, 'thout he want ter git shed uv his toofs. Aun' Polly's er member ; she been 'mersed an' hed er 'sperience, she hev. When she riz up an' talk lik' dat we'all feel mighty hurted, kase de foots uv de gals an' young fellers jes' er eachin' fur ter rais' de dus'. De church members sum uv 'em wuz er smilin' an' sum er groanin'. Unc' Bob git up an' den he sot down. I hears Liz'y Brown say, 'No, Marster ! De Black Man* aint let no chile uv hissen open his mouf in de meetin' house.'"

"Unc' Bob he git up, kase de members all lookin' at 'im hard, an' he git outten de do'. I wur dat low sperited wid thinkin' 'bout Unc' Bob gwine out datter way, an' havin' er weddin' an' no dancin', when,— fo' de King, up riz Unc' Jeems !"

"'Will de members uv dis Baptis' Church and de 'cieties gin me er hearin'?', he ast. Elder Jones say, 'Cert'ny, sah !'"

*The Devil.



"Unc' Jeems aint nuver 'fessed an' he nuver giv much chin music; 'im a sobersome ole man, an' I aint nuver calc'lated fo' dis dat he er managin' pusson. Ef Aun' Polly boss yuthers, Unc' Jeems sho' do boss her. He riz up an' look all 'roun' dat 'sembly, den he say,—

"'Polly, I sho' is 'sprised at yo'. Is yo' forgot de big dance ole Marster gin us when we wuz jined? Kase ef yo' is, I aint. Polly, I'se 'stonished at yo', fur fo' de Marster, I members dat nar nuther gal at ou' weddin' beat yo' dancin' dat one name 'huntin' de squir'l.' Now I say, ez de head uv my fam'bly, dat Unc' Bob an' dat instrumint uv hissen is gwine ter be at Mandy's weddin'. I hev heered my daddy, whar dead an' gone, say dat when he wur maurried dey hed de biggest sort er break down, an' he wur er good 'nuff man, wur my ole daddy. At my weddin' de fo'kes dance dat hard, dat yere cum de dus' outten de flo' till de gent'mans an' de ladies 'gun ter sneeze same ez ef dey taken terbaccy; an' dem wuz good fo'kes. Dancin' aint nuver hurt nobody fur ez I kin see, an' I pintedly objects ter tak' frum er macrimony 'casion lik' dis one uv de main pints. Cum Polly, ole 'ooman, me an' yo' dun been er plowin' de same team er long time now an' dancin' aint dun us no hurtin', an' we aint hed no sich bad luck nuther. Mandy, she's de onliest gal 'mong six well growed boys an' she'll be mighty cut up I knows, ef her own Mammy an' Daddy say she aint wuth er dancin' weddin'. Members, ef dis gwine ter spile yo' fur de Marster's kingdom, yo' aint bleached ter cum. I tells yo' plain, Unc' Bob gwine ter be prom'nent an' de do' gwine stan' wid de latch up, fur yo' is all welcome, but ef yo' feelin's is in de way, stay outten de house; de hawg meat mightn't 'gree wid yo' tas' an' dem turkeys give yo' de 'spepsia! Dat's all, an' Elder Brown, I'se bleached ter yo' fur de time an' de flo'."

"De Kingdom cum, Marse Doctor! Aun' Polly look lik' she gwine ter trap in her tracks. She plum sartin Unc' Jeems gone 'stracted. She aint nuver, she say, hear 'im talk dat pintedly befo'. She nuver say one word, sah, 'cept ter ast

Liz'y Vessles ef she'd raise er chune, an' when I lef', sah, dey wuz er singin':

'Swing low, sweet chary-ot,
Cumin' fur ter car-ry me home;
Swing lo-ow, sweet chary-ot,
When yo' cums ter car-ry me ho-om.'"

* * * * *

Such was the invitation brought to the "House" by Dandy Jack, as he was called by the colored gentry, because of his Beau Brummel qualifications. He was the exquisite *par excellence* of the plantation and great nephew to the couple whose only daughter was to be married in the evening. Dandy Jack's errand was one of great importance; to be the mouth-piece of his set; to bring an invitation to "de House" of so grand an event as a marriage jollification, made his use of language more grandiloquent than usual, and his strut as he moved towards the quarters was something to remember.

At the hour named by Dandy Jack, we, the honored guests, wended our way to the little church.

This was a plain, neat building, with fully an acre of grass-land about it, the even green sward thickly studded with the oblong hillocks that had been the occasion of many a "fun'ral." Beneath the cotton woods which shaded this simple plot, dusky groups were standing. A large bonfire was burning not far from the little porch, being constantly replenished by numerous small boys, envied by groups of little girls, who with round-eyed, eager interest, followed each black-legged chip gatherer in and out of the shadows and smoke. At the church door stood the master of ceremonies, who greeted us with the lowest of low bows and escorted us to the seats of honor reserved for us just in front of the pulpit. On either side of this pulpit was a coal oil lamp, provided with a large reflector in the shape of a tin pan. Chimneys the lamps had none, these evidently being considered "foolishness." A tallow dip, stuck about here and there against brown wood walls, completed the primitive illumination, the gloom being somewhat intensified by—the audience.



The church was nearly full and there was quite a stir among the people as we took our places. They had been singing as we entered and did not cease the monotonous yet sweet refrain even after we had taken our seats. The parable of the wise and foolish virgins was the chant, many and peculiar liberties being taken with the sacred story, the idea of its appropriateness probably suggested by the introduction of a "Bridegroom."

"Dere wuz ten virgins when de Bridegroom cum,
Dere wuz ten virgins when he cum, when he cum,
Dey wuz five uv dem wuz wi-ise.
Dey wuz five uv dem wuz wi-ise,
Dey wuz five uv dem wuz wi-ise, when he cum.

Dere wuz ten virgins when de Bridegroom cum,
Dere wuz ten virgins when he cum, when he cum,
Dey wuz five uv dem wuz foolish,
Dey wuz five uv dem wuz foolish,
Dey wuz five uv dem wuz foolish, when he cum-m-m."

Then followed the almost interminable story, impressing on the benighted hearers how the foolish begged "jes' er little ile fo' de Bridegroom cum," and how the well provided, whose lamps were trimmed and burning, comfortable in their prudent forethought, coldly responded, "We nuther lend nor borry fo' de bridegroom cums." Then the final verse where "de foolish ones is lef' out in de col' an' dark." The singers had time to repeat this warning refrain to the improvident twice over, before a general stir ran through the ranks of assembled 'fessors and non-'fessors, denoting by the craning of necks towards the door, the arrival of the bridal party, After much whispering and suppressed giggling at the door, in they came, marching two and two, with great solemnity. The bride was a buxom young woman of thirty-two, and the groom a lean, lank, unusually dark stripling of barely twenty years.

They were walking together, or as it seemed to us, she was dragging an unwilling black lamb. After them came the

“waiters,” each dusky maid leaning coquettishly on the arm of her “gent’man.” Dandy Jack was of course on duty; he, with Kitty, our house maid, acting in the capacity of first couple. Kitty seemed to think it incumbent upon her to cry. She frequently used her handkerchief and looked pathetically at the broad-shouldered bride, who seemed composed enough. After the four couples of waiters came the near relations of the contracting parties.

With great airs of embarrassment, much changing of places and many instructions from the master of ceremonies, they were all at length satisfactorily placed. The groom assumed as manful an air as he could until his eye caught that of his bride, when he at once began to pull off his gloves and then to put them on again. These important factors had been borrowed from Brother Sanders, who used them while acting as chief pall bearer at all the funerals; and the poor groom, being the unfortunate possessor of two clumsy fists, was unlucky enough to split one of the funereal articles from knuckle to wrist.

“Dar now, Davy Washin’ton, yo’ is a fule,” mildly remarked his lady as she drew her white cotton veil into the correct folds.

The preacher now stepped forward. He was a large, powerfully made man, quite orthodox in his full suit of black. He had been chosen as “de preacher” because of a loud, sonorous voice and a faculty for stringing together many long and unusual words, incomprehensible to the shepherd or any of his flock. He was the plantation blacksmith, and hammered away on Sundays with as hearty a good will as when the hammer fell upon the anvil during the week. He used to say, “Sunday nights I’s dat wore out dat vittles pesters me. I hears fo’kes call dis ’suation whar we members uv, Hard shell Baptis’, I wants ter kerrec’ dat an’ name dese,— Hard *bead* Baptis’.

“Ladies an’ gent’men an’ yo’ Brer Elder Brown, who is so kin’ ez ter tak’ keer uv dis floc’ when de shepherd hatter sarcumvent Satin ’cross de ribber at Marse Henry Jones’ place,— I s’lutes yo’! ‘Yo’ all knows wha’tofo’ de beauty an’ de



'jority uv dis plantation, whar belongs'ter Marse John and Mis' Fanny (here he bowed to us), yo' all knows, I 'peats, wha'fo' we is 'sembled. Taint fur no 'fession, taint fur no baptisin'; *no*, an' taint fur no bur'yin nuther, dat I is stan'in yere an' liftin' up my voice ter tell yo' de wurd! Hit is on-necessary fur me ter be more pintedly 'jectional, yit ladies an' gent'men hit is my jooty ter 'nounce ter yo'all dat I calls yo' ter witness, an' yo'all hatter answer fur hit too, at dat dre'ful day uv jedgment when Brer Gab'el blows dat horn uv hissen, ef yo'all sees whar'fo' Davy Washin'ton an' Mandy Givens hev any reason why dey cant be jined in holy mac-rimony!"

An ominous silence of five long minutes fell over the assembly. Then Elder Brown said, "Dar aint no pusson, Brer Trimble, whar hev any 'jections to dis maurrage; yo' can perceed."

With what seemed to us quite an air of disappointment, the man of two callings turned to the couple before him.

"Jine yo' right han's," he said.

This was done by Dandy Jack, who also produced the ring.

"Who gives dis young lady ter dis young man?" asked the parson. "I does, sah, her Gran'mammy, Mis' Valentine, kase her daddy, my son, he say I mought."

As this little, shrivelled black woman spoke, all heads turned in her direction. She did not look very festive, this grandmother of the buxom bride, and had insisted upon sitting as usual, on the mourners' bench.

"Thank *yo'*, mam," answered Brother Trimble, with a profound bow in her direction, "an' a mighty fine, well-growed young 'ooman yo' is givin' erway."

The bride looked conscious at this mention of herself and pulled her veil a bit more over her face.

"Now who," said Parson Trimble, as he looked to the left corner of the room, "gives dis lik'ly young gent'man ter dis lady whar he is er holdin' by de han'?"

"I does, sah; Mis' Widder Corbin, *bis* mammy, sah."



"HER GRAN'MAMMY, MIS' VALENTINE'."



Another "Thank yo', mam," and the unique parson considered his work about half accomplished. He fumbled in his pocket until he brought to view a large yellow and red handkerchief which he used, first to mop his forehead and then to polish a pair of brass rimmed spectacles, which he adjusted to his nose.

Next followed a small book, not one word of which he could read. This he opened with an air of great superiority and satisfaction. A most ridiculous jargon followed in which were mingled his own ideas with bits and phrases from the Church service, such as,—

"Does yo', A. B., which signifies Mis Givens, tak' C. D., which pintedly means Mister Corbin, wharfo' ez yo' bofe is holdin' one nuther han's, ter be yo' lawful husban' an' yo' lawful wife, fur rich an' fur pore; fur good an' fur bad; when yo's sick an' when yo's toler'ble; in prospetary, in adversary, so long ez yo' bofe does live?"

Groans from the mourners.—

"Mis Givens, an' yo' Mister Corbin sah, will kin'ly obligate me ef yo' say atter me,—'I does.'"

This being responded to as directed by parson Trimble, he forthwith pronounced that they were "man and wife." Looking at the affrighted pair as though he already contemplated early domestic disturbances, he added "An' whar Gord has jined to'ge'er, let no man bust er'thunder."

Then seizing the bride by both hands he gave her a benedictional kiss.

"S'lute yo' lady, sah," he said to the befuddled groom, and when we left the congratulations were in full force, nor were they confined entirely to the wedded pair.

We must show ourselves if only for a few minutes, at the Given's cabin and eat a piece of Aunt Polly's wedding cake.

The night was a beautiful one and the bright, twinkling eyes of the autumn heavens seemed to laugh at the scene below. We were strolling leisurely toward the cabin when Dandy Jack approached us to say,—



"Dey's all er'waitin' fur yo'all, Marse Henry, fur yo' an' Mis' Fanny sah. De fo'kes is jis' er'lookin' at dat table till hit fa'rly blushin' sah, at sich sass. Aun' Polly she won't let nobody tetch nothin' till de quality cum. Aun' Polly she do feel her 'sponsibilities, so sah I'se been littergated ter probligate my footsteps in yo' de-rection ter tell yo' dat de fan-tail bird an' de fatted hawg is jis er'waitin' fur de karvin' knife."

We quickened our steps and soon found ourselves at the simple cabin. With a grand flourish Dandy Jack threw open the door. The cabin boasted of two rooms, and it was literally teeming with life. The important feature of the evening, the table, ran diagonally across the larger room and did indeed groan beneath its load of good viands. Around the room and also the shed, or back room, stretched a perfect fresco of black faces, all eager, all expectant and showing such sets of ivories as would starve a dentist.

Aunt Polly had donned a long white apron, which completely covered her twenty year old black silk,—a present it had been from my mother,—and stood with pardonable pride at the head of her plentiful table.

The seats of honor on either side of the roasted pig were given us and then parson Trimble asked the blessing.

"Bless de vittles, 'specially de hawg meat, castin' outten dis swine de debble. We's is more'n thankful fur dis spread ob de fleshy pots afo' us an' eats 'em wid de same relish as dem yuther deceased fo'kes, de 'Gyptians, whar I dun tole yo' 'bout las' Sunday."

"De gent'mans" served their ladies with great show of gallantry, and some of the "upper ten" among the beaux were fed with much affected coquetry by their partners, biting alternately from the same slice of cake and using the same spoon. Full justice was done to all Aunt Polly's good things, and almost every one had something tied up in a "han'kercher fur de chillun." At last the eating was over. The young men, under Unc' Jeems' directions, moved the tables out into the yard. Games were then played, after



which Unc' Bob walked to the corner prepared for him with the obnoxious blue striped ticking bag under his arm.

Uncle Bob's step was firm and his eye undaunted; that supper—and he had eaten a goodly share of it—supported him. Uncle Jeems at his elbow and his own inward convictions made him as bold as a lion.

"Hem," began the master of the house, as he walked up to Uncle Bob Tredwell and laid an encouraging hand on his shoulder.

"Hem! Ladies an' gent'mens, I dun a'ready 'spress my 'pinion 'bout havin' dat instrumint, whar yo'all knows is in dat scrop o' matrass tickin'. I say, yo'all dun heard me 'bout dat idee. Hit gwine ter chune up now in er minit; so I jis' wants ter say ter de members present dat, knowin' how hit do seem ter achually hurt dem same as er toof-ache ter hear er good chune, I rises an' tells dem dat de do' aint in no ways barrycaded, an' dey kin go ef dey's er min' ter. I don't want ter hurt no pusson's mor'ls, dat I don't.

"De maurrage is over, an' yo'all done eat er mighty good supper, ef I does sesso myse'f. But, ladies and gent'men an' members, jes' suit yo'se'fs; I does my part ter tell yo'all dat we is er gwine ter dance.

"Furdermore,—dar is ernuther 'struction fur yo' souls,—dat de sinners is er gwine ter warm deyse'fs wid, dough sum fo'kes say hit will sen' 'em straight 'long ter de Black man. I dunno 'bout dat; ole Marster whar dead an' gone, drink er jewlip every mornin'. Ef he gone down dar, den hit'll do fur me too. So members, I warns yo'all, hit is onnecessary fur me ter say de wurd; yo' see Polly hev fix' dat table yonner, hit hev glasses an' cups onto hit, an' 'taint fur no water 'cause dat's yonner in de pail upon de she'f; so I thanks yo' fur yo' 'tention an' jis' say agin,—de do' ain' tight latched."

Not a soul stirred. The members looked somewhat frightened and sought the cue as to what must be done on the broad, black face of Brother Trimble. But the ministerial gentleman looked stolidly out of the window as Uncle Jeems fin-



ished up his speech, so his wavering flock were thrown on their own responsibilities. A broad, almost audible grin shone on the faces of the sinners. No one spoke. Aunt Polly then moved toward the small table. She opened a cupboard in the wall and took from its darksome depths a large yellow bowl covered with a barrel top. Another and yet another bowl made its appearance and when the covers were removed there arose an odor, warm, spicy, soothing and insidious. Some of the members began to sneeze and I heard loud whispers about "er cole in de head," and "sich er mis'ry in my side."

Being unable to withstand the delights of Aunt Polly's "ticin' punch bowl," Brother Trimble turned from the window toward his flock. "When dis yearth wur oberflowed my bredren an' sistren, dar wuz one fam'bly dat wuz saved an' dat wuz Marse Noah's whar I dun told yo' 'bout. He drunk wine, so I 'specs we'all kin too; 'ceptin' my frien's, we mus'n tak' too much."

Even the members did not groan.

After serving us, Brother Trimble set the example to his flock by filling the very largest cup on the table and draining it,—dry!

The ice broken, Aunt Polly's punch held its own; and well it might, for her recipe was a good one. Then came the moment for Uncle Bob and his down trodden fiddle. What with the supper, the punch and their shepherd's approval, even the members became jolly.

It was time for our departure and we had just said good night, when our example was followed by one old woman whose duties compelled an early leave taking.

"Thanky mam, fur hit all," we heard her say to the hostess, who indignantly responded,—

"Hi, nigger! dat ain't manners. De white fo'kes say, 'scuse me please; I hev hed a pleasant evenin'.' Yo' got er heap ter larn gal!"



IN BIRCH CANOE.

Birch canoe a laughing pair;
He, brawny, blond and debonair,
Wielding his paddle with the skill
Of Indian hunter, swift and still;
She, brown-eyed, queenly, past compare.

A sheltered nook: He cries with air
Of jest, half earnest,—“Sweet, beware!
Pay toll—a kiss; ’tis his who will
In birch canoe.”

A blush, a start: “Jack, don’t you dare!”
Laughing he bends to kiss her there;
Heedless of poise, advances till
—A sudden splash! A sudden spill!
Alack! Thus oft must Cupid fare
In birch canoe.



AN EMBROIDERED NAME.



WOULD not have you think that she told it even to her nearest or dearest, for to do so would be to dishonor her dear memory. Those who knew her wondered over it, gave her a tender, silent sympathy, for they knew not what, and she in her large-hearted kindnesses of daily repetition told her little world of her gratitude, and they asked no more.

She repelled no one, turned no merry or sorrowing soul from her mystic presence, and I doubt if any one ever longed in vain for the assurance of her confidence. I will tell you what the world knew of the case, and then, if you will accept a part of the truth, I will add, with all reverence, some of the facts that have come to me since her death and his.

In the early days, when we all felt springtime in our hearts, Edith became engaged to my cousin Roger. He was the life of every gathering, the genuine spirit of every gay throng, and, wonderful to relate, the most sincerely sympathetic mourner at every funeral in our small Virginia town. I remember hearing old Colonel Anderson say to my mother that he would not feel properly or decently buried if a few of Roger Emery's tears did not find their way to his last resting place. Until he loved Edith, my cousin had a courage of heart that added to the charm of his already lofty manhood, and then we saw this courage depart, and the second evil of his life became companion to the one that had caused us so many heartaches at the close of his college days.

I will not linger over this blight on my noble cousin's life, for it is enough to say that we all knew in our family circle how he struggled for the mastery and failed, not frequently but yet too often in each precious year of his life. There was never an announcement of his engagement to Edith, but the added



lustre in her eyes, after the appearance of a modest gold band on the finger sacred to young womanhood, told us more than words could say. It was Edith's way to make people feel the more sacred things of life, and not even Jack Carney, the acknowledged wag of our little crowd, ever dared to tease or make merry over the matter with her. During the days that immediately followed the engagement, I trusted Roger to tell her, for I knew the truth had never dawned on Edith and that she should learn it from Roger himself or not at all. It was strange to see their engagement prolong itself from one, two and then into three years, for the simple love stories of our crowd had nearly all started on their life-time honeymoons, and Edith had reached her twenty-ninth year, while my cousin Roger was thirty-four.

In my heart I commenced to feel a foreboding of evil, but the others called it "Edith's way," and so the matter ended. In very truth the matter ended, for at the time of which I speak my cousin spent all his evenings either at his own home or mine, when it had been his habit to give this part of the day to Edith. I wondered at his cheerfulness during these days, for only on very rare occasions could I discover a look of pain in the face that was so dear to me. With Edith it was different. I saw her often in the little homes of the girls who had married, heard her cheerful talk as of old, and we even basked in her smiles, though we all felt they were but the shadows of something brighter that we had known and lost. The tiny gold band kept its place on her hand and seemed to tell of the pure love that encircled her life. When those who loved her saw her for the last time the ring had never been removed.

Edith was left to bless our lives many years after my cousin Roger was taken from us, and on the day that she finished her gentle labors I found courage to take her the letter from which I will write extracts for you to-day. I can tell you of nothing she said to me then, but the benediction in her smile as she held my hand for the last time should find its



way even into these lines, or else I fail in my tribute of love to her. My cousin had been thirty-four only six months when his letter was brought to me. I had known of his illness, which amounted to little more than a slight indisposition, but no one looked for the sudden, heartbreaking change, and the sunshine has never entirely broken through the clouds that rested on our hearts that day. The letter was long, but I will give you just enough of it that you may know how their story ended,—if such stories ever have an end.

“Don’t think that I have meant to be a coward, Polly dear,” the letter ran, “I planned it all for her good and mine, but I know now that I have allowed my spirit to deceive me. I know that you trusted me to tell Edith of my weakness, but during the days of this blessed confidence from you I was trusting to the strength of my love to save me, and Edith was to know all when I had conquered. It was I who had asked for the long engagement, for I did not mean, God knows I did not, to carry her into an unhappy life ! I had almost made my goal the night of the Masten ball and Edith was there in all her holy beauty. I saw a light about her as she entered the ball room with her father, and I was happy, for in my struggle for success I had commenced to feel almost worthy, if a man can ever feel worthy the love of such a woman.

“We left the crowded room after she had greeted those who loved to be in her presence, and she sat for an hour with me under the old oak tree that used to be large enough to shield us when we played “hide and seek” in our childhood. — For the sake of earth and the hope of heaven I would love to feel, to know, that all women talk to the men they love as Edith talked to me that night.

“After we had returned to the house I remembered to have heard her say that she had dropped her favorite handkerchief, and on my way back to find it I took the shortest course through the refreshment room and met Carrie Handy, who in her merry, thoughtless way, asked me to drink to her father’s victory in the House that day. She did not know, Polly, but



women ought to know, and when she accused me of being for Tinton, her father's adversary in the recent fight, and told me that I was not true to Virginia, I took the glass from her hand and proved myself unworthy my God, the woman I loved, and a traitor to dear old Virginia.

"At the far end of the room I saw Edith with a glass of water in her hand, but I loved her too much to approach her then. I must have taken more, but I only have a vague idea of having resumed my search for the missing handkerchief; the rest must be guessed. When I awakened at the first break of dawn I caught the perfume of wood violets, and removing the soft covering that partly shut out the light,—oh, Polly, pity me! —I found that the face she loved had been shielded with a small piece of cambric and that the embroidered name in its corner was,—Edith. Wood violets and Edith, a message to me! In her search for the missing handkerchief she had found the unworthy. God's ministers never listened to a more penitent confession than the one I wrote her. I asked that I might strive with the strength of my returned manhood for a year, and that I would know she trusted and hoped in me by her silence. I have never heard from her, but I know that she is waiting, hoping, trusting. — If I should die, Polly dear, place over my face the soft bit that I send you with this letter, and I will hope that my soul may slip away on the breath of its perfume. As I believe in the resurrection, so also will I believe that the name of Edith and the perfume of wood violets will recommend me to the Resurrection Angel." Thus the letter ended.

I do not forget that there is no marrying or giving in marriage, but something tells me that in Heaven Edith is not an "Old Maid."



A
(CHRYSANTHEMUM
GIRL





HEARTSEASE.

A POOR couple once lived at the foot of a tall mountain, daily looking up toward its summit.

Sometimes they looked unconsciously, at other times they gazed, wondering what they would discover, should they climb to the very top.

After a while they found themselves saying, "Some day we will go so high we can look and see what lies beyond."

There might be riches, too. They liked to believe this and cherished the hope in their hearts.

Not often did they talk of it, but more and more grew impatient to climb the mountain.

It never quite chanced that both could be spared to go,—so they reasoned. One day the husband, with meagre and simple provision strapped upon his back, left his cottage door to make the ascent alone.

He felt oppressed at the beginning of his toilsome journey, but the higher he went the lighter grew his heart.

Almost as he set out he found a wondrously beautiful flower. It was altogether different from any he had ever seen. It will soon wither, he thought, but I can surely keep it for a day. Its fragrance and rare beauty impressed him deeply. Each night as he threw himself down to rest the freshness of the flower startled him. Strangely had it grown more fair and sweeter than when first gathered.

The third day, when he had almost gained the summit of the mountain, he came upon a cave, and entering he found gold and silver and gems of untold value. Eagerly he gathered up all that he could carry. So heavy and cumbersome was the burden that only with difficulty could he pass out through the small entrance to the cave. A door which he had not perceived upon entering swung to and closed behind him.

Pausing to shift a portion of the burden that he might more easily carry it, a voice close beside him whispered:



"The most precious is most easily lost!" As the voice uttered these words, which caused him to experience a nameless fear, that same instant he missed the fragrance of the flower.

It was nowhere to be found, though he laid down his rich burden to better search for it.

Finally he was obliged to turn his face toward home with only the recollection of the flower.

He began to descend the mountain, and more and more heavy grew his burden and his heart until he reached his own door.

The wife, who had come out to meet him as he drew near, was overjoyed when the silver and gold and sparkling gems were spread before her.

They would build a fine house—they would do many things now that riches had indeed come to them.

But on and on through the years he found himself seeking this wonderful flower, whose beauty was enhanced by the realization of its loss.

The wife, too, searched for the flower. Frequently both went forth together in quest of it, not returning until the daylight was gone—always with empty hands and weary hearts.

One evening, after they were very old and had ceased to care very much for anything, they stood at the window watching the sunset colors on the top of the mountain. Suddenly, in the glowing beauties of the setting sun, they saw the radiant flower of their daily search. The dazzling hues blinded their aged eyes, but 'twas only for an instant.

With eager gaze they watched the lovely colors come and go, and as the orb of day sank behind the mountain top, contentment poured forth its fragrance and showered happiness upon and around them everywhere.

That which was lost was found; the hope of their lives was accomplished, and the golden tinted flower of the mountain became the heartsease of their calmly receding existence.



MY PILGRIM.



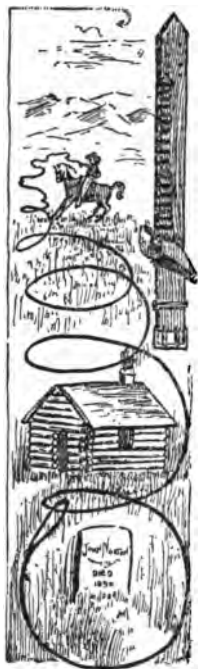
ART thou the dear expected guest
That travellest my way,
For whom I keep the treasured best
To crown this joyful day?

There's happiness in store for thee,
There's happiness in store,
When but these flying miles are sped
This day's brief journey's o'er.

When we shall clasp each other's hands,
Look in each other's eyes,
And love's sweet summer shall be our's
Beneath these wintry skies.

Dear love, our circle smaller grows,
But yet this thought is blessed,
To all our loved ones gone, we are
The dear expected guest.

A LITTLE STORY OF THE WEST.



the quaking aspens which line the bluffs along Old Woman creek, could only read the legend burned in the blackened, rough hewn stump, where once stood the proudest of them all, they would sigh a holier, sweeter requiem to the west wind that sweeps down from the Laramie range and out over the green plains of southeastern Wyoming.

There is something always touching and beautiful in the idea that Nature's Æolian Harp treasures its sweetest music to whisper it in the desert places. And it is comforting to reflect that as long as the west wind blows, the soothing murmur of the aspen leaves will be heard above the spot where the boys from Old Woman ranch, up the creek,—one morning dug a lonely grave.

The five rough fellows, who lived in the ranch-house beside the creek, knew but little of the stranger whose coming was as that of the wayfarer in the night; but he was destined to be bound to them by ties strong as blood, and his passing was to leave them with unspoken tender memories deep down in their rugged hearts.

One evening, the summer before, when the sun was setting behind the distant Laramie peak, and the shadows were lengthening in the valley, they had first caught sight of him walking slowly up the trail which stretched away along the brow of the bluff. He had walked all the distance out from Cheyenne,



he said, looking for work on one of the cattle ranches. He was weary and hungry and they took him in. At first he seemed out of place in his rough surroundings, for his nature was sensitive and his ways were gentle. He was a slightly built young fellow, about twenty-seven years of age, with light hair and delicately cut features. But his gentleness was so infused with manliness, that the men soon grew to like him and to regard him as one of their number. He, too, was able to meet the rough requirements of their life. He rode a broncho well, and he quickly adapted himself to the monotonous routine of ranch life. The influence which his presence brought was for the good. Somehow, after he came, there were fewer quarrels in the shack. It was he who taught the men to settle their little differences and disputes by reasoning, a process which was unfamiliar to them. Now and then when one of them fell ill, John Norton cared for him with all of a woman's tenderness. Yet there was nothing effeminate in his nature.

What had been the mysterious details of Norton's life before he came to the west, none of the men knew. From the time he took his place among them he had always shown a deep aversion to questions that involved either himself or his family. Once, in an unguarded moment, he had made a passing reference to his home in England, but he avoided reverting to the subject so consistently that questions were never pressed. His silence finally aroused so much curiosity among the rest that one of the boys rode down to Cheyenne and made all sorts of inquiries in an effort to gather information about him, but without a shadow of success. From that day the belief grew that Norton's history would be interesting gossip if it could be coaxed from him. Sometimes he would lapse into serious moods and sit for hours outside the cabin door, watching the moon rise behind the mountains after the rest had turned in for the night. Then it would be that a tender spot in old Mexican Joe's heart—a spot that had escaped the blight of early frosts—would be touched, and he would



offer the young Englishman the consolation of his homely presence, but Norton always delicately avoided his advances.

One evening in the early summer when such a mood was upon him, Norton turned to old Mexican Joe and asked:

"Is there a postoffice over at Fort Laramie?"

"Yes, there is," answered Joe, "but it's forty miles away, and pshaw, nobody ever gits letters! You expectin' a letter or somethin'?"

"Well," was Norton's evasive reply "you know a man always expects what he isn't likely to get."

The next morning at daybreak, Norton had set out on a long ride across the hills to the post.

Two days later he returned. Old Joe met him at the door of the shack with the question: "Git any letters?"

"No, Joe, I didn't," was the short reply.

"Put it there, partner," said old Joe kindly, stretching out his hand. Then he walked over to the bench where the rest were sitting and whispered:

"The young feller didn't git a letter, but he writ some; I seen the ink on his fingers."

After this significant discovery greater curiosity than ever was felt by the men at the shack. Meanwhile the ride to Fort Laramie for the mail became a monthly event, and Norton always insisted upon taking it alone.

"Git a letter, Johnnie?" would be the eager chorus that each time greeted his return.

The answer was always the same.

"No letters," Norton would quietly say.

And the well meaning group in the cabin doorway fancied they detected a sadder tone in his reply after each succeeding ride.

The following winter was long and dreary—particularly so, the men thought, for the young Englishman. During its tiresome length, when the blizzards of the northwest howled across the hills and plains and covered the trails under unbroken expanses of snow, the mail ride to Fort Laramie was aban-



doned. Then came the spring round-ups and the busy weeks during which the men saw little of each other. Gradually the nights grew warmer, and finally it was again possible for the men to watch the sun go down behind the mountain peaks from the old place on the bluff above the creek.

Exposure on the round-up had left its mark on old Joe. He had been ailing with a fever for a week and medicine for him became a necessity. To procure it meant a ride to Fort Laramie. Norton, who had been unusually moody for a few days past, eagerly grasped at the chance to resume his trips for the mail. It took two days for him to make the hard ride across the swollen streams, and the men were watching for him in the early twilight, when he came galloping back up the trail. His horse was weary and flecked with foam and the rider was gray with grime and dust, but there was a change in his manner that was significant enough to instantly arouse latent curiosity.

"Hello, Johnnie, git any letters?" called out Mexican Joe as the rider threw himself from his horse.

"None for any of you boys," answered Norton. But his light heart was so apparent in his manner that further questioning was challenged.

"Git any yourself, my boy?"

The ill concealed gladness which shone from Norton's eyes was more eloquent than words.

"Well, boys, I played in better luck this time I must admit," he said. "I've taken that hard forty mile ride eleven times—let me see, four hundred and forty miles on horseback in all—and finally good luck has brought me what I've been waiting for."

"Put it there then, partner," interrupted old Mexican Joe. "Ink on his fingers agin. The boy's been writin' more letters hisself," he noted as they shook hands.

Norton's manner had gradually become serious again. He hesitated a moment and then, with an effort which proved to the rest how hard the words came, he said:



"Boys, my letter has brought me good news. I've been waiting and watching for it for over two years; but now that it has come it brings a hard task with it. It means only one thing, boys. It means that I am going to leave the outfit and return to England. It means that I am going to give up five of the squarest friends I ever had.

Not a word was uttered by the rest. Silence, sometimes, is eloquent.

"They are the boys," Norton went on, "who took me in the time I walked out from Cheyenne looking for work. I didn't see much prospect of ever going back home then, but this letter has cleared it all up. There is something for me to go back for now. Out here, living as we do, it may not seem so much to the rest of you, after all. But to me, boys, it means a great deal. It means that —— "

"Hello-o-o, there! "

A voice sounded down the trail and a man on horseback was seen approaching the shack.

"'Chuck' Boston! "

Old Joe's eyes flashed angrily as he spoke the name.

"Less than a year ago I warned that damned black-hearted brute to keep out of my sight all the rest of his life. For two cents I'd —— " and Joe turned and walked back into the shack, muttering savagely.

Norton noticed old Joe's sudden anger. "Just let the matter of my going home rest for a little while," he added. "I'm afraid, after all, you'll think it a silly story. Tend to the visitor, and I'll go in and give Joe the medicine I brought for him."

The last comer, "Chuck" Boston, was a Cheyenne gambler. Once each year he visited the outlying ranches and sold minor articles of wearing apparel and cheap jewelry to the cowboys. Incidentally, but with greater profit, he plied his old vocation of dealing Mexican monte. He was undersized, thick-set and sinister. It was said he had a record of four men.

During supper and the hour that followed Boston regaled

his hosts with news from Cheyenne. What he did not know as fact his wits supplied, until the talk began to lag. Cards were the natural suggestion, and soon the six men were gathered around the rough table.

"Come, Joe, wake up and get into the game," one of the boys called out to Mexican Joe. At the mention of the latter's name Boston turned quickly. His hand moved nervously down to his hip pocket.

Joe sat up on the edge of his bunk. He had sulked there since Boston's arrival. "Not with that hungry shark in the game," he growled. "An' he knows the reason why, too."

"Joe doesn't feel just right to-night," some one remarked in apology.

Then the game began, and Joe's bad temper was soon forgotten. At last one of the boys buckled up hard against Boston's hand. The betting became more and more reckless, and the pile of money in the center of the table grew steadily. Suddenly there sounded a terrible oath from the direction of old Joe's bunk.

"Cover your pile, quick," he shouted. "That damned black-legged thief is tryin' to rob you."

The men jumped to their feet. Norton sprang between Boston and Joe.

"I've been watching you for an hour," continued Joe, with a mighty curse. "I seen you shift that ace for a queen. Watch him close there, boys, for he's standin' on the queen now."

"Easy there, Joe; don't get excited. Perhaps there's some mistake." Norton moved nearer to Joe as he spoke.

"You're a lyin' cattle thief," retorted Boston, reaching behind him.

The fatal words had been spoken. Boston's revolver blazed as he uttered the last words. Mexican Joe's heavy pistol rang out close beside Norton. The rest of the men ducked hastily behind the table.

The young Englishman remained a moment standing erect.



Then he raised his hand to his breast and said in a calm voice:

"Be easy, Joe, perhaps there is some mistake."

They were the last words he ever uttered. His form trembled, his knees bent slowly and he sunk heavily across Mexican Joe's bunk.

"Don't shoot ag'in—I'm hit," gasped Boston as he also dropped back into his chair.

It had all taken place in a minute. No one realized what had happened until the smoke had drifted away.

The gambler sat motionless with his head resting on the table.

Joe pressed his hand over Norton's heart.

"Dead, boys," he whispered, and tears were on his rough cheeks; it was the dose that was meant for me.

"But that damned dog Boston ain't dead yet, thank God. We can have some fun with him yet."

Here Mexican Joe interposed.

"Johnnie wouldn't see it that way," he whispered. "We'll give him to the sheriff down in Cheyenne if he don't die first."

The demeanor of the men spoke plainer than words. It showed that Johnnie Norton's gentle spirit still ruled the rougher natures in the shack.

There was a little funeral next day on the Old Woman ranch. Four grief-stricken ranchmen carried a rough box down the trail to the clump of quaking aspens, where a lonely grave had been prepared. Mexican Joe walked at the head of the humble cortege. The ceremony was impressive in its simplicity. Old Joe did the talking.

"It was right down here by the aspens, boys," he said, "that we first seen him comin' up the trail afoot, and its fittin' now that he should sleep under 'em. It ain't necessary to do much talkin'. Poor Johnnie's memory will talk for itself and the aspen leaves will tell him what we all are a-thinkin'. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, and peace to the soul of John Norton. Amen."

When the men returned to the shack silently and with



heavy hearts they found that "Chuck" Boston had passed from the pale of earthly justice. The Cheyenne gambler lay dead in Norton's bunk, where he had been placed the night before.

"We'll take him down to town in the mornin'," remarked Joe, "and let his partners know that the retribution of the Lord is quick and sure, leastwise on the Old Woman ranch. It may be a job that will require some more shooting," he added.

Before the funeral the boys found the letter in the pocket of John Norton's blue flannel shirt. It was stained with blood, but the London postmark on the envelope was still visible. The writing was in a feminine hand and difficult for the men to read. Its closely filled pages breathed words and thoughts which they scarcely understood. But one sentence told the story:

"We did not know where you were until your letter came yesterday," it ran. "Mollie has not been herself since she sent you away and now she asks that you return. She will be the first to welcome you, and it is no more than fitting that she should, for she has waited for you all these years."

After the funeral, the foreman of the ranch, prompted frequently by the rest, answered the letter. He told the story, simply and in his uncouth, illiterate way.

Mexican Joe dictated the postscript. "The boys feel sure," he said, "that the aspens' leaves will rustle as sweet-like in Wyoming as in England. I'll watch the spot where Johnnie's lyin', because, you know, he got the dose that was meant for me."





BILLY.

IN one of the small Indiana towns there resided, some years ago, a venerable clergyman, who was beloved for his piety, and noted for his many eccentricities.

One day he took it into his dear old head to purchase a desperate, daring goat. A few Sundays after this courageous transaction he was pained and mortified, on entering the Church, to discover but four ladies in their pews for the late service. These, he noticed, had arrived early, and while he thanked God for their presence, he held himself personally responsible for the many rows of vacant benches. He made no comment, however, but he registered a mental note to the effect that he must have said something on the previous Sunday to injure his beloved flock.

Just as the service was drawing to a close, the pastor was further startled to see a large part of his congregation file into the sacred edifice, seemingly forgetful of their surroundings, each one struggling to suppress a smile. At this juncture the shepherd requested his flock to sing, "Just as I Am," and it became evident there was something peculiarly significant in the words of the good old hymn, for as they sang, "Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come," there was a fresh outburst of merriment. The meaning of such frivolity had to be explained, and the vestrymen waited for their pastor at the close of the service.

The members of the congregation had arrived at the usual hour, but the clergyman's goat had preceded them, and was standing at the Church entrance, with mien decidedly belligerent. The ladies stood back, and the men who dared grasp the horns of "the dilemma" were thrust rudely down the steps.

Sir William took his departure as quietly as he had come, but not until he had kept an entire congregation at bay, long enough, perhaps, to suit his Satanic pride.

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BETRAYED BY A BUTTON.

BY CHARLES KING, U. S. A.



LIEUTENANT Harry Weston was but a trifle over twenty-one the day he was graduated from West Point, and the first thing he did on reaching home was to file his application for Companionship in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States by right of inheritance from his father. Not only that, but he had what his brother lieutenants of like grade called the "gall" to ask a distinguished major-general of the regular army—once the commander of the crack division of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac—to be his sponsor in baptism, and the general promptly acceded. "Your father was one of the best soldiers I ever had the honor to command," said he, "and I am proud to see his son coming to take his place in the Order."

Full of years and honors, Colonel Weston had died twelve months before. There was no delay in proving Lieutenant Harry's title, and at the October meeting he was duly installed and became proud possessor of the beautiful insignia to be worn on his full dress uniform, and of the long coveted button to adorn the left lapel of his civilian dress.

Envious fellow subs, whose fathers had not fought in the great war for the preservation of the Union, sought to guy Harry Weston on this button business, but he took it all serenely, so much so that he sent to the troop tailor such of his coats, old and new, as had not a button hole in the left lapel, to have them duly provided in order that when in civilian dress he might never appear without the button of which he was so justly proud. Then he laid in a stock of these buttons, so that his evening dress, frock, cutaway and tweed



suit should each be sure of the adornment, and only smiled when Lieutenant Bob Broker asked him if his night shirt was not to be similarly decorated. Broker, by the way, was of the opinion that congress had made a thundering blunder in authorizing the wearing of these medals and all such frumpery. It was utterly unrepugnant, said he—it was “an imitation of the effete monarchy system of the old world, by gosh.” But then Broker’s people had contented themselves with fattening on contracts during the War of the Rebellion, and they do not seem to have had any local habitation in the previous entanglements of the Nation.

Weston had a neat little income outside his pay, for his soldier father had left him fairly well to do in the world, and another thing that provoked the envious comment of just a few of his associates was that soon after joining the troop he set up a very well appointed dog cart. Broker said it was incomplete without the tiger behind and the girl by his side. As between the lady and the tiger Weston did not long hesitate. He had no use for the latter, but all the girls in the garrison had their airing on the cart. It was his intention to be very general in his attentions. He wished to be courteous and cordial to all without singling any one of their number as the object of especial devotion, but these are matters far more often regulated for a fellow than by him.

And so it happened to Weston.

They were stationed that first winter after his graduation at a delightful old post in the southwest, and tourists innumerable were accustomed to stop there and spend several days at the hotel, whose broad verandas and plashing fountains and sunshiny court were attractions in themselves, let alone the fact that the table was excellent, and, as per advertisement, “the afternoons and evenings are enlivened by the music of the splenuid band of the Twelfth Cavalry and the presence of the accomplished officers of that gallant regiment.” It was only half an hour’s easy trot from the flag staff of the garrison to that in front of the Alcazar. The guests of the hotel drove out

to hear the band and see parade at sunset at the post, and the officers and ladies from the post would drive in to hear the same band and chat with the same people and stroll about the verandas, if they were elderly, or dance in the great parlors, if they were not, until late hours every evening.

Along in March came the gayest party of the winter—Mr. and Mrs. Minturn, Jack Minturn, Jr. and five of the prettiest girls ever seen at the hotel or the fort beyond, and the prettiest of these was Stella Van Alen, first cousin of the two Minturn sisters; and they hadn't been there forty-eight hours before Mr. Harry Weston's cavalry uniform and Miss Van Alen's exquisite Gothamite toilets were in juxtaposition every afternoon and evening. It was a sight worth seeing to watch those two young people at waltz or two-step. It was prettier still to see them ride off together, for the New York girls had brought their habits, feeling well assured that "mounts" would not be lacking. Before the end of the week the two were inseparable, and Miss Van Alen's girl friends were teasing the life out of her.

"It is nothing at all!" she indignantly protested. "Mr. Weston and I are the best of friends, and that's all there is to it—or ever will be." That she was in love with him or he with her, was something indignantly scouted.

Alas! One evening—the evening before they were to go on westward to the Pacific, a merry party drove out to the fort for a hop to be given in their honor. Never mind the details of the hop. Mr. Weston wore civilian evening dress instead of uniform that night, as he had dined with the Minturns at the Alcazar, before the dance began. It is of the homeward flitting that we have to tell. It was a dark, moonless night, and as people were being bundled into the waiting carriages and ambulances, lo! there was Weston's dog cart; and Miss Van Alen, demure and silent, was quickly lifted to her seat, the lieutenant sprang up beside her and away they went. Mrs. Minturn, chaperon, might have been supposed to object, but she said nothing—this was, perhaps, army style.

It was 1:00 o'clock when the party reached the Alcazar, and 1:10 before the dog cart came flashing in under the electric lights. "*Where* have you been? *What* has kept you?" were the queries.

"Miss Van Alen's handkerchief flew away and I was some time finding it," was Weston's answer, as he lifted his silent partner carefully to the ground. "See you all in the morning. Good night," he said, and vanished.

And then Miss Van Alen slipped by the party and rushed for her room. Thither followed her cousins.

"Now, Stella, confess," was Miss Minturn's ejaculation, as with beaming eyes and glowing cheeks, she caught her cousin by the elbows.

"Confess what? What on earth have I to confess?"

"That you and Harry Weston are engaged, or will be just as soon as guardy's permission can be obtained."

"What nonsense you're talking, Belle Minturn! There's nothing between us beyond—beyond jolly good fellowship."

"There isn't? And yet you've had your precious head on his shoulder within the last ten minutes."

"Belle Minturn! What an outrageous thing to say! I—I—I hav—"

"Hush-sh! Stop right there, Stella! Don't tell a fib when the evidence is dead against you. Come right here to the mirror and look and tell me what *that* means."

And "that" was a circular indentation in the soft and glowing cheek, with little folds within its periphery, and all just the exact imprint of a Loyal Legion button.

And then Stella, confused, confounded, but blushing and deliciously happy, threw herself into her cousin's arms and confessed out and out. Of course they were engaged, only it had only been settled that night, and they thought best to say nothing until after Harry had seen Mr. Minturn in the morning.

However, girls, if you prefer not to be caught in this way, better see to it that your Harry takes that button out for the time being, or else—you take the other side.

A BACHELOR OF LOVE.

H. I. H.



If in thine eyes,
 Soft shining,
 Some wizard wise
 Divining
 What love I seek,
 Would yield to me
 His knowledge—
 I'd beg him be
 My college;
 And flout at Greek.

By night and eke
 By morning
 Thy side I'd seek;
 Books scorning,
 I'd study thee.
 In Hymen's strict-
 est fetters,
 As Benedict
 Of letters,
 Take my degree.





REST REMAINETH.

BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

"And death grew beautiful to me,
Until it seemed a mother mild,
And I like some too happy child—
A happy child, that, tired of play,
Runs to his mother's arms to weep
His little weariness to sleep."



ONE day in Kingshaven the news flew from lip to lip that old Mr. Rogers, the clergyman, was dead. Going in early that morning, his servant had found him, dressed in his best clothes, and lying on his bed with his bible under his head, and in his clasped hands a bunch of withered flowers.

This was long, long ago, in an old town in the far south; and Mr. Rogers' coming had been strange, too. Mr. Tremelstoun, the leading man in the town, was driving in from his plantation one day, when he spied a man walking along the road in front of him. He was tall, and with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and the hair that fell over his coat collar was silvery white. His black clothes were rusty and dusty, as was his shovel hat and the bundle he carried tied up in a black silk handkerchief.

"A clergyman," Mr. Tremelstoun said to himself, and when he came abreast of the traveler he checked his horse down to a walk. "Good day, sir," he said, lifting his hat.

"Good day, sir," the stranger answered.

"Can't I give you a lift into the town?" Mr. Tremelstoun went on.

"Yes, sir, and thank you very kindly," the old man answered. So the gig came to a stop, and the stranger climbed in. "I am a clergyman of the Church of England," he began at once, "and I am making my way to the coast, hoping to



support myself by teaching until I can hear of a vessel going home."

"We have a schoolmaster," Mr. Tremelstoun answered, "but we have no parson; would you like a trial?"

"I should indeed," the old man returned.

"And if all goes well you will stay with us, or are there reasons why you must go back to England?"

"No reasons; I have no one anywhere"—and from that day Mr. Rogers was installed in Kingshaven.

But now he was dead. He had never been very strong, but for a decade he had done all that was necessary in the parish, and the people loved him very much indeed. Besides his regular work, Mr. Rogers had taught three little girls; Eliza Manners, Maria Cathcart and Polly Tremelstoun; an arrangement that had grown up through his love of the children, for money meant nothing to Mr. Rogers.

A house had been provided for him, and a servant, a cow, and a pony, on which he ambled about to see the people, and on which his three little scholars rode round the yard between their lessons. The gentlemen took turns in sending wood from their plantations, and whenever beef or mutton was killed, there being no public market in the town, Mr. Rogers' share was duly set aside. So in all things he was well cared for; Mrs. Tremelstoun looking after his comfort in smaller matters, and only once having a kind office declined. It was when seeing that the crape on his hat was turned quite brown, she offered to renew it. Mr. Rogers looked at the band for a moment, then passed his hand over it softly.

"No," he said slowly, "~~she~~ sewed that on; she was dying, but she sewed that on"—and he looked at Mrs. Tremelstoun with the assurance of a little child who had so lived in his absorbing adventure, that telling the end he thinks that he has told it all. Then walked away with a preoccupied air, forgetting even to say good bye, and Mrs. Tremelstoun watched him while her kind eyes filled full of tears.

His tall, bent figure leaning on his stick, or jogging along



on his pony, was one of the most familiar sights of the town, and if the school boys played pranks on him sometimes, it was as much in love as in mischief, and the old man was so absentminded that he seldom realized the tricks.

But his three little scholars, his flowers, and a particular cock and hen were the dearest treasures of the old man, dearer even than the few books he had managed to collect.

"For," he said, "they are living things, they respond to care and love, they grow and develope, they are answering notes in my life."

Every day when the little girls came they went with him to feed the cock and the hen and the little chickens; then they helped him to shade the flowers, for his favorite flowers were delicate and had to be sheltered from the burning southern sun. After this the lessons began, varied by rides on the pony, or by their being allowed to look into a box of solemn funeral scarfs, brought home by the old man from the various funerals at which he had officiated.

For a year before his death Mr. Rogers had seemed to be failing, but so gently that people did not take it much to heart, and he did not complain. He had no pain anywhere, no special warning of any kind; his rides were a little shorter, perhaps, his appetite a little less, but nothing very noticeable. In the afternoons when he walked by the river, or sat in his garden to watch the sunset, or when in the churchyard he buried some one he knew, he looked death in the face kindly and with a gentle smile; what need to fear—what need to warn his friends?

The last week of his life he sent the little girls out alone to feed the chickens and to attend to the flowers, and was very sympathetic when little Polly Tremelstoun rushed in to say the rooster was dead, King George; they had just found his body behind the coop.

"May we have a funeral?" the children asked; and instead of riding the pony they buried King George with many forms and ceremonies. This was Friday morning, the last school



day for that week, and Friday afternoon when the Tremelstoun carriage stopped at the gate and little Polly ran in with a bunch of flowers for King George's grave, she found the old man lying on his bed with his eyes closed; she hesitated a little, but he opened his eyes and held out his hand to her.

"When you water the flowers this evening, you'll put these on King George's grave," she pleaded, "the sun would kill them now."

"Will you not give these to me?" he asked.

"You want them? Why yes—I love you better than King George."

"And Polly," he went on, "what was your verse of scripture for to-day? I have been trying so long to remember it, child."

"I will gather them that are sorrowful," the child repeated.

"Even so, Lord," the old man said, as if to himself, then he let the child's hand go, and she walked away slowly and with a puzzled air to where the carriage waited.

It was early when Sam unlocked the back door, and opening the study windows, began to sweep and dust. He made a little fire too, for the spring mornings were damp; then he laid the table, he had laid it so often, just that one plate and cup, and said, as he had said hundreds of times, "Po' Mass Rogers, des one by 'e seff"—and when all was ready he went to call his master. The door of the room was closed as usual, but the windows were wide open, letting in a flood of morning sun; this was unusual, and he turned to the bed!

As he expressed it afterwards—"Fo' Gawd, w'en I tu'n roun' me haht go blumpety-blump, den 'e stan' still tay I t'ink say I gwine daid too; I sta't to holler, den I stop. I feel des like Mass Rogers was sayin' 'doan meck no naise, Sam, I aln't gwine ho't you'—den I look gen, en'den I know say dey's no 'casion fuh holler. Mass Rogers was layin' on de baid, des es peaceful es de sun was layin' on 'e face; 'e was dress in awl 'e good clo'se, en 'e hair bresh, en 'e foot close togedder, en 'e



han's cross on 'e bress', en 'e haid restin' on 'e book—'e Bible! Dey ain't nobody coulder lay 'im out no better ef 'e try awl day; en de sun come in de winder, des like I say, en shine on 'e face tay 'e look like 'e done 'sperience 'e glory 'fo' 'e daid. When I see dat glory shinin', den I nebber holler; no, suh, Mass Tremelstoun, I nebber holler, suh; but I des shet dat do' en I crope outer dat house, en I run yer fuh tell you, suh; yas, suh!"

Then as the news spread, all the people came together to the house of Mr. Rogers, and little Polly cried until her parents brought her with them, and when she entered the room she ran forward, saying—"See the flowers I brought him yesterday—see, he has them in his hands still!" And truly there were the flowers, that having drooped in her hot little hands, had withered altogether in his cold ones. And pinned on his coat they found a paper, and opening it they read:—

"Thanking God for all His mercies, and for the peaceful, painless death I feel approaching, I bid farewell to all my friends, and bless and thank them for their kindness.

"To my faithful servant, Sam, I leave all my wearing apparel.

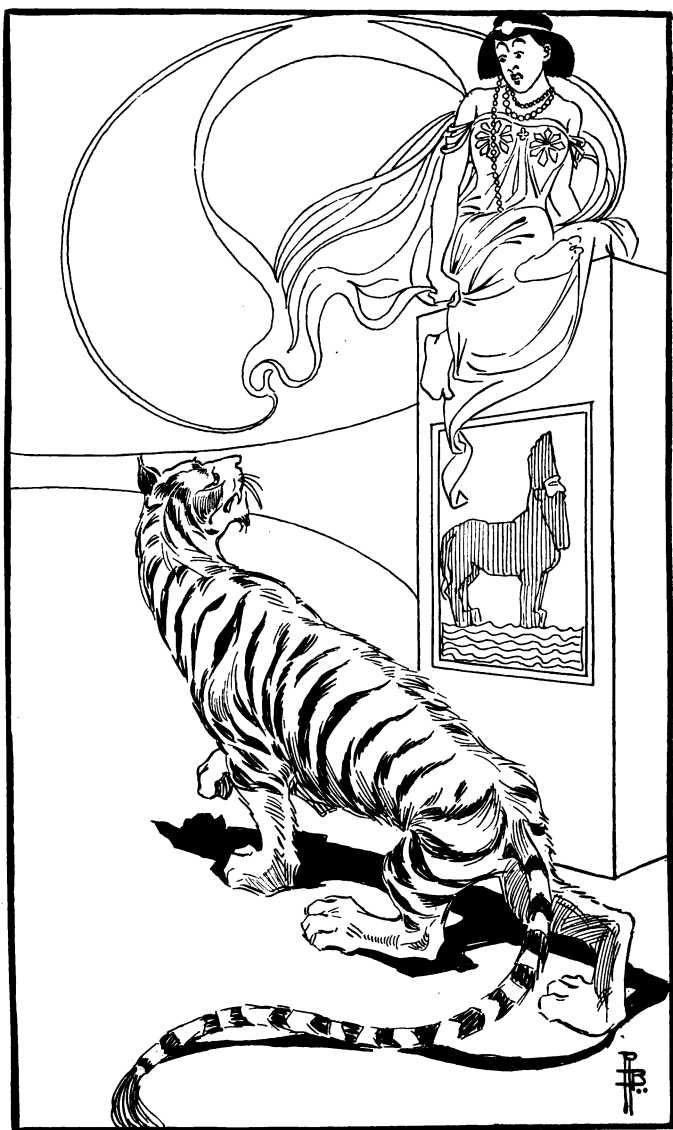
"To my beloved scholar, Eliza Manners, I leave my box of fair white linen funeral scarfs.

"To my beloved scholar, Maria Cathcart, I leave my dear flowers.

"To my beloved scholar, Polly Tremelstoun, I leave my brown hen and her brood.

"I commend my soul to God, and my poor body to the ground, in the sure hope of eternal life. 'Even so, Lord,' Amen."

So the old man was buried in the quiet churchyard, with nothing on his tomb but his name and the date of his death, for that was all that was known of him. But until they were old, old women, when the war of secession virtually destroyed the town, his three beloved scholars kept his grave and his memory green.



SHE IS MINE

AT GRANDMOTHER'S.



BY CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

ESIDE her gate the scented
 southern wood
 Threw up its fantasies of
 frosty green.
 Near by, the early "straw-
 berry apple" stood,
 And "ragged robins" edged
 the path between.

And in the widowed barn, where now were stored
 But dusty wheels that knew the road no more,
 The moted sunbeams through the knot-holes poured,
 And shy, red squirrels fled the creaking door.

Her morning task complete, beside the pane
 Knitting she sat; white capped, with whiter hair.
 Speaking not oft, save for a meek complaint
 To the old cat, that blinked beside her chair.

But when "we children" came, in her soft cheek
 The color grew; her eye beamed bright but mild.
 Welcome she gave, nor spared to fondly speak
 Of our dear father, once her little child.

When we went thence, we stalked an opulent band.
 Though having nothing, she could still endow
 With southernwood or blossoms, each small hand,
 Or one great "strawberry apple" from the bough.

Now tree nor flower nor child nor parent stay
 The silent currents wide embracing sweep.
 With unreturning tide it bears away
 Those who lament, as those for whom they weep.



A METALLIC EPISODE.

BY FELIX MARION.



SOFT, warm, whispering breath, Nature's sigh of relief after the fierce winter struggle, was stealing across the prairie with a message to every man whose cheek it kissed in passing. It was the springtime kiss of peace and the heroic men of Fort Davis, who had been in many a bravely won fight during the long, hard winter, felt in the caress of the sun-softened breeze an uplifting thrill from Nature's annual resurrection message.

Returning to their rocky fastnesses far in the west, the Redskins also caught a hint of the message, and believed that the Great Spirit was pleased that they had smoked the pipe of peace with the pale face at the Fort.

Officers and subordinates at the garrison were dropping into the easy regularity of life which, contrary to the teaching of the story book, is far more palatable as a dish of warfare than the daily possibility of wholesale scalping.

The mail bag rapidly assumed puffy proportions, and anxious hearts in the far east were quieted by the assurances of promised peace in the west. One of these cheery missives, written by Lieutenant Selden Kirby, found its way to his cousin, Margaret Carroll, at Iveston. It was dated,

FORT DAVIS, April 2, 188—.

DEAR OLD MARGY:—I am making the third and last call for you to come out to the garrison, so don't fail me this time. Recent letters tell me of your illness, and this is the exact spot, on this particular planet, where you can regain health and strength.

I have been told that brass buttons have proven far more efficacious than bullets in their penetrative strength; bullets often miss the mark, brass buttons never. Come, and let me



see if a small piece of Uncle Sam's brass can't find its way through the adamantine structure you have raised round your heart.

I have told the Colonel's wife that you are coming and she has consented to take you under her wing, which, by the way, is noted for the whiteness of its feathers.

You may have read exaggerated accounts of further trouble with the Indians; don't let these disturb you. We are hopeful that they will leave us to enjoy peace and you,—if you come!

Every woman must be instructed by some man, and as you have scorned to accept the services of a natural protector, hearken to my important directions and bear them well in mind, if you turn your face toward the wild and woolly west. When you reach St. Louis, consult the time tables, and when you are leaving there send me a telegram saying on which train you started. This done, ask your conductor to dispose of you at Tank 13, on the prairie. I will drive across from the Fort and will be waiting to gather up your band boxes, bird cages and—you! Don't make the load too heavy, for light weights can escape to better advantage when pursued by Indians.

Impatiently awaiting the arrival of satisfactory news from you, I am,

Your faithful cousin,

SELDEN.

This was a tempting bit of outside life to drop into the lap of drowsy convalescence, and as the physician had already ordered an immediate change of climate for her, no time was lost in preparation for Margaret's western journey. Within the week she had reached St. Louis, where she rested a day before continuing her travels. It was evening when she referred once more to her cousin's letter, and just before entering the sleeper she sent a telegram to Lieutenant Selden Kirby, Fort Davis: "Meet me at tank, to-morrow 4 P. M.—M. C."

She stepped into the car with the feminine sense of relief that there were no more changes to be made before reaching her destination. Having had her berth prepared for the night,



she was soon lost in dreams. Several times she was awakened from her sleep, fancying that she heard in the engine's shrill whistle, a genuine Indian warwhoop. When the morning came she gave an amused little smile and made a mental note of the return of second childhood, else why should she be so readily coaxed to sleep by the cradle-like motion of the train.

There were too many things for deep thought in her own mind, and, instead of turning to the sayings of men in books, she was content to sit during the entire morning with her eyes half closed. Toward noon her attention was directed to her fellow travelers, and she caught snatches from their conversations. She grew nervous listening to the recital of thrilling western experiences, and as some of the passengers had overheard her request the conductor to put her off at the tank on the prairie, she had a suspicion that they were disposing of this disagreeably fantastic knowledge for her express benefit. In order to escape it, she moved to the end of the car and sat opposite an inoffensive looking old gentleman, who was apparently lost in his paper. In a few moments he essayed a neighborly recognition by remarking quite calmly, "I see that the officers at Fort Davis, are looking for further trouble from the Indians." She gave a frightened gasp, which caused him to look her way.

"Do you know anyone there?" he asked.

"I have a cousin at the Fort and am now on my way to make him a visit," she replied.

"Too bad you couldn't have chosen a less dangerous season for your visit," returned the old gentleman, with a sympathetic grunt of uneasiness. There was no comfort to be found in the voices of men, so she went back to her former seat and took from her pocket Lieutenant Kirby's letter. He said there was no cause for alarm, so why need she heed or be disturbed by an idle newspaper report? But the letter was nearly two weeks old and the newspaper was of yesterday's publication. The last hour proved the longest of all to her, and she was rejoiced to learn from the conductor that the train would



make the tank on time. At four o'clock he came to assist her; the baggage man was putting off her trunk, he said. In response to his inquiry, she replied that her cousin would meet her. In the delicious expectancy of meeting a sympathetic friend after the long journey, her fears for the moment were gone.

She stepped from the train with a smile on her face that astonished the old gentleman, who had followed her to the door. She looked about her,—*Lieutenant Kirby was nowhere in sight!*

Already the train was starting, and it increased its speed in the moment when she was trying to decide what had best be done. Then she waved frantically, wildly, pleadingly to the conductor, who stood on the rear platform of the car, but she watched in vain to see him grasp the bell cord, and soon the train became a mere speck against the horizon. The last whistle from the engine sent a shudder through her frame, as she recalled her dreams of the previous night.

There she stood, utterly alone and unprotected, on the far-reaching prairie, with no object to break the awful monotony of the scene about her, but the water tank and her small traveling trunk.

In utter despair she sank to the earth, recovering sufficiently in a moment to rise and seat herself on the trunk. This was a familiar object, and it brought a degree of comfort in its inanimate harmlessness.

But Selden, where was he? Could the report she had overheard be true, or had the telegraph operator failed to send her message?

She had said four P. M., and the train was on time to the minute. She dropped on her knees, placed her ear close to the earth and listened—not a sound broke the awful stillness. Then a terrible beating commenced in her ears, which she mistook in her anguish for the hoofs of horses. Seeing nothing, she grew more composed and the beating ceased. She resumed her place on the trunk and tried to collect her



thoughts; the days of her whole past life rolled before her like a many-colored panorama. It was a comfort, in this hour of mortal woe, that they did not assume the aspect of grim and mocking sentinels.

She saw the playmates and scenes of her childhood, with only here and there a dark bit in the mosaic to make the brighter shades more beautiful. School days and friends passed before her, but she hurried over these as the school girl had done, to dwell on the one picture beloved by her woman's heart. She saw through the haze of years a tender summer on the Hudson, where the young officer had begged that he might take with him, as an inspiration, the love for which he prayed. And the voice that gave the love, but denied the hand, was her own. There was a place she must fill in her own home, and though he had crossed the threshold of her individual life where her heart would keep him always, she could not marry him. Where was he now, she wondered, and did he remember what she had said in the old days? She saw those dear ones, for whom she spent her early womanhood, go silently, one by one, to the home where she was powerless to minister; she felt that their wants were satisfied, and the desolation of the present brought a great yearning to be with them.

It was so natural in this hour of peril for her woman's heart to turn to its dearest image, and though she knew there was no living thing to hear her low, heart-hungry cry for "Albert, Albert," she started violently at the sound of her own voice, and rose from her place on the trunk, where she had remained so long. She moved a few feet away, but she was quivering from fatigue and anxiety, and returned to the trunk with a weary sense of relief.

The sun had comforted her, for a time, and had faded away into the west like a great, warm-hearted friend who realized her peril and was loath to go and leave her to meet it alone. The haunting dread lest an Indian might be approaching from some point where her eyes were not rivetted, caused her to move about nervously on the trunk. Then she commenced



to pray for the darkness, through which she could neither see nor be seen; but when it came she feared it. She slipped her watch from its pocket; it had stopped, but this mattered little, for she could not see the hands. She had reached this spot at four o'clock and there had been lapses of time in which she knew nothing. The impenetrable darkness had enveloped her for so long, that she felt her spirit could endure its overpowering influence no longer. The chill of the night dews sent dread to her soul; could she be slipping into the valley of the shadow?

Hark! did she not hear a sound far off in the blackness of the night! Could the keen-eyed Indian have seen her in the glare of the setting sun? Why had she not taken refuge in the shadow of the tank? Her strength failed her and she slipped from the trunk and lay against its side, alone and unconscious in the stillness of the April night.



On the morning after Margaret's departure from St. Louis, Lieutenant Kirby received the telegram which read: "Meet me at tank, to-morrow four P. M.," and in his impatience to announce the wholesome tidings, it never occurred to him to notice the date, otherwise he might have seen that the message had been written the night before.

The arrival of a lady visitor at the Fort was always hailed with pleasure by the officers. Several of them were invited to take a look at the message, and when Captain Culbertson read it he gave a quick, startled look and said:

"Is Margaret Carroll, of Iveston, your cousin?"

"Yes," replied Kirby, "do you know her?"

"I met her once at West Point. I did not know she was a relation of yours. You have no picture of her in your collection."

"No, she will not be photographed; she has not had a picture taken for years. Do you remember her?"

"Yes, I remember her perfectly," said Culbertson quietly, and he walked slowly away. But in his own room he opened



his desk and took out a picture and looked long at it, saying over and over, "*Do I remember her!*"

Lieutenant Kirby was full of happy anticipations for the morrow, and during the dance at the Fort that night, he found it difficult to display the necessary amount of dignity.

At nine o'clock a corporal entered with a telegram in his hand, which he gave to Colonel Rogers, who hastily read it. Some one heard him say, "This is bad!" and his next words were waited for in breathless and anxious silence.

"Here is a telegram for whom it may concern. I will read it," he said. "Lady left at Tank Thirteen this afternoon, four P. M. Signed, Conductor No. 6, from St. Louis."

A thrill shot through the little crowd in the ball room as the blood-curdling message was read, and poor Selden Kirby cried in anguish, "My God, it is my cousin, Margaret Carroll!"

Instantly every man in the room was volunteering his services, but Albert Culbertson had caught Kirby by the arm and whispered, in a voice that betrayed deep emotion and a fixed determination, "I must,—I will go with you, Kirby; speak to Colonel Rogers and I will be ready with a wagon when you meet me outside."

Anxious faces gathered near the two men to wish them "God speed," and soon they were off across the prairie, stopping again and again to catch any sound that might come to them and regretting the loss of time after each pause. There was nothing but the ticking of watches, and the sound of their own deep breathing to break the awful stillness. Neither of the men spoke often, but when they did it was Captain Culbertson who bade Kirby to hope for the best, though, he added, "It is bad enough, God knows!"

Not long after eleven o'clock they reached the tank, but too much depended on this moment to trust a light and they groped in the darkness and called softly. There was no answer to their calls and they commenced to feel their way around the scaffolding of the old tank, almost freezing with terror when they encountered only each other in the search.



Presently Kirby was startled by a low cry from Captain Culbertson, and following the sound he drew near enough to hear him say, "I have found her; don't startle her, Kirby, for God's sake! She has not moved yet, and I fear our coming was more than she could endure after the long and weary waiting. She has only fainted, for she is still warm. Give me the flask, boy, and I will restore her to consciousness while you lift the trunk into the wagon. We must lose no time in getting away from this place."

It was Captain Culbertson who commanded, and Selden Kirby obeyed like one in a trance. His friend bent over the lifeless figure on the ground and the few stars, that peeped out from heaven, saw him rest his hand tenderly for a moment on the soft hair that had slipped from its heavy coils and was hanging about her neck and shoulders, as if to protect her from the chill of the night. Then he called gently, "Margaret, Margaret." It seemed an endless time of waiting to the anxious listener before he caught the low, weary sigh of returning consciousness; then he called again. He felt a slight shiver pass over the precious form he was now supporting in his arms, and heard the word faintly uttered, "Albert." And he replied, quite as softly, "My darling."

When Lieutenant Kirby groped his way back to Margaret and Albert, his voice had lost its ring of anxiety and had assumed tones of wonder and astonishment.

"What does all this mean, anyway!" he exclaimed.

"It means, dear cousin, that years ago a bit of Uncle Sam's brass *did* penetrate that 'adamantine structure' around my heart, and that I have to-night found the owner of— the button."

A CLERICAL SKETCH.

BY CORA WHITTLESEY GREGORY.



THE Rev. Octavius Jones was a young man of good intentions and abilities. He was tall and slender, with fair hair and a face that the women of his flock considered spiritual.

Though not averse to feminine sympathy and ministrations, the young assistant, belonging to what he called the "advanced" party in the Church, had already made up his somewhat immature mind on a subject apt to engross much of the time, and thought, of men of his years. The Rev. Octavius Jones had decided that he would *never* marry.

He was much given to mortifying the flesh, to long fasts and vigils, to soft, flat felt hats with wide brims, and to lowering his eyes when he spoke with his "daughters," as he was wont to call the women of the parish.

Altogether he was quite unlike the men with whom the girls danced and bicycled and played tennis—quite unlike—and therefore interesting.

There were no vacant pews since he had come to St. Stephen's, and the Sunday School work, particularly, was in a distinctly improved and flourishing condition.

The eyes of five young women had been opened, as never before, to a sense of their duty to the lambs of the flock, and two young men, of their acquaintance, had volunteered to act as librarian and treasurer.

The rector's wife, two middle-aged spinsters, and a half dozen Sunday School scholars had generally constituted the volunteer



choir for the Lenten services, but this year the seats would hardly contain them, and they sang with a fervor which said much for the spiritual enthusiasm that inspired them. There was, also, a revival of district visiting, and it was frequently necessary for two or three of the girls to stay after service, to consult the Rev. young father as to their dealings with the poor and afflicted, with whom they had never before come in close contact.

Dr. Thompson, for twenty years rector of the parish, had all his life preached "moderation in all things," and had furthermore practiced what he preached. He tolerated the zeal of his assistant, remarking, with a smile, that he was "young."

Octavius Jones was, after all, a man, though a devout priest, and there were times when he found himself listening to, and even encouraging, the tempter in drawing pictures of life, as it might be, with a cozy little home to return to at the end of a day's hard work, whose presiding genius, unaccountably wore the features and even the little gray hat of Helen Mabie.

She was sympathetic; anyone would have called her sympathetic, but to the young priest she was sometimes more. He felt that she understood him. All his loftiest aspirations, all his high ideals, were not to her simple spiritual visions to be regarded with uncomprehending awe. No, he knew that she shared them. With her always near him, to what heights might he not attain! Then with a start, a sigh and perhaps a blush, he would arouse from his reverie and turn again to the consideration of the pamphlet on "Penance, a primitive sacrament restored," which had come to him fresh from the pen of a recent Nashotah graduate.

The members of St. Stephen's parish felt that they accomplished a great deal that Lent. Octavius Jones began keeping a list of his calls—not social calls, he had no time for them at that season—but suddenly finding as the number grew that it was fostering spiritual pride, he tore the pages from his note book and then threw them in the fire. There was no grate in his room; only a small coal stove, from whose dull, irrespon-



sive eyes there issued no gleam of welcome when he returned weary and worn, night after night, to his lodging house chamber.

Then it was that the sinful vision of Helen Mabie was most potent. She was always at the five o'clock service, and he often met her as he went the rounds of parish work during the day.

He began to wish she would stop wearing that gray hat. The sight of it had a trick of making his heart beat violently, and then it so nearly matched her eyes that one's glance, he found, involuntarily wandered from one to the other.

With these thoughts uppermost in his mind he opened his letters one afternoon toward the close of Lent. Here was a letter sent as if in direct answer to his prayer, a call to a neighboring diocese. He held it in his hand, thinking over the situation seriously, and he hoped impartially and conscientiously. It would be an easy way out of it, but as a soldier of Christ ought he to look for escape when plainly the state of a Christian here below was one of warfare? They had kindly given him until after Easter to consider it, and he would not decide hastily. His final answer, he wrote them, would be given Easter week.

In two weeks, then, he might say the word that would separate him forever from the dear temptress whose worth, to him, he had never guessed or realized till now. Her sweet face rose before him more vividly than ever. He seemed to feel her soft little hand resting in his, as it had, for a moment only, that day. Her voice sounded in his ears. He fell on his knees. "God forgive me!" he cried, "God help me, I love her!"

He heard his landlady's heavy tread ascending the stairs and rose from his knees in time to answer her knock at the door.

"Miss Mabie is down stairs and would like to speak to you a moment, Mr. Jones," was her message.

"I will come down at once," he replied quietly, but he closed the door after her retreating figure, and took time to glance in the mirror and smooth his hair before he followed her down stairs. He opened the door of the commonplace

little parlor, glorified now by the presence of Helen Mabie. She rose, looking slightly embarrassed, as he held out his hand.

Helen Mabie was not one of those who had undertaken church work for the first time since the advent of the young assistant. Long ago the humbler members of the parish had learned to turn to her in their troubles sooner than to the minister.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Jones," she said, "but the Malec baby is worse; the doctor thinks it won't live and I came for you to baptize it. Dr. Thompson doesn't feel able to go on account of his cold, so he sent me to you."

Almost before she finished speaking he had taken his hat from its peg in the narrow little hall. "I am ready," he said; "shall we go at once?"

"Only two weeks more," he thought to himself, "and then she will know," for he knew now, with a sense of defeat, that the end must come.

Octavius Jones was not so vain as to think that she cared for him. If ever the suspicion for a moment crossed his mind, he dismissed it with the conviction that it was only her kind way with everybody. So he thought nothing of it when she looked at him a little oddly to-day. "Are you feeling quite well?" she asked timidly.

"Quite, thank you; don't I look so?"

"No, you don't; you look pale and, I beg your pardon, as if something were troubling you."

"Do I? Well, I will confess to you, Miss Mabie, that something has been troubling me, but I don't mean to let it any more."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but he felt very conscious of her presence and that the little gray hat was within a few inches of his shoulder.

"That's right," she said encouragingly. "It doesn't do to worry about things; there is nothing so wearing, and when one's mind is once made up, things are always easier."

"I think they are. I hope they will be," said the young

priest seriously, and his manner made Helen Mabie feel as if an invisible barrier had been raised between them. Suddenly she remembered that some of the girls had said he was a celibate. The thought gave her a quick, sharp pang. It was nothing to her, only she wondered if it were true!

The condition of Dr. Thompson's health was not satisfactory; his cold grew better and worse by turns until Easter-even, when his voice gave out. He was so hoarse he could not speak, and that settled the question of the Easter sermon. The assistant was told that he would have to preach. Worn out with the work and fasting of the week, he sat up most of the night to write his sermon. As he went to the early service he was thankful for the cool, fresh air of the spring morning, and told himself, as he made his way back to his lodging house, that he felt quite rested.

As his eyes fell on a package lying on his writing table, he knew how weak he was by the beating of his heart. Why could he not help hoping that it was something from *her*! He opened it with trembling fingers. A sermon case beautifully embroidered,—within a card—"Miss Ada English, with Easter greetings." He laid it down listlessly. "Very pretty, and very kind of Miss Ada, I'm sure." Then he found himself wondering why she had done it.

He had made up his mind that he would send his answer to the call to-morrow. To-day, sometime to-day, he would tell Helen Mabie.

As he stood up in the pulpit and opened his sermon case, he found it empty. He had carefully laid his sermon in its new cover, and absentmindedly brought the old one from the vestry.

He was too unaccustomed to his position to feel at home in it, and this accident drove the blood in a full tide to his face, then back again to his heart. He surveyed the congregation appealingly. It looked strange to him to-day; new Easter bonnets, gay with flowers, nodded on every side. He felt faint and ill, then glancing for one moment in a certain direction, he



saw *her* little gray hat in its accustomed place, and with a vague wonder that she had no new Easter hat like all the rest, he was himself again.

No, he would not go back to the vestry for his sermon; he would preach another one, a different one; he would speak of the things he and she had spoken of together; he would preach to her and for her; he would say what she had said to him,—“In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.”

His pale, spiritual face, his impassioned young voice held the congregation spell-bound. He was speaking to her and to himself; he was gaining strength; he was giving her strength; he would need it; he could not ask if *she* would need it too, when the parting came.

As the congregation filed slowly out of church there were bows and nods and smiles of congratulation exchanged. “He’ll do,” nodded one vestryman to another. “Wasn’t it perfectly lovely?” whispered the girls.

And one little gray hat was bowed until the thronged aisles were vacant and still. Then its owner raised her head timidly but there was no one to see the traces of tears on her cheeks. Only she had understood him; only she had known that he had spoken from beneath the shadow of a great sorrow, and had longed to comfort him.

As she stood drawing her veil over her wet eyes, and the tell-tale flush on her cheeks, the young priest came down the aisle and they stood face to face.

“I— I thought you had gone,” she faltered. The reaction had come; he looked very pale and tired and there was a hopelessness in his expression such as she had never seen before. They walked down the aisle together. “I am going away very soon,” he said slowly and sadly. “I wanted to tell you to-day.”

They had reached the vestibule. She made no reply. He turned and looked at her and then he saw the piteous look in her eyes, and the quivering lips that tried to speak and could not. Even then he noted the little gray hat that was rather

shabby in the bright Easter sunshine, and like a flash came the remembrance of the ten dollars Mrs. Malec told him "Miss Helen" had given to help bury the baby. And this was the woman, God forgive him, he had thought was tempting him from his duty! This was the woman God had sent into his life and he had taken it for a curse and not a blessing. He knew now, that "blindness had happened to him in part," and, thanking God for clearer vision, he held out his hand to her and was not afraid to look in her pure eyes as he said, "I will not go unless you say so, Helen."



THE WORLD AT EASTER.

BY FRANK PUTNAM.



HE Uly blooms within a million fanes;
The love of Christ, the Son, fills loyal hearts;
The holy scholar and the wretch in chains
Divide the impulse that the day imparts.

To-day, as ever, some are wrapp'd in grief;
But even so, the truth He taught who rose,
Into the souls of men brings blest relief,
And ever with a richer radiance glows.

The world advances. * * * Fire and blood and tears
Are still the lot of some. Yet in their prison,
Above the Turks' fierce shouts and their own fears,
They hear the world's glad song, "The Christ is
risen."





A PRIVATE LETTER.



TO GEORGE H. HEAFFORD.

Y DEAR GEORGE :—A friend of yours told me that you were going to take a trip to old Mexico, and having recently returned from there, it seems proper I should give you some fatherly advice. Of course you are not going there to live, to buy land, to revolutionize the country, or to solve any great problems of international importance, so I will not unburden myself of all I know about that lovely country. I know what you are going for; you are going just to forget business, to get these confounded railroads off your mind, and get the Chicago sewer gas out of your system, and have pleasure looking at new kinds of things. You will be astonished every minute. You will find a country so mild and gentle in its climate that few of the millions of people have enterprise enough to take off their clothes when they go to bed, or to work unless compelled to by a master. The first three days' ride will tire you, and when that is over you will wonder why you didn't think to put yourself under the influence of chloroform, but after you have coughed up the alkali dust, and begin to strike large towns, you will be happy. The first thing you will think of, after you get where there is water enough, will be to take a bath. Don't do it. Take a piece of sand paper, or a sponge, and get off a few layers of dirt, in the old way, but don't go to one of the baths, for you will take cold as sure as you live. You will be astonished, about the first town of importance you visit, to see hundreds of people about a fountain that runs about an inch of water, waiting all day and far into the night, to fill jars of water for domestic use. A town of a hundred thousand

people actually suffering for water, in the midst of the richest silver mines in the world, but nobody has enterprise enough to bring water from the mountains. You will find that the churches in the vicinity have cost more money than would be necessary to bring water in iron pipes from Niagara Falls. In other places you will find water so plenty that many drink it, but I wouldn't drink much water there, if I were you. It would be likely to astonish your stomach, and every organ of your body, and make you think of your army days, when you had to go to surgeon's call so suddenly. You will strike a place where strawberries grow the year around, and for a Mexican quarter you will buy a basket full that will please you when you eat them, and give you cramps afterward. You will notice great big strawberries on top of the basket, and little bits of things under the top layer. How do you suppose those poor, ignorant Mexicans learned that trick? But I suppose it is natural. If you were going to sell me a basket full of railroad stock, you would put nice, juicy C., M. & St. P. stock on top of the basket, and then fill in with some cheap stock that I would have to stand an assessment on before night. It is human nature.

All along the route you will notice that everybody you see is poor, and so many are beggars. Open your car window at a stopping place, and the first person to pass under it is a beggar. George, if you should throw a penny into the hat of a beggar, and smile one of your sweet smiles at the poor unfortunate, and look happy, as you always do when you have done a kindly act, the news would be carried to the town that a new sucker had arrived, the fire alarm would be turned in, and half the population would come down to the train to shower



blessings on your head, and pull your leg for more. You can't afford to take that smile with you to Mexico, George, unless you have a car load of pennies. But it is an easy way to make people happy, and you will like it.

When you get well into the Republic you will look out your car window some morning, and you will see that the people on the platform have not got clothes enough on to wad a gun. You will see men, women and children almost naked, either in the water bathing, or on the bank drying, and you will blush so they can touch a match to your face. Here is where you want to be on your guard. After your eyes begin to get accustomed to it, you will think you are in the tropics, and that these people are comfortable without clothes, and you will want to remove the thick clothes you have worn from the North, and go out and mingle in society, the way you used



to, when you were a boy. Don't do it. Some Mexican would come along with a knife as long as a scythe and try to carve steaks and chops, and tenderloin out of you. Keep your garments on, for if you are killed in Mexico your

remains will have to remain there 'till the day of judgment, the law being against removal of bodies from the Republic.

In time you will arrive at the City of Mexico, the loveliest city in that country, where you will have your pockets picked before you get into the hotel. Why it is that you can go all through the Republic and never lose a thing, and be robbed before you get into your hotel in the greatest city, is something I could not find out. Everybody seems to take it for granted that you are to have your pocket picked there; everybody seems to know the pickpockets, and after you are properly robbed of what is loose in your pockets, general satisfaction seems to prevail. The police see you robbed and laugh if you kick, and the crowd around you all laugh, and even the thief gets behind some bystander and laughs at you. I was going to speak to some one in authority about it, and show

them that the petty pickpockets of the city did more to give the city of Mexico a bad name, than all the newspapers could do to convince visitors that it is the most magnificent city in the Republic, but I couldn't make them understand. But after you have been initiated by the pickpockets, you will button all you have left in an inside pocket, and you will enjoy yourself visiting the historic spots of the city, and every block has something worth visiting. On the Alameda of an afternoon you will think you are in Paris, and on the drive to Chapultepec you will think of Central Park, New York, and as you visit the old churches you will think that the old world contains nothing so grand.

Finally, George, you will go down through the coffee districts, see all the tropical fruits that are grown, go to Vera Cruz, and hold your nose while you walk the streets of the nastiest place you were ever in, go to Tampico, and bathe in the ocean of a winter day. You will go to Americanized Monterey, where enterprise is catching, and after a few weeks away from home, in all kinds of altitudes, and all kinds of climates, mingling with the queerest people, you will visit a bull fight and wish you hadn't, and then you will sigh for an

old-fashioned Wisconsin snow storm, and the cars cannot run fast enough to get you back home.

Good luck to you, old man, when you visit Mexico.

Your friend,

GEORGE W. PECK.



A WAGON HITCHED TO A STAR.

BY FRANCES E. ALLISON.



It was in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, beyond Denver, that I heard the beginning of this story.

The driver of the wagon was telling it to the man sitting beside him, and the rest of us were listening:

"There was a time when the Emma Mott mine didn't amount to much," said he, "about ten years ago. It was then Jack Treadwell came out here as manager. Just after his wife died; he left his two little girls with his mother-in-law. There's exceptions to this mother-in-law business, and Jack's experience ought to wipe out the score against half a hundred of them.

"The Emma Mott had a streak of luck after Jack came, and got out a good deal of paying ore. Jack went down to St. Louis and bought all the stock he could, put all his fortune in it; then the thing slumped, and for a year or more it was just throwing money in a rat hole. The Company got tired, and Jack came back from a trip to St. Louis in October looking pretty blue. All the other mines here had petered out, and we were all down on our luck. Jack and McElroy, the chief engineer of the Emma Mott, had many long talks about it. Mac said he'd stake all his reputation that the Emma Mott was on the same vein of silver as the Big Smokey, on the other side the mountain, that was turning out fortunes every year. I heard him say to Jack, 'We'd have to alter the machinery and have some new, to work sideways and not up and down as we've been doing. Two thousand dollars would be all we'd need.'

"'We can't get it, McElroy,' said Jack, 'nor one thousand.



I made a desperate try for it last week when I was in St. Louis. The Company's credit is all gone, and the Company itself is worn out and tired of the whole thing.'

"Jack and McElroy used to go every day to the mine, after they had discharged all the men, and pick, and knock, and break up quartz, and come back to Boulder every night looking gloomier than ever.

"Jack used to get a fat letter every week from Detroit, that seemed to do him a heap of good. We all thought it was from a sweetheart. He'd read those letters over and over; one would last until the next one came, then he'd burn the old one and commence on the new one. I asked him once what he did that for, and he said, 'Don't you know you'll come to poverty if you keep your old letters?'

"'Well, I don't know for sure about the poverty,' said I, 'but I've known people to come to a heap of trouble through neglecting to burn some of their letters.'

"The next mail day after he got back from St. Louis that last time, Sam Hill, the postmaster, told Jack there wasn't no letter, when he rushed in as soon as he came back from the mine. Jack took on mightily; said the letter had been mislaid, he was sure!—that it wasn't possible there was no letter for him. Sam Hill liked to devil a fellow if he could, though he liked Jack,—we all did, for he was a whole-souled fellow though he *was* quiet, and we all knew he had grit.

"Sam just laid back and tilted up in his chair, and waited until Jack had cooled down some, then he said: 'Mebbe a telegram would suit you just as well?'

"'A telegram! When did it come?'

"'This morning,' says Sam, tossing it over to him.

"Jack tore it open and said, almost shouting,—'Why, she'll be here to-morrow!' and rushed off to the boarding house like a house-a-fire.

"You bet we were all on edge to see that meeting next day. We all loafed 'round and watched Jack walking up and down that porch. 'Twant no use going to meet the stage. The

driver always made that last mile down grade on a dead run and wouldn't stop for nobody. There were only two people in the stage that day, a Mexican and a gray haired lady, fair complected, tall and slender and well dressed. We all looked at Jack to see his face fall. We thought the lady was some rich relation of the landlady, or a stockholder in one of the mines, come out to look at the hole she'd lost her money in. But the next thing we saw was Jack a' helping her out and hugging and kissing her and sayin', 'This is lovely of you, mother! Aint I glad to see you though?'

"'Mother?' says I. 'Tain't his mother; mother's been dead since he was a baby. Mother-in-law!!!' says I, and that's who it was.

"Jack introduced us all to her that evening at the boarding house. She was handsome and pleasant and wore good clothes, and was a real lady. Jack just doted on her; we could see they were the best of company, laughing and talking and having fun about things, blue as they were. We all took to her right away. Her home was in Detroit, and she told us she'd taken a notion to come out and see what a mining camp was like, as she'd had the chance to leave Jack's little girls with a dear friend.

"The next day I drove them out to the Emma Mott. They talked pretty free all the way. He said 'I've made a bad business of this, mother dear.'

"'Don't say that, Jack,' says she. 'It isn't ended yet.'

"'Yes, I guess it is,' says he, 'and I'm afraid I've lost all I'm worth; but one thing I'm thankful for is, that you haven't any of your little fortune in it, mother. I know you'll take care of the little girls, and I'll get on my feet and make a fresh start, at something, somewhere else. I hate to leave here, though. MeElroy and I have figured out that a few more weeks—days even—might bring us on to the paying ore.'

"'You would like to look for your money where you lost it,' said she. 'Isn't that it?'

“‘Yes, but it’s no use,’ says he; ‘there isn’t another dollar to be gotten for the mine and it’s got a bad name. I only asked for two thousand dollars this last time, to make the change in the machinery, and get it started working sideways. ’Twould let us in to the great vein that runs under the mountains to the other side where the Big Smokey have their great paying mine. Our company owns thousands of acres between here and there.’

“‘Only two thousand dollars!’ said she. ‘Seems to me some one ought to be willing to risk that, Jack; some one who had faith in you and McElroy. Faith and hope,’ she said, ‘Isn’t it strange how every enterprise in this world hangs on those two things?’

“‘And money,’ said Jack.

“‘Yes, but you can’t get the money without them. You have to have the faith and hope first, to start with.’

“‘Well, when we got there ’twas about noon and she said she wanted to go down into the mine. Jack said, ‘Yes, indeed mother, I want you to see it all!’ and went off to a tool-shed to get McElroy, who was there, to go with them.

“‘When Jack came back with Mac, his mother-in-law pointed to a star right overhead.

“‘Jack,’ she said, ‘there’s my star. I never saw it in the daytime before.’

“‘So it is,’ said Jack, looking up. We are so surrounded by high peaks of mountains here, that it’s just like being at the bottom of a deep well.’

“‘I hitched my horses and we all went down into the mine. We wandered along the galleries and shafts and tunnels, Jack holding his mother’s hand, McElroy going in front with a lamp, I following with two.

“‘Now here,’ said Mac, stopping where the great boring machine stood, ‘here’s the place we should commence to work sideways, right here,’ making a mark with his stick.

“‘We’re the only men who believe that,’ said Jack with a melancholy laugh.

“Jack’s mother-in-law took one of my lamps and walked off to one side; the mine was pretty wide there and our lanterns lighted a good big space.

“‘Got money?’ said Mac in a low tone to Jack, pointing after her.

“‘Not a dollar for this kind of thing, McElroy; I wouldn’t let her put a dollar in it, though she’s often begged me to let her. It’s too risky for a helpless woman; a man can get knocked down and scramble on his feet again, but a woman knocked down hasn’t half a chance. All her money’s in the soundest bank stock in Detroit.’

“‘‘Twould take such a little more to let us into that great vein. It seems too bad to stop with millions almost in our grasp,’ said McElroy. ‘You see if we struck that vein the Company’s stock would go up in two day’s time, to nobody knows what figures, and all our fortunes would be made.’

“‘Well, there’s not another dollar to be had anywhere, McElroy,’ said Jack, looking hard at him. ‘I guess we’ll have to throw up the sponge, own up beaten and take our medicine like men.’

“Jack’s mother-in-law came back just then, holding out some quartz and clay towards the light.

“‘Look at this, Jack!’ said McElroy, taking it out of her hand.”

“‘Where did you pick it up, ma’am?’

“‘In this corner; I marked the wall above it with a star my own private mark,’ said she with a laugh.

“‘We all went over and knocked and chipped, finding more stuff of the same kind. We were all some excited.

“‘What do you think?’ said Jack to McElroy.

“‘I think just as I did,’ says he, ‘only more so. I believe the vein is there. But what’s the use? There’s only the two of us, and we’ve no money.’

“Jack’s mother-in-law held up her hand and said: ‘No, there are three of us now;’ then, catching Jack’s look—‘I mean three to believe in it. Something may turn up yet; three’s a lucky number.’



"'We all got back to the bottom of the shaft to go up again. Jack's mother-in-law looked up just as we were starting, and said, 'See, Jack! there's my star again, right overhead.'"

"After we got into the wagon and all the way back to Boulder the star seemed to be over the horses' heads. We were always going in the direction of the star. Jack's mother-in-law laughed about it and said, 'See, Jack, this must be Emerson's own wagon; it's hitched to a star. Some good luck must be going to happen to me, Jack; I never saw my star in the daytime before.'"

"'Good luck has happened to you, mother dear,' says Jack, 'that you've no stock in that deserted mine.'"

"The star was in sight all the way to town. It seemed to tickle Jack's mother-in-law mightily, that and about the Emerson wagon. I knew the wagon was a Studebaker from South Bend, but I hadn't the heart to tell her so; she seemed so set up thinking 'twas an Emerson make."

Just then we turned the bend of the road, the station came in sight, and the approaching train whistled.

"I'm sorry to lose the rest of your story," I said, "but as I'm going right to Detroit, and my friends there know Jack Treadwell, I'll get the end of it, won't I?"

"Yes'm, good-bye, and you'll find it's a mighty good story when you do hear the end. There was exciting times here for some weeks after that, I can tell you," waving his hand and standing up in his wagon to see the last of us on the back platform as the train moved out of sight.

* * * * *

Jack himself told me the end of the story as we were on our way with a party of friends up to the clubhouse at the St. Clair flats, on his own beautiful yacht the "Emma Mott."

When they got back from the mine that night the mail was in. There were some business letters for Treadwell and a Detroit paper. Mrs. Merton seized this rather nervously, and said: "I'll take this to my room and amuse myself with it

until supper time. I'm dreadfully hungry; this mountain air makes one ravenous."

Jack took his letters off to read them by himself. They were all about the business of the mine being turned over to the bondholders on the 31st. McElroy came up to see him before supper and Jack gave him the letters to read.

"It is bitter to let go now," Mac said, "but nothing but a miracle would save us; the time's so short. Even with the cash down to grease the wheels of everything; it would take a week to get the machinery altered. Seven and four's eleven, leaving only four days to work for the vein before it goes to the bondholders on the 31st. Then Jack our stock is not worth the paper it's printed on."

The two men looked at each other sympathetically. Each knew of the disappointed hopes, the bright expectations clouded, the years of toil and the bitterness of hopes deferred and now defeated.

After supper Mrs. Merton said to McElroy: "Jack's coming to my room to look over the papers; come in after awhile and we'll have some nuts and cider."

McElroy said he would come, and she and Jack went up stairs together.

The evening was chilly, but a good log fire was burning in Mrs. Merton's room and things looked cheerful in there. Jack punched the fire and sitting down said: "Where's the Detroit paper, mother dear? Anything new in slow old Detroit? Good old solid place; they don't meddle with mines and such risky property there, do they?" holding out his hand for the paper.

Mrs. Merton did not give it to him and he turned around and saw her standing by the little table taking an old pair of arctic overshoes out of her valise.

"I brought these along, Jack, to hold the nuts and cider, and because I thought you could use them," she said, holding out the shoes laughing.



"Why, mammy—are those mine? What is it?" seeing she looked at him curiously, still laughing.

She set the shoes down on the table beside him, pulled out some old newspapers stuffed in their tops; then she put her slender white hands down in each toe, and brought out two great rolls of greenbacks and laid them down on the table before Jack. He rushed to the door and locked it, pulled the blind on the window clear down, and came back to the table too much astonished to speak.

"Mother, dear, did you have the grit to carry that money out here in those old arctics?"

"It's only two thousand dollars, Jack, but it's ready to use—large and small bills you see. I believe the silver vein is there—that's Faith. I hope you will get it, and I love you well enough never to mention it if we lose. Faith, Hope and Love and Greenbacks, to say nothing of my star."

"Mother, you're a brick, but I never will touch one dollar of your money, your bank stock."

"I knew you wouldn't, Jack. This isn't the bank stock; I never thought of touching that. This money is from two U. S. bonds my husband's uncle left me three months ago. I turned them into money the day I started for here. You know I'm not a mite superstitious, Jack," she went on, "but seeing my star from the bottom of that mine; really, Jack, I might have taken the money back home and never mentioned it if, it hadn't been for that."

"You blessed winged angel," said Jack, "you know you hitched that wagon to my star the moment you got those bonds in your hands." Just then there was a knock at the door.

"It's McElroy," said Jack.

"Do you trust him?"

"Entirely!"

"Then he may as well know about the nuts and cider," she said.

When McElroy came in he comprehended the situation at a glance.

“Ready money! Jack, you lucky fellow! Cash down. Hurrah!”

“It’s only a little wagon,” said Mrs. Merton, “but all the easier hitched to the star. The star I drew on the wall of the Emma Mott mine to-day.”

They both caught her spirit and enthusiasm. Jack telegraphed to Denver for the machine and machinist that night. It was set up and three shifts of miners were working night and day before a week was past. Every day Mrs. Merton went out to the mining camp, taking a lunch for their noon hour, and Emerson’s Essays, which she never opened. She was supposed to read it, but she just watched every carload of stuff that came up.

The suspense was dreadful, but they all knew it would be over soon; on the 31st the bondholders would take legal possession of the mine unless this last desperate venture succeeded.

The morning of the third day Jack came up a little before noon and sat down beside Mrs. Merton, looking worn and haggard.

“Last night, mother, at twelve o’clock we thought we’d struck it; the lead gets richer and richer, but we’ve not struck it yet. I’m a battered wreck, and came up this much sooner to see you and get cheered up a bit. To-morrow’s the last day.”

Just then the ponderous lift creaked and groaned; the great loaded car rose to the top, rushed along the dumping track, McElroy on top. He leaped off, rushed towards them with his hands full, and shouting hoarsely, “Look! Look! We’ve struck it! We’ve struck it!” flung the shining metal in Mrs. Merton’s lap and fainted dead away at her feet.

Half a dozen men came up with the next load; the news was ready to spread like wildfire. Jack took one of the horses from the wagon and galloped back to Boulder; telegraphed the Company, at St. Louis, to take a stay of proceedings on the bondholders, and to send out a committee to confirm the news he had telegraphed them.

The second thing Jack did, after telegraphing the Company, was to telegraph his lawyer to transfer half his stock to Mrs. Merton. It was done before she and McElroy got back from the mines. "They stayed to eat up the lunch," she said, and "would a battered wreck like Jack, for instance, have some too?"

Every day the yield from the new vein grew more and more phenomenal. The Big Smokey on the other side of the mountain was entirely eclipsed. By the end of three days crowds of people came flocking in to Boulder. Two new stage lines a day were put on from Denver.

"Mother, we're rich beyond any dreams we could ever have dreamed. Your little fortune, that you would have given me, sinks into insignificance, don't it? What is twenty-five thousand dollars to us now? I'll buy you a yacht that will cost that much."

"There's a children's hospital that's more necessary to my comfort, Jack dear, than a yacht. I'll take that first, if you please. Yes, my own little fortune *has* sunk out of sight, dear Jack. Here's the paper you wanted to see that night you found the money in your overshoes. Dear me, that's three weeks ago!"

Jack took the Detroit paper and his eyes fell on great, staring headlines:

"WRECKING OF THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK!

ABSCONDING CASHIER!!

STOCKHOLDERS LIABLE FOR TWICE THE

AMOUNT OF THEIR STOCK."

"Mother! Mother! Everything you had in gilt-edged securities. That money you gave me was the last dollar you had in the world."

"The last *we* had, dear. I still had the children and you, and a chance to 'hitch my wagon to a star.'"

THE PILGRIM



WHERE THE BREEZES SOFTLY BLOW.

BY CAP'T JACK CRAWFORD.
(The Poet Scout.)

Would you breathe the healthful air,
Would you flee from business care,
Would you listen to the birds amid the trees?
Would you hide from worldly strife,
Take another lease of life,
And revel in doing just as you please?

Would you hunt, and fish, and row,
With your heart and cheeks aglow,
Would you dwell 'mid vernal beauty bright and rare?
Then come, O come away,
And let God's sunshine play
Upon you ere you climb the golden stair.

Yes! come from care away,
Let's be merry and be gay,
Let's get a taste of heaven here on earth.
Come out and greet the Spring,
While its joys are on the wing,
And make the glad air gladder with your mirth.

If you want to know . . .

where to go, send your address for a list
of "Summer Homes" published by the
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

GEO. H. HEAFFORD,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
AND ST. PAUL
RAILWAY.

First
Class in
Every
Respect.





PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE PILGRIM



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MILWAUKEE.

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BETRAYED BY A BUTTON.

BY CHARLES KING, U. S. A.



LIEUTENANT Harry Weston was but a trifle over twenty-one the day he was graduated from West Point, and the first thing he did on reaching home was to file his application for Companionship in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States by right of inheritance from his father. Not only that, but he had what his brother lieutenants of like grade called the "gall" to ask a distinguished major-general of the regular army—once the commander of the crack division of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac—to be his sponsor in baptism, and the general promptly acceded. "Your father was one of the best soldiers I ever had the honor to command," said he, "and I am proud to see his son coming to take his place in the Order."

Full of years and honors, Colonel Weston had died twelve months before. There was no delay in proving Lieutenant Harry's title, and at the October meeting he was duly installed and became proud possessor of the beautiful insignia to be worn on his full dress uniform, and of the long coveted button to adorn the left lapel of his civilian dress.

Envious fellow subs, whose fathers had not fought in the great war for the preservation of the Union, sought to gully Harry Weston on this button business, but he took it all serenely, so much so that he sent to the troop tailor such of his coats, old and new, as had not a button hole in the left lapel, to have them duly provided in order that when in civilian dress he might never appear without the button of which he was so justly proud. Then he laid in a stock of these buttons, so that his evening dress, frock, cutaway and tweed



suit should each be sure of the adornment, and only smiled when Lieutenant Bob Broker asked him if his night shirt was not to be similarly decorated. Broker, by the way, was of the opinion that congress had made a thundering blunder in authorizing the wearing of these medals and all such frumpery. It was utterly unrepugnant, said he—it was “an imitation of the effete monarchy system of the old world, by gosh.” But then Broker’s people had contented themselves with fattening on contracts during the War of the Rebellion, and they do not seem to have had any local habitation in the previous entanglements of the Nation.

Weston had a neat little income outside his pay, for his soldier father had left him fairly well to do in the world, and another thing that provoked the envious comment of just a few of his associates was that soon after joining the troop he set up a very well appointed dog cart. Broker said it was incomplete without the tiger behind and the girl by his side. As between the lady and the tiger Weston did not long hesitate. He had no use for the latter, but all the girls in the garrison had their airing on the cart. It was his intention to be very general in his attentions. He wished to be courteous and cordial to all without singling any one of their number as the object of especial devotion, but these are matters far more often regulated for a fellow than by him.

And so it happened to Weston.

They were stationed that first winter after his graduation at a delightful old post in the southwest, and tourists innumerable were accustomed to stop there and spend several days at the hotel, whose broad verandas and splashing fountains and sunshiny court were attractions in themselves, let alone the fact that the table was excellent, and, as per advertisement, “the afternoons and evenings are enlivened by the music of the splenuid band of the Twelfth Cavalry and the presence of the accomplished officers of that gallant regiment.” It was only half an hour’s easy trot from the flag staff of the garrison to that in front of the Alcazar. The guests of the hotel drove out

to hear the band and see parade at sunset at the post, and the officers and ladies from the post would drive in to hear the same band and chat with the same people and stroll about the verandas, if they were elderly, or dance in the great parlors, if they were not, until late hours every evening.

Along in March came the gayest party of the winter—Mr. and Mrs. Minturn, Jack Minturn, Jr. and five of the prettiest girls ever seen at the hotel or the fort beyond, and the prettiest of these was Stella Van Alen, first cousin of the two Minturn sisters; and they hadn't been there forty-eight hours before Mr. Harry Weston's cavalry uniform and Miss Van Alen's exquisite Gothamite toilets were in juxtaposition every afternoon and evening. It was a sight worth seeing to watch those two young people at waltz or two-step. It was prettier still to see them ride off together, for the New York girls had brought their habits, feeling well assured that "mounts" would not be lacking. Before the end of the week the two were inseparable, and Miss Van Alen's girl friends were teasing the life out of her.

"It is nothing at all!" she indignantly protested. "Mr. Weston and I are the best of friends, and that's all there is to it—or ever will be." That she was in love with him or he with her, was something indignantly scouted.

Alas! One evening—the evening before they were to go on westward to the Pacific, a merry party drove out to the fort for a hop to be given in their honor. Never mind the details of the hop. Mr. Weston wore civilian evening dress instead of uniform that night, as he had dined with the Minturns at the Alcazar, before the dance began. It is of the homeward flitting that we have to tell. It was a dark, moonless night, and as people were being bundled into the waiting carriages and ambulances, lo! there was Weston's dog cart; and Miss Van Alen, demure and silent, was quickly lifted to her seat, the lieutenant sprang up beside her and away they went. Mrs. Minturn, chaperon, might have been supposed to object, but she said nothing—this was, perhaps, army style.



It was 1:00 o'clock when the party reached the Alcazar, and 1:10 before the dog cart came flashing in under the electric lights. "*Where* have you been? *What* has kept you?" were the queries.

"Miss Van Alen's handkerchief flew away and I was some time finding it," was Weston's answer, as he lifted his silent partner carefully to the ground. "See you all in the morning. Good night," he said, and vanished.

And then Miss Van Alen slipped by the party and rushed for her room. Thither followed her cousins.

"Now, Stella, confess," was Miss Minturn's ejaculation, as with beaming eyes and glowing cheeks, she caught her cousin by the elbows.

"Confess what? What on earth have I to confess?"

"That you and Harry Weston are engaged, or will be just as soon as guardy's permission can be obtained."

"What nonsense you're talking, Belle Minturn! There's nothing between us beyond—beyond jolly good fellowship."

"There isn't? And yet you've had your precious head on his shoulder within the last ten minutes."

"Belle Minturn! What an outrageous thing to say! I—I—I hav—"

"Hush-sh! Stop right there, Stella! Don't tell a fib when the evidence is dead against you. Come right here to the mirror and look and tell me what *that* means."

And "that" was a circular indentation in the soft and glowing cheek, with little folds within its periphery, and all just the exact imprint of a Loyal Legion button.

And then Stella, confused, confounded, but blushing and deliciously happy, threw herself into her cousin's arms and confessed out and out. Of course they were engaged, only it had only been settled that night, and they thought best to say nothing until after Harry had seen Mr. Minturn in the morning.

However, girls, if you prefer not to be caught in this way, better see to it that your Harry takes that button out for the time being, or else—you take the other side.

A BACHELOR OF LOVE.

H. L. H.



If in thine eyes,
 Soft shining,
 Some wizard wise
 Divining
 What love I seek,
 Would yield to me
 His knowledge—
 T'd beg him be
 My college;
 And flout at Greek.

By night and eke
 By morning
 Thy side T'd seek;
 Books scorning,
 T'd study thee.
 In Hymen's strict-
 est letters,
 As Benedict
 Of letters,
 Take my degree.





REST REMAINETH.

BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

"And death grew beautiful to me,
Until it seemed a mother mild,
And I like some too happy child—
A happy child, that, tired of play,
Runs to his mother's arms to weep
His little weariness to sleep."



ONE day in Kingshaven the news flew from lip to lip that old Mr. Rogers, the clergyman, was dead. Going in early that morning, his servant had found him, dressed in his best clothes, and lying on his bed with his bible under his head, and in his clasped hands a bunch of withered flowers.

This was long, long ago, in an old town in the far south; and Mr. Rogers' coming had been strange, too. Mr. Tremelstoun, the leading man in the town, was driving in from his plantation one day, when he spied a man walking along the road in front of him. He was tall, and with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and the hair that fell over his coat collar was silvery white. His black clothes were rusty and dusty, as was his shovel hat and the bundle he carried tied up in a black silk handkerchief.

"A clergyman," Mr. Tremelstoun said to himself, and when he came abreast of the traveler he checked his horse down to a walk. "Good day, sir," he said, lifting his hat.

"Good day, sir," the stranger answered.

"Can't I give you a lift into the town?" Mr. Tremelstoun went on.

"Yes, sir, and thank you very kindly," the old man answered. So the gig came to a stop, and the stranger climbed in. "I am a clergyman of the Church of England," he began at once, "and I am making my way to the coast, hoping to



support myself by teaching until I can hear of a vessel going home."

"We have a schoolmaster," Mr. Tremelstoun answered, "but we have no parson; would you like a trial?"

"I should indeed," the old man returned.

"And if all goes well you will stay with us, or are there reasons why you must go back to England?"

"No reasons; I have no one anywhere"—and from that day Mr. Rogers was installed in Kingshaven.

But now he was dead. He had never been very strong, but for a decade he had done all that was necessary in the parish, and the people loved him very much indeed. Besides his regular work, Mr. Rogers had taught three little girls; Eliza Manners, Maria Cathcart and Polly Tremelstoun; an arrangement that had grown up through his love of the children, for money meant nothing to Mr. Rogers.

A house had been provided for him, and a servant, a cow, and a pony, on which he ambled about to see the people, and on which his three little scholars rode round the yard between their lessons. The gentlemen took turns in sending wood from their plantations, and whenever beef or mutton was killed, there being no public market in the town, Mr. Rogers' share was duly set aside. So in all things he was well cared for; Mrs. Tremelstoun looking after his comfort in smaller matters, and only once having a kind office declined. It was when seeing that the crape on his hat was turned quite brown, she offered to renew it. Mr. Rogers looked at the band for a moment, then passed his hand over it softly.

"No," he said slowly, "~~she~~ sewed that on; she was dying, but she sewed that on"—and he looked at Mrs. Tremelstoun with the assurance of a little child who had so lived in his absorbing adventure, that telling the end he thinks that he has told it all. Then walked away with a preoccupied air, forgetting even to say good bye, and Mrs. Tremelstoun watched him while her kind eyes filled full of tears.

His tall, bent figure leaning on his stick, or jogging along



on his pony, was one of the most familiar sights of the town, and if the school boys played pranks on him sometimes, it was as much in love as in mischief, and the old man was so absentminded that he seldom realized the tricks.

But his three little scholars, his flowers, and a particular cock and hen were the dearest treasures of the old man, dearer even than the few books he had managed to collect.

"For," he said, "they are living things, they respond to care and love, they grow and develope, they are answering notes in my life."

Every day when the little girls came they went with him to feed the cock and the hen and the little chickens; then they helped him to shade the flowers, for his favorite flowers were delicate and had to be sheltered from the burning southern sun. After this the lessons began, varied by rides on the pony, or by their being allowed to look into a box of solemn funeral scarfs, brought home by the old man from the various funerals at which he had officiated.

For a year before his death Mr. Rogers had seemed to be failing, but so gently that people did not take it much to heart, and he did not complain. He had no pain anywhere, no special warning of any kind; his rides were a little shorter, perhaps, his appetite a little less, but nothing very noticeable. In the afternoons when he walked by the river, or sat in his garden to watch the sunset, or when in the churchyard he buried some one he knew, he looked death in the face kindly and with a gentle smile; what need to fear—what need to warn his friends?

The last week of his life he sent the little girls out alone to feed the chickens and to attend to the flowers, and was very sympathetic when little Polly Tremelstoun rushed in to say the rooster was dead, King George; they had just found his body behind the coop.

"May we have a funeral?" the children asked; and instead of riding the pony they buried King George with many forms and ceremonies. This was Friday morning, the last school



day for that week, and Friday afternoon when the Tremelstoun carriage stopped at the gate and little Polly ran in with a bunch of flowers for King George's grave, she found the old man lying on his bed with his eyes closed; she hesitated a little, but he opened his eyes and held out his hand to her.

"When you water the flowers this evening, you'll put these on King George's grave," she pleaded, "the sun would kill them now."

"Will you not give these to me?" he asked.

"*You* want them? Why yes—I love you better than King George."

"And Polly," he went on, "what was your verse of scripture for to-day? I have been trying so long to remember it, child."

"I will gather them that are sorrowful," the child repeated.

"Even so, Lord," the old man said, as if to himself, then he let the child's hand go, and she walked away slowly and with a puzzled air to where the carriage waited.

It was early when Sam unlocked the back door, and opening the study windows, began to sweep and dust. He made a little fire too, for the spring mornings were damp; then he laid the table, he had laid it so often, just that one plate and cup, and said, as he had said hundreds of times, "Po' Mass Rogers, des one by 'e seff"—and when all was ready he went to call his master. The door of the room was closed as usual, but the windows were wide open, letting in a flood of morning sun; this was unusual, and he turned to the bed!

As he expressed it afterwards—"Fo' Gawd, w'en I tu'n roun' me haht go blumpety-blump, den 'e stan' still tay I t'ink say I gwine daid too; I sta't to holler, den I stop. I feel des like Mass Rogers was sayin' 'doan meck no naise, Sam, I ain't gwine ho't you'—den I look gen, en'den I know say dey's no 'casion fuh holler. Mass Rogers was layin' on de baid, des es peaceful es de sun was layin' on 'e face; 'e was dress in awl 'e good clo'se, en 'e hair bresh, en 'e foot close togedder, en 'e



han's cross on 'e bress', en 'e haid restin' on 'e book—'e Bible! Dey ain't nobody coulder lay 'im out 'no better ef 'e try awl day; en de sun come in de winder, des like I say, en shine on 'e face tay 'e look like 'e done 'sperience 'e glory 'fo' 'e daid. When I see dat glory shinin', den I nebber holler; no, suh, Mass Tremelstoun, I nebber holler, suh; but I des shet dat do' en I crope outer dat house, en I run yer fuh tell you, suh; yas, suh!"

Then as the news spread, all the people came together to the house of Mr. Rogers, and little Polly cried until her parents brought her with them, and when she entered the room she ran forward, saying—"See the flowers I brought him yesterday—see, he has them in his hands still!" And truly there were the flowers, that having drooped in her hot little hands, had withered altogether in his cold ones. And pinned on his coat they found a paper, and opening it they read:—

"Thanking God for all His mercies, and for the peaceful, painless death I feel approaching, I bid farewell to all my friends, and bless and thank them for their kindness.

"To my faithful servant, Sam, I leave all my wearing apparel.

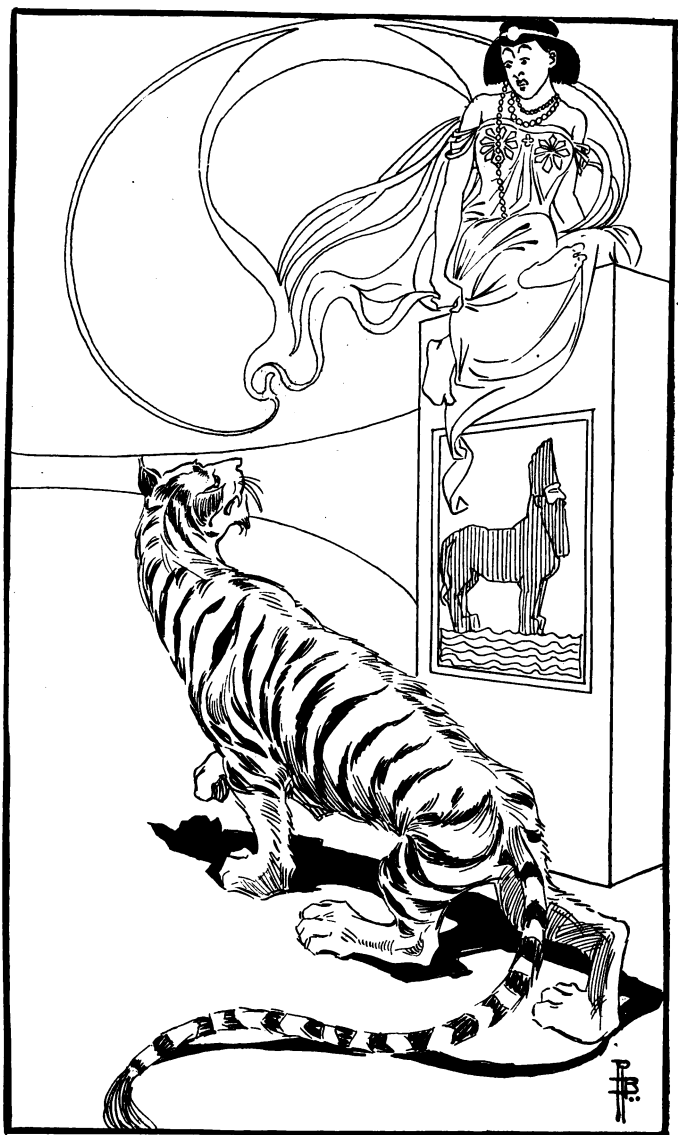
"To my beloved scholar, Eliza Manners, I leave my box of fair white linen funeral scarfs.

"To my beloved scholar, Maria Cathcart, I leave my dear flowers.

"To my beloved scholar, Polly Tremelstoun, I leave my brown hen and her brood.

"I commend my soul to God, and my poor body to the ground, in the sure hope of eternal life. 'Even so, Lord,' Amen."

So the old man was buried in the quiet churchyard, with nothing on his tomb but his name and the date of his death, for that was all that was known of him. But until they were old, old women, when the war of secession virtually destroyed the town, his three beloved scholars kept his grave and his memory green.



SHE IS MINE

AT GRANDMOTHER'S.

BY CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.



PESIDE her gate the scented
 southern wood
 Threw up its fantasies of
 frosty green.
 Near by, the early "straw-
 berry apple" stood,
 And "ragged robins" edged
 the path between.

And in the widowed barn, where now were stored
 But dusty wheels that knew the road no more,
 The moted sunbeams through the knot-holes poured,
 And shy, red squirrels fled the creaking door.

Her morning task complete, beside the pane
 Knitting she sat; white capped, with whiter hair.
 Speaking not oft, save for a meek complaint
 To the old cat, that blinked beside her chair.

But when "we children" came, in her soft cheek
 The color grew; her eye beamed bright but mild.
 Welcome she gave, nor spared to fondly speak
 Of our dear father, once her little child.

When we went thence, we stalked an opulent band.
 Though having nothing, she could still endow
 With southernwood or blossoms, each small hand,
 Or one great "strawberry apple" from the bough.

Now tree nor flower nor child nor parent stay
 The silent currents wide embracing sweep.
 With unreturning tide it bears away
 Those who lament, as those for whom they weep.



A METALLIC EPISODE.

BY FELIX MARION.



SOFT, warm, whispering breath, Nature's sigh of relief after the fierce winter struggle, was stealing across the prairie with a message to every man whose cheek it kissed in passing. It was the springtime kiss of peace and the heroic men of Fort Davis, who had been in many a bravely won fight during the long, hard winter, felt in the caress of the sun-softened breeze an uplifting thrill from Nature's annual resurrection message.

Returning to their rocky fastnesses far in the west, the Redskins also caught a hint of the message, and believed that the Great Spirit was pleased that they had smoked the pipe of peace with the pale face at the Fort.

Officers and subordinates at the garrison were dropping into the easy regularity of life which, contrary to the teaching of the story book, is far more palatable as a dish of warfare than the daily possibility of wholesale scalping.

The mail bag rapidly assumed puffy proportions, and anxious hearts in the far east were quieted by the assurances of promised peace in the west. One of these cheery missives, written by Lieutenant Selden Kirby, found its way to his cousin, Margaret Carroll, at Iveston. It was dated,

FORT DAVIS, April 2, 188—.

DEAR OLD MARGY:—I am making the third and last call for you to come out to the garrison, so don't fail me this time. Recent letters tell me of your illness, and this is the exact spot, on this particular planet, where you can regain health and strength.

I have been told that brass buttons have proven far more efficacious than bullets in their penetrative strength; bullets often miss the mark, brass buttons never. Come, and let me

see if a small piece of Uncle Sam's brass can't find its way through the adamantine structure you have raised round your heart.

I have told the Colonel's wife that you are coming and she has consented to take you under her wing, which, by the way, is noted for the whiteness of its feathers.

You may have read exaggerated accounts of further trouble with the Indians; don't let these disturb you. We are hopeful that they will leave us to enjoy peace and you,—if you come!

Every woman must be instructed by some man, and as you have scorned to accept the services of a natural protector, hearken to my important directions and bear them well in mind, if you turn your face toward the wild and woolly west. When you reach St. Louis, consult the time tables, and when you are leaving there send me a telegram saying on which train you started. This done, ask your conductor to dispose of you at Tank 13, on the prairie. I will drive across from the Fort and will be waiting to gather up your band boxes, bird cages and—you! Don't make the load too heavy, for light weights can escape to better advantage when pursued by Indians.

Impatiently awaiting the arrival of satisfactory news from you, I am,

Your faithful cousin,

SELDEN.

This was a tempting bit of outside life to drop into the lap of drowsy convalescence, and as the physician had already ordered an immediate change of climate for her, no time was lost in preparation for Margaret's western journey. Within the week she had reached St. Louis, where she rested a day before continuing her travels. It was evening when she referred once more to her cousin's letter, and just before entering the sleeper she sent a telegram to Lieutenant Selden Kirby, Fort Davis: "Meet me at tank, to-morrow 4 P. M.—M. C."

She stepped into the car with the feminine sense of relief that there were no more changes to be made before reaching her destination. Having had her berth prepared for the night,



she was soon lost in dreams. Several times she was awakened from her sleep, fancying that she heard in the engine's shrill whistle, a genuine Indian warwhoop. When the morning came she gave an amused little smile and made a mental note of the return of second childhood, else why should she be so readily coaxed to sleep by the cradle-like motion of the train.

There were too many things for deep thought in her own mind, and, instead of turning to the sayings of men in books, she was content to sit during the entire morning with her eyes half closed. Toward noon her attention was directed to her fellow travelers, and she caught snatches from their conversations. She grew nervous listening to the recital of thrilling western experiences, and as some of the passengers had overheard her request the conductor to put her off at the tank on the prairie, she had a suspicion that they were disposing of this disagreeably fantastic knowledge for her express benefit. In order to escape it, she moved to the end of the car and sat opposite an inoffensive looking old gentleman, who was apparently lost in his paper. In a few moments he essayed a neighborly recognition by remarking quite calmly, "I see that the officers at Fort Davis, are looking for further trouble from the Indians." She gave a frightened gasp, which caused him to look her way.

"Do you know anyone there?" he asked.

"I have a cousin at the Fort and am now on my way to make him a visit," she replied.

"Too bad you couldn't have chosen a less dangerous season for your visit," returned the old gentleman, with a sympathetic grunt of uneasiness. There was no comfort to be found in the voices of men, so she went back to her former seat and took from her pocket Lieutenant Kirby's letter. He said there was no cause for alarm, so why need she heed or be disturbed by an idle newspaper report? But the letter was nearly two weeks old and the newspaper was of yesterday's publication. The last hour proved the longest of all to her, and she was rejoiced to learn from the conductor that the train would



make the tank on time. At four o'clock he came to assist her; the baggage man was putting off her trunk, he said. In response to his inquiry, she replied that her cousin would meet her. In the delicious expectancy of meeting a sympathetic friend after the long journey, her fears for the moment were gone.

She stepped from the train with a smile on her face that astonished the old gentleman, who had followed her to the door. She looked about her,—*Lieutenant Kirby was nowhere in sight!*

Already the train was starting, and it increased its speed in the moment when she was trying to decide what had best be done. Then she waved frantically, wildly, pleadingly to the conductor, who stood on the rear platform of the car, but she watched in vain to see him grasp the bell cord, and soon the train became a mere speck against the horizon. The last whistle from the engine sent a shudder through her frame, as she recalled her dreams of the previous night.

There she stood, utterly alone and unprotected, on the far-reaching prairie, with no object to break the awful monotony of the scene about her, but the water tank and her small traveling trunk.

In utter despair she sank to the earth, recovering sufficiently in a moment to rise and seat herself on the trunk. This was a familiar object, and it brought a degree of comfort in its inanimate harmlessness.

But Selden, where was he? Could the report she had overheard be true, or had the telegraph operator failed to send her message?

She had said four P. M., and the train was on time to the minute. She dropped on her knees, placed her ear close to the earth and listened—not a sound broke the awful stillness. Then a terrible beating commenced in her ears, which she mistook in her anguish for the hoofs of horses. Seeing nothing, she grew more composed and the beating ceased. She resumed her place on the trunk and tried to collect her



thoughts; the days of her whole past life rolled before her like a many-colored panorama. It was a comfort, in this hour of mortal woe, that they did not assume the aspect of grim and mocking sentinels.

She saw the playmates and scenes of her childhood, with only here and there a dark bit in the mosaic to make the brighter shades more beautiful. School days and friends passed before her, but she hurried over these as the school girl had done, to dwell on the one picture beloved by her woman's heart. She saw through the haze of years a tender summer on the Hudson, where the young officer had begged that he might take with him, as an inspiration, the love for which he prayed. And the voice that gave the love, but denied the hand, was her own. There was a place she must fill in her own home, and though he had crossed the threshold of her individual life where her heart would keep him always, she could not marry him. Where was he now, she wondered, and did he remember what she had said in the old days? She saw those dear ones, for whom she spent her early womanhood, go silently, one by one, to the home where she was powerless to minister; she felt that their wants were satisfied, and the desolation of the present brought a great yearning to be with them.

It was so natural in this hour of peril for her woman's heart to turn to its dearest image, and though she knew there was no living thing to hear her low, heart-hungry cry for "Albert, Albert," she started violently at the sound of her own voice, and rose from her place on the trunk, where she had remained so long. She moved a few feet away, but she was quivering from fatigue and anxiety, and returned to the trunk with a weary sense of relief.

The sun had comforted her, for a time, and had faded away into the west like a great, warm-hearted friend who realized her peril and was loath to go and leave her to meet it alone. The haunting dread lest an Indian might be approaching from some point where her eyes were not rivetted, caused her to move about nervously on the trunk. Then she commenced

to pray for the darkness, through which she could neither see nor be seen; but when it came she feared it. She slipped her watch from its pocket; it had stopped, but this mattered little, for she could not see the hands. She had reached this spot at four o'clock and there had been lapses of time in which she knew nothing. The impenetrable darkness had enveloped her for so long, that she felt her spirit could endure its overpowering influence no longer. The chill of the night dews sent dread to her soul; could she beslipping into the valley of the shadow?

Hark! did she not hear a sound far off in the blackness of the night! Could the keen-eyed Indian have seen her in the glare of the setting sun? Why had she not taken refuge in the shadow of the tank? Her strength failed her and she slipped from the trunk and lay against its side, alone and unconscious in the stillness of the April night.

* * * * *

On the morning after Margaret's departure from St. Louis, Lieutenant Kirby received the telegram which read: "Meet me at tank, to-morrow four P. M.," and in his impatience to announce the wholesome tidings, it never occurred to him to notice the date, otherwise he might have seen that the message had been written the night before.

The arrival of a lady visitor at the Fort was always hailed with pleasure by the officers. Several of them were invited to take a look at the message, and when Captain Culbertson read it he gave a quick, startled look and said:

"Is Margaret Carroll, of Iveston, your cousin?"

"Yes," replied Kirby, "do you know her?"

"I met her once at West Point. I did not know she was a relation of yours. You have no picture of her in your collection."

"No, she will not be photographed; she has not had a picture taken for years. Do you remember her?"

"Yes, I remember her perfectly," said Culbertson quietly, and he walked slowly away. But in his own room he opened



his desk and took out a picture and looked long at it, saying over and over, "Do I remember her!"

Lieutenant Kirby was full of happy anticipations for the morrow, and during the dance at the Fort that night, he found it difficult to display the necessary amount of dignity.

At nine o'clock a corporal entered with a telegram in his hand, which he gave to Colonel Rogers, who hastily read it. Some one heard him say, "This is bad!" and his next words were waited for in breathless and anxious silence.

"Here is a telegram for whom it may concern. I will read it," he said. "Lady left at Tank Thirteen this afternoon, four P. M. Signed, Conductor No. 6, from St. Louis."

A thrill shot through the little crowd in the ball room as the blood-curdling message was read, and poor Selden Kirby cried in anguish, "My God, it is my cousin, Margaret Carroll!"

Instantly every man in the room was volunteering his services, but Albert Culbertson had caught Kirby by the arm and whispered, in a voice that betrayed deep emotion and a fixed determination, "I must,—I will go with you, Kirby; speak to Colonel Rogers and I will be ready with a wagon when you meet me outside."

Anxious faces gathered near the two men to wish them "God speed," and soon they were off across the prairie, stopping again and again to catch any sound that might come to them and regretting the loss of time after each pause. There was nothing but the ticking of watches, and the sound of their own deep breathing to break the awful stillness. Neither of the men spoke often, but when they did it was Captain Culbertson who bade Kirby to hope for the best, though, he added, "It is bad enough, God knows!"

Not long after eleven o'clock they reached the tank, but too much depended on this moment to trust a light and they groped in the darkness and called softly. There was no answer to their calls and they commenced to feel their way around the scaffolding of the old tank, almost freezing with terror when they encountered only each other in the search.



Presently Kirby was startled by a low cry from Captain Culbertson, and following the sound he drew near enough to hear him say, "I have found her; don't startle her, Kirby, for God's sake! She has not moved yet, and I fear our coming was more than she could endure after the long and weary waiting. She has only fainted, for she is still warm. Give me the flask, boy, and I will restore her to consciousness while you lift the trunk into the wagon. We must lose no time in getting away from this place."

It was Captain Culbertson who commanded, and Selden Kirby obeyed like one in a trance. His friend bent over the lifeless figure on the ground and the few stars, that peeped out from heaven, saw him rest his hand tenderly for a moment on the soft hair that had slipped from its heavy coils and was hanging about her neck and shoulders, as if to protect her from the chill of the night. Then he called gently, "Margaret, Margaret." It seemed an endless time of waiting to the anxious listener before he caught the low, weary sigh of returning consciousness; then he called again. He felt a slight shiver pass over the precious form he was now supporting in his arms, and heard the word faintly uttered, "Albert." And he replied, quite as softly, "My darling."

When Lieutenant Kirby groped his way back to Margaret and Albert, his voice had lost its ring of anxiety and had assumed tones of wonder and astonishment.

"What does all this mean, anyway!" he exclaimed.

"It means, dear cousin, that years ago a bit of Uncle Sam's brass *did* penetrate that 'adamantine structure' around my heart, and that I have to-night found the owner of—the button."



A CLERICAL SKETCH.

BY CORA WHITTLESEY GREGORY.



HE Rev. Octavius Jones was a young man of good intentions and abilities. He was tall and slender, with fair hair and a face that the women of his flock considered spiritual.

Though not averse to feminine sympathy and ministrations, the young assistant, belonging to what he called the "advanced" party in the Church, had already made up his somewhat immature mind on a subject apt to engross much of the time, and thought, of men of his years. The Rev. Octavius Jones had decided that he would *never* marry.

He was much given to mortifying the flesh, to long fasts and vigils, to soft, flat felt hats with wide brims, and to lowering his eyes when he spoke with his "daughters," as he was wont to call the women of the parish.

Altogether he was quite unlike the men with whom the girls danced and bicycled and played tennis—quite unlike—and therefore interesting.

There were no vacant pews since he had come to St. Stephen's, and the Sunday School work, particularly, was in a distinctly improved and flourishing condition.

The eyes of five young women had been opened, as never before, to a sense of their duty to the lambs of the flock, and two young men, of their acquaintance, had volunteered to act as librarian and treasurer.

The rector's wife, two middle-aged spinsters, and a half dozen Sunday School scholars had generally constituted the volunteer



choir for the Lenten services, but this year the seats would hardly contain them, and they sang with a fervor which said much for the spiritual enthusiasm that inspired them. There was, also, a revival of district visiting, and it was frequently necessary for two or three of the girls to stay after service, to consult the Rev. young father as to their dealings with the poor and afflicted, with whom they had never before come in close contact.

Dr. Thompson, for twenty years rector of the parish, had all his life preached "moderation in all things," and had furthermore practiced what he preached. He tolerated the zeal of his assistant, remarking, with a smile, that he was "young."

Octavius Jones was, after all, a man, though a devout priest, and there were times when he found himself listening to, and even encouraging, the tempter in drawing pictures of life, as it might be, with a cozy little home to return to at the end of a day's hard work, whose presiding genius, unaccountably wore the features and even the little gray hat of Helen Mabie.

She was sympathetic; anyone would have called her sympathetic, but to the young priest she was sometimes more. He felt that she understood him. All his loftiest aspirations, all his high ideals, were not to her simple spiritual visions to be regarded with uncomprehending awe. No, he knew that she shared them. With her always near him, to what heights might he not attain! Then with a start, a sigh and perhaps a blush, he would arouse from his reverie and turn again to the consideration of the pamphlet on "Penance, a primitive sacrament restored," which had come to him fresh from the pen of a recent Nashotah graduate.

The members of St. Stephen's parish felt that they accomplished a great deal that Lent. Octavius Jones began keeping a list of his calls—not social calls, he had no time for them at that season—but suddenly finding as the number grew that it was fostering spiritual pride, he tore the pages from his note book and then threw them in the fire. There was no grate in his room; only a small coal stove, from whose dull, irrespon-



sive eyes there issued no gleam of welcome when he returned weary and worn, night after night, to his lodging house chamber.

Then it was that the sinful vision of Helen Mabie was most potent. She was always at the five o'clock service, and he often met her as he went the rounds of parish work during the day.

He began to wish she would stop wearing that gray hat. The sight of it had a trick of making his heart beat violently, and then it so nearly matched her eyes that one's glance, he found, involuntarily wandered from one to the other.

With these thoughts uppermost in his mind he opened his letters one afternoon toward the close of Lent. Here was a letter sent as if in direct answer to his prayer, a call to a neighboring diocese. He held it in his hand, thinking over the situation seriously, and he hoped impartially and conscientiously. It would be an easy way out of it, but as a soldier of Christ ought he to look for escape when plainly the state of a Christian here below was one of warfare? They had kindly given him until after Easter to consider it, and he would not decide hastily. His final answer, he wrote them, would be given Easter week.

In two weeks, then, he might say the word that would separate him forever from the dear temptress whose worth, to him, he had never guessed or realized till now. Her sweet face rose before him more vividly than ever. He seemed to feel her soft little hand resting in his, as it had, for a moment only, that day. Her voice sounded in his ears. He fell on his knees. "God forgive me!" he cried, "God help me, I love her!"

He heard his landlady's heavy tread ascending the stairs and rose from his knees in time to answer her knock at the door.

"Miss Mabie is down stairs and would like to speak to you a moment, Mr. Jones," was her message.

"I will come down at once," he replied quietly, but he closed the door after her retreating figure, and took time to glance in the mirror and smooth his hair before he followed her down stairs. He opened the door of the commonplace

little parlor, glorified now by the presence of Helen Mabie. She rose, looking slightly embarrassed, as he held out his hand.

Helen Mabie was not one of those who had undertaken church work for the first time since the advent of the young assistant. Long ago the humbler members of the parish had learned to turn to her in their troubles sooner than to the minister.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Jones," she said, "but the Malec baby is worse; the doctor thinks it won't live and I came for you to baptize it. Dr. Thompson doesn't feel able to go on account of his cold, so he sent me to you."

Almost before she finished speaking he had taken his hat from its peg in the narrow little hall. "I am ready," he said; "shall we go at once?"

"Only two weeks more," he thought to himself, "and then she will know," for he knew now, with a sense of defeat, that the end must come.

Octavius Jones was not so vain as to think that she cared for him. If ever the suspicion for a moment crossed his mind, he dismissed it with the conviction that it was only her kind way with everybody. So he thought nothing of it when she looked at him a little oddly to-day. "Are you feeling quite well?" she asked timidly.

"Quite, thank you; don't I look so?"

"No, you don't; you look pale and, I beg your pardon, as if something were troubling you."

"Do I? Well, I will confess to you, Miss Mabie, that something has been troubling me, but I don't mean to let it any more."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but he felt very conscious of her presence and that the little gray hat was within a few inches of his shoulder.

"That's right," she said encouragingly. "It doesn't do to worry about things; there is nothing so wearing, and when one's mind is once made up, things are always easier."

"I think they are. I hope they will be," said the young

priest seriously, and his manner made Helen Mabie feel as if an invisible barrier had been raised between them. Suddenly she remembered that some of the girls had said he was a celibate. The thought gave her a quick, sharp pang. It was nothing to her, only she wondered if it were true!

The condition of Dr. Thompson's health was not satisfactory; his cold grew better and worse by turns until Easter-even, when his voice gave out. He was so hoarse he could not speak, and that settled the question of the Easter sermon. The assistant was told that he would have to preach. Worn out with the work and fasting of the week, he sat up most of the night to write his sermon. As he went to the early service he was thankful for the cool, fresh air of the spring morning, and told himself, as he made his way back to his lodging house, that he felt quite rested.

As his eyes fell on a package lying on his writing table, he knew how weak he was by the beating of his heart. Why could he not help hoping that it was something from *her*! He opened it with trembling fingers. A sermon case beautifully embroidered,—within a card—"Miss Ada English, with Easter greetings." He laid it down listlessly. "Very pretty, and very kind of Miss Ada, I'm sure." Then he found himself wondering why she had done it.

He had made up his mind that he would send his answer to the call to-morrow. To-day, sometime to-day, he would tell Helen Mabie.

As he stood up in the pulpit and opened his sermon case, he found it empty. He had carefully laid his sermon in its new cover, and absentmindedly brought the old one from the vestry.

He was too unaccustomed to his position to feel at home in it, and this accident drove the blood in a full tide to his face, then back again to his heart. He surveyed the congregation appealingly. It looked strange to him to-day; new Easter bonnets, gay with flowers, nodded on every side. He felt faint and ill, then glancing for one moment in a certain direction, he

saw *her* little gray hat in its accustomed place, and with a vague wonder that she had no new Easter hat like all the rest, he was himself again.

No, he would not go back to the vestry for his sermon; he would preach another one, a different one; he would speak of the things he and she had spoken of together; he would preach to her and for her; he would say what she had said to him,—“In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.”

His pale, spiritual face, his impassioned young voice held the congregation spell-bound. He was speaking to her and to himself; he was gaining strength; he was giving her strength; he would need it; he could not ask if *she* would need it too, when the parting came.

As the congregation filed slowly out of church there were bows and nods and smiles of congratulation exchanged. “He’ll do,” nodded one vestryman to another. “Wasn’t it perfectly lovely?” whispered the girls.

And one little gray hat was bowed until the thronged aisles were vacant and still. Then its owner raised her head timidly but there was no one to see the traces of tears on her cheeks. Only she had understood him; only she had known that he had spoken from beneath the shadow of a great sorrow, and had longed to comfort him.

As she stood drawing her veil over her wet eyes, and the tell-tale flush on her cheeks, the young priest came down the aisle and they stood face to face.

“I— I thought you had gone,” she faltered. The reaction had come; he looked very pale and tired and there was a hopelessness in his expression such as she had never seen before. They walked down the aisle together. “I am going away very soon,” he said slowly and sadly. “I wanted to tell you to-day.”

They had reached the vestibule. She made no reply. He turned and looked at her and then he saw the piteous look in her eyes, and the quivering lips that tried to speak and could not. Even then he noted the little gray hat that was rather

shabby in the bright Easter sunshine, and like a flash came the remembrance of the ten dollars Mrs. Malec told him "Miss Helen" had given to help bury the baby. And this was the woman, God forgive him, he had thought was tempting him from his duty! This was the woman God had sent into his life and he had taken it for a curse and not a blessing. He knew now, that "blindness had happened to him in part," and, thanking God for clearer vision, he held out his hand to her and was not afraid to look in her pure eyes as he said, "I will not go unless you say so, Helen."



THE WORLD AT EASTER.

BY FRANK PUTNAM.



HE uly blooms within a million fanes;
The love of Christ, the Son, fills loyal hearts;
The holy scholar and the wretch in chains
Divide the impulse that the day imparts.

To-day, as ever, some are wrapped in grief;
But even so, the truth He taught who rose,
Into the souls of men brings blest relief,
And ever with a richer radiance glows.

The world advances. * * * Fire and blood and tears
Are still the lot of some. Yet in their prison,
Above the Turks' fierce shouts and their own fears,
They hear the world's glad song, "The Christ is
risen."





A PRIVATE LETTER.



TO GEORGE H. HEAFFORD.

Y DEAR GEORGE:—A friend of yours told me that you were going to take a trip to old Mexico, and having recently returned from there, it seems proper I should give you some fatherly advice. Of course you are not going there to live, to buy land, to revolutionize the country, or to solve any great problems of international importance, so I will not unburden myself of all I know about that lovely country. I know what you are going for; you are going just to forget business, to get these confounded railroads off your mind, and get the Chicago sewer gas out of your system, and have pleasure looking at new kinds of things. You will be astonished every minute. You will find a country so mild and gentle in its climate that few of the millions of people have enterprise enough to take off their clothes when they go to bed, or to work unless compelled to by a master. The first three days' ride will tire you, and when that is over you will wonder why you didn't think to put yourself under the influence of chloroform, but after you have coughed up the alkali dust, and begin to strike large towns, you will be happy. The first thing you will think of, after you get where there is water enough, will be to take a bath. Don't do it. Take a piece of sand paper, or a sponge, and get off a few layers of dirt, in the old way, but don't go to one of the baths, for you will take cold as sure as you live. You will be astonished, about the first town of importance you visit, to see hundreds of people about a fountain that runs about an inch of water, waiting all day and far into the night, to fill jars of water for domestic use. A town of a hundred thousand



people actually suffering for water, in the midst of the richest silver mines in the world, but nobody has enterprise enough to bring water from the mountains. You will find that the churches in the vicinity have cost more money than would be necessary to bring water in iron pipes from Niagara Falls. In other places you will find water so plenty that many drink it, but I wouldn't drink much water there, if I were you. It would be likely to astonish your stomach, and every organ of your body, and make you think of your army days, when you had to go to surgeon's call so suddenly. You will strike a place where strawberries grow the year around, and for a Mexican quarter you will buy a basket full that will please you when you eat them, and give you cramps afterward. You will notice great big strawberries on top of the basket, and little bits of things under the top layer. How do you suppose those poor, ignorant Mexicans learned that trick? But I suppose it is natural. If you were going to sell me a basket full of railroad stock, you would put nice, juicy C., M. & St. P. stock on top of the basket, and then fill in with some cheap stock that I would have to stand an assessment on before night. It is human nature.

All along the route you will notice that everybody you see is poor, and so many are beggars. Open your car window at a stopping place, and the first person to pass under it is a beggar. George, if you should throw a penny into the hat of a beggar, and smile one of your sweet smiles at the poor unfortunate, and look happy, as you always do when you have done a kindly act, the news would be carried to the town that a new sucker had arrived, the fire alarm would be turned in, and half the population would come down to the train to shower





blessings on your head, and pull your leg for more. You can't afford to take that smile with you to Mexico, George, unless you have a car load of pennies. But it is an easy way to make people happy, and you will like it.

When you get well into the Republic you will look out your car window some morning, and you will see that the people on the platform have not got clothes enough on to wad a gun. You will see men, women and children almost naked, either in the water bathing, or on the bank drying, and you will blush so they can touch a match to your face. Here is where you want to be on your guard. After your eyes begin to get accustomed to it, you will think you are in the tropics, and that these people are comfortable without clothes, and you will want to remove the thick clothes you have worn from the North, and go out and mingle in society, the way you used



to, when you were a boy. Don't do it. Some Mexican would come along with a knife as long as a scythe and try to carve steaks and chops, and tenderloin out of you. Keep your garments on, for if you are killed in Mexico your

remains will have to remain there 'till the day of judgment, the law being against removal of bodies from the Republic.

In time you will arrive at the City of Mexico, the loveliest city in that country, where you will have your pockets picked before you get into the hotel. Why it is that you can go all through the Republic and never lose a thing, and be robbed before you get into your hotel in the greatest city, is something I could not find out. Everybody seems to take it for granted that you are to have your pocket picked there; everybody seems to know the pickpockets, and after you are properly robbed of what is loose in your pockets, general satisfaction seems to prevail. The police see you robbed and laugh if you kick, and the crowd around you all laugh, and even the thief gets behind some bystander and laughs at you. I was going to speak to some one in authority about it, and show

them that the petty pickpockets of the city did more to give the city of Mexico a bad name, than all the newspapers could do to convince visitors that it is the most magnificent city in the Republic, but I couldn't make them understand. But after you have been initiated by the pickpockets, you will button all you have left in an inside pocket, and you will enjoy yourself visiting the historic spots of the city, and every block has something worth visiting. On the Alameda of an afternoon you will think you are in Paris, and on the drive to Chapultepec you will think of Central Park, New York, and as you visit the old churches you will think that the old world contains nothing so grand.

Finally, George, you will go down through the coffee districts, see all the tropical fruits that are grown, go to Vera Cruz, and hold your nose while you walk the streets of the nastiest place you were ever in, go to Tampico, and bathe in the ocean of a winter day. You will go to Americanized Monterey, where enterprise is catching, and after a few weeks away from home, in all kinds of altitudes, and all kinds of climates, mingling with the queerest people, you will visit a bull fight and wish you hadn't, and then you will sigh for an old-fashioned Wisconsin snow storm, and the cars cannot run fast enough to get you back home.

Good luck to you, old man, when you visit Mexico.

Your friend,

GEORGE W. PECK.



A WAGON HITCHED TO A STAR.

BY FRANCES E. ALLISON.



It was in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, beyond Denver, that I heard the beginning of this story.

The driver of the wagon was telling it to the man sitting beside him, and the rest of us were listening:

"There was a time when the Emma Mott mine didn't amount to much," said he, "about ten years ago. It was then Jack Treadwell came out here as manager. Just after his wife died; he left his two little girls with his mother-in-law. There's exceptions to this mother-in-law business, and Jack's experience ought to wipe out the score against half a hundred of them.

"The Emma Mott had a streak of luck after Jack came, and got out a good deal of paying ore. Jack went down to St. Louis and bought all the stock he could, put all his fortune in it; then the thing slumped, and for a year or more it was just throwing money in a rat hole. The Company got tired, and Jack came back from a trip to St. Louis in October looking pretty blue. All the other mines here had petered out, and we were all down on our luck. Jack and McElroy, the chief engineer of the Emma Mott, had many long talks about it. Mac said he'd stake all his reputation that the Emma Mott was on the same vein of silver as the Big Smokey, on the other side the mountain, that was turning out fortunes every year. I heard him say to Jack, 'We'd have to alter the machinery and have some new, to work sideways and not up and down as we've been doing. Two thousand dollars would be all we'd need.'

"'We can't get it, McElroy,' said Jack, 'nor one thousand.



I made a desperate try for it last week when I was in St. Louis. The Company's credit is all gone, and the Company itself is worn out and tired of the whole thing.'

"Jack and McElroy used to go every day to the mine, after they had discharged all the men, and pick, and knock, and break up quartz, and come back to Boulder every night looking gloomier than ever.

"Jack used to get a fat letter every week from Detroit, that seemed to do him a heap of good. We all thought it was from a sweetheart. He'd read those letters over and over; one would last until the next one came, then he'd burn the old one and commence on the new one. I asked him once what he did that for, and he said, 'Don't you know you'll come to poverty if you keep your old letters?'

"Well, I don't know for sure about the poverty,' said I, 'but I've known people to come to a heap of trouble through neglecting to burn some of their letters.'

"The next mail day after he got back from St. Louis that last time, Sam Hill, the postmaster, told Jack there wasn't no letter, when he rushed in as soon as he came back from the mine. Jack took on mightily; said the letter had been mislaid, he was sure!—that it wasn't possible there was no letter for him. Sam Hill liked to devil a fellow if he could, though he liked Jack,—we all did, for he was a whole-souled fellow though he *was* quiet, and we all knew he had grit.

"Sam just laid back and tilted up in his chair, and waited until Jack had cooled down some, then he said: 'Mebbe a telegram would suit you just as well?'

"A telegram! When did it come?'

"This morning,' says Sam, tossing it over to him.

"Jack tore it open and said, almost shouting,—'Why, she'll be here to-morrow!' and rushed off to the boarding house like a house-a-fire.

"You bet we were all on edge to see that meeting next day. We all loafed 'round and watched Jack walking up and down that porch. 'Twant no use going to meet the stage. The



driver always made that last mile down grade on a dead run and wouldn't stop for nobody. There were only two people in the stage that day, a Mexican and a gray haired lady, fair complected, tall and slender and well dressed. We all looked at Jack to see his face fall. We thought the lady was some rich relation of the landlady, or a stockholder in one of the mines, come out to look at the hole she'd lost her money in. But the next thing we saw was Jack a' helping her out and hugging and kissing her and sayin', 'This is lovely of you, mother! Aint I glad to see you though?'

"'Mother?'" says I. 'Tain't his mother; mother's been dead since he was a baby. Mother-in-law!!!' says I, and that's who it was.

"Jack introduced us all to her that evening at the boarding house. She was handsome and pleasant and wore good clothes, and was a real lady. Jack just doted on her; we could see they were the best of company, laughing and talking and having fun about things, blue as they were. We all took to her right away. Her home was in Detroit, and she told us she'd taken a notion to come out and see what a mining camp was like, as she'd had the chance to leave Jack's little girls with a dear friend.

"The next day I drove them out to the Emma Mott. They talked pretty free all the way. He said 'I've made a bad business of this, mother dear.'

"'Don't say that, Jack,' says she. 'It isn't ended yet.'

"'Yes, I guess it is,' says he, 'and I'm afraid I've lost all I'm worth; but one thing I'm thankful for is, that you haven't any of your little fortune in it, mother. I know you'll take care of the little girls, and I'll get on my feet and make a fresh start, at something, somewhere else. I hate to leave here, though. MeElroy and I have figured out that a few more weeks—days even—might bring us on to the paying ore.'

"'You would like to look for your money where you lost it,' said she. 'Isn't that it?'



"‘Yes, but it’s no use,’ says he; ‘there isn’t another dollar to be gotten for the mine and it’s got a bad name. I only asked for two thousand dollars this last time, to make the change in the machinery, and get it started working sideways. ’Twould let us in to the great vein that runs under the mountains to the other side where the Big Smokey have their great paying mine. Our company owns thousands of acres between here and there.’

"‘Only two thousand dollars!’ said she. ‘Seems to me some one ought to be willing to risk that, Jack; some one who had faith in you and McElroy. Faith and hope,’ she said, ‘Isn’t it strange how every enterprise in this world hangs on those two things?’

"‘And money,’ said Jack.

"‘Yes, but you can’t get the money without them. You have to have the faith and hope first, to start with.’

"‘Well, when we got there ’twas about noon and she said she wanted to go down into the mine. Jack said, ‘Yes, indeed mother, I want you to see it all!’ and went off to a tool-shed to get McElroy, who was there, to go with them.

"‘When Jack came back with Mac, his mother-in-law pointed to a star right overhead.

"‘Jack,’ she said, ‘there’s my star. I never saw it in the daytime before.’

"‘So it is,’ said Jack, looking up. We are so surrounded by high peaks of mountains here, that it’s just like being at the bottom of a deep well.’

"‘I hitched my horses and we all went down into the mine. We wandered along the galleries and shafts and tunnels, Jack holding his mother’s hand, McElroy going in front with a lamp, I following with two.

"‘Now here,’ said Mac, stopping where the great boring machine stood, ‘here’s the place we should commence to work sideways, right here,’ making a mark with his stick.

"‘We’re the only men who believe that,’ said Jack with a melancholy laugh.



"Jack's mother-in-law took one of my lamps and walked off to one side; the mine was pretty wide there and our lanterns lighted a good big space.

"'Got money?' said Mac in a low tone to Jack, pointing after her.

"'Not a dollar for this kind of thing, McElroy; I wouldn't let her put a dollar in it, though she's often begged me to let her. It's too risky for a helpless woman; a man can get knocked down and scramble on his feet again, but a woman knocked down hasn't half a chance. All her money's in the soundest bank stock in Detroit.'

"'Twould take such a little more to let us into that great vein. It seems too bad to stop with millions almost in our grasp,' said McElroy. 'You see if we struck that vein the Company's stock would go up in two day's time, to nobody knows what figures, and all our fortunes would be made.'

"'Well, there's not another dollar to be had anywhere, McElroy,' said Jack, looking hard at him. 'I guess we'll have to throw up the sponge, own up beaten and take our medicine like men.'

"Jack's mother-in-law came back just then, holding out some quartz and clay towards the light.

"'Look at this, Jack!' said McElroy, taking it out of her hand."

"'Where did you pick it up, ma'am?'

"'In this corner; I marked the wall above it with a star my own private mark,' said she with a laugh.

"We all went over and knocked and chipped, finding more stuff of the same kind. We were all some excited.

"'What do you think?' said Jack to McElroy.

"'I think just as I did,' says he, 'only more so. I believe the vein is there. But what's the use? There's only the two of us, and we've no money.'

"Jack's mother-in-law held up her hand and said: 'No, there are three of us now;' then, catching Jack's look—'I mean three to believe in it. Something may turn up yet; three's a lucky number.'



"'We all got back to the bottom of the shaft to go up again. Jack's mother-in-law looked up just as we were starting, and said, 'See, Jack! there's my star again, right overhead.'"

"After we got into the wagon and all the way back to Boulder the star seemed to be over the horses' heads. We were always going in the direction of the star. Jack's mother-in-law laughed about it and said, 'See, Jack, this must be Emerson's own wagon; it's hitched to a star. Some good luck must be going to happen to me, Jack; I never saw my star in the daytime before.'"

"'Good luck has happened to you, mother dear,' says Jack, 'that you've no stock in that deserted mine.'"

"The star was in sight all the way to town. It seemed to tickle Jack's mother-in-law mightily, that and about the Emerson wagon. I knew the wagon was a Studebaker from South Bend, but I hadn't the heart to tell her so; she seemed so set up thinking 'twas an Emerson make."

Just then we turned the bend of the road, the station came in sight, and the approaching train whistled.

"I'm sorry to lose the rest of your story," I said, "but as I'm going right to Detroit, and my friends there know Jack Treadwell, I'll get the end of it, won't I?"

"Yes'm, good-bye, and you'll find it's a mighty good story when you do hear the end. There was exciting times here for some weeks after that, I can tell you," waving his hand and standing up in his wagon to see the last of us on the back platform as the train moved out of sight.

* * * * *

Jack himself told me the end of the story as we were on our way with a party of friends up to the clubhouse at the St. Clair flats, on his own beautiful yacht the "Emma Mott."

When they got back from the mine that night the mail was in. There were some business letters for Treadwell and a Detroit paper. Mrs. Merton seized this rather nervously, and said: "I'll take this to my room and amuse myself with it

until supper time. I'm dreadfully hungry; this mountain air makes one ravenous."

Jack took his letters off to read them by himself. They were all about the business of the mine being turned over to the bondholders on the 31st. McElroy came up to see him before supper and Jack gave him the letters to read.

"It is bitter to let go now," Mac said, "but nothing but a miracle would save us; the time's so short. Even with the cash down to grease the wheels of everything; it would take a week to get the machinery altered. Seven and four's eleven, leaving only four days to work for the vein before it goes to the bondholders on the 31st. Then Jack our stock is not worth the paper it's printed on."

The two men looked at each other sympathetically. Each knew of the disappointed hopes, the bright expectations clouded, the years of toil and the bitterness of hopes deferred and now defeated.

After supper Mrs. Merton said to McElroy: "Jack's coming to my room to look over the papers; come in after awhile and we'll have some nuts and cider."

McElroy said he would come, and she and Jack went up stairs together.

The evening was chilly, but a good log fire was burning in Mrs. Merton's room and things looked cheerful in there. Jack punched the fire and sitting down said: "Where's the Detroit paper, mother dear? Anything new in slow old Detroit? Good old solid place; they don't meddle with mines and such risky property there, do they?" holding out his hand for the paper.

Mrs. Merton did not give it to him and he turned around and saw her standing by the little table taking an old pair of arctic overshoes out of her valise.

"I brought these along, Jack, to hold the nuts and cider, and because I thought you could use them," she said, holding out the shoes laughing.



"Why, mammy—are those mine? What is it?" seeing she looked at him curiously, still laughing.

She set the shoes down on the table beside him, pulled out some old newspapers stuffed in their tops; then she put her slender white hands down in each toe, and brought out two great rolls of greenbacks and laid them down on the table before Jack. He rushed to the door and locked it, pulled the blind on the window clear down, and came back to the table too much astonished to speak.

"Mother, dear, did you have the grit to carry that money out here in those old arctics?"

"It's only two thousand dollars, Jack, but it's ready to use—large and small bills you see. I believe the silver vein is there—that's Faith. I hope you will get it, and I love you well enough never to mention it if we lose. Faith, Hope and Love and Greenbacks, to say nothing of my star."

"Mother, you're a brick, but I never will touch one dollar of your money, your bank stock."

"I knew you wouldn't, Jack. This isn't the bank stock; I never thought of touching that. This money is from two U. S. bonds my husband's uncle left me three months ago. I turned them into money the day I started for here. You know I'm not a mite superstitious, Jack," she went on, "but seeing my star from the bottom of that mine; really, Jack, I might have taken the money back home and never mentioned it if, it hadn't been for that."

"You blessed winged angel," said Jack, "you know you hitched that wagon to my star the moment you got those bonds in your hands." Just then there was a knock at the door.

"It's McElroy," said Jack.

"Do you trust him?"

"Entirely!"

"Then he may as well know about the nuts and cider," she said.

When McElroy came in he comprehended the situation at a glance.



"Ready money! Jack, you lucky fellow! Cash down. Hurrah!"

"It's only a little wagon," said Mrs. Merton, "but all the easier hitched to the star. The star I drew on the wall of the Emma Mott mine to-day."

They both caught her spirit and enthusiasm. Jack telegraphed to Denver for the machine and machinist that night. It was set up and three shifts of miners were working night and day before a week was past. Every day Mrs. Merton went out to the mining camp, taking a lunch for their noon hour, and Emerson's Essays, which she never opened. She was supposed to read it, but she just watched every carload of stuff that came up.

The suspense was dreadful, but they all knew it would be over soon; on the 31st the bondholders would take legal possession of the mine unless this last desperate venture succeeded.

The morning of the third day Jack came up a little before noon and sat down beside Mrs. Merton, looking worn and haggard.

"Last night, mother, at twelve o'clock we thought we'd struck it; the lead gets richer and richer, but we've not struck it yet. I'm a battered wreck, and came up this much sooner to see you and get cheered up a bit. To-morrow's the last day."

Just then the ponderous lift creaked and groaned; the great loaded car rose to the top, rushed along the dumping track, McElroy on top. He leaped off, rushed towards them with his hands full, and shouting hoarsely, "Look! Look! We've struck it! We've struck it!" flung the shining metal in Mrs. Merton's lap and fainted dead away at her feet.

Half a dozen men came up with the next load; the news was ready to spread like wildfire. Jack took one of the horses from the wagon and galloped back to Boulder; telegraphed the Company, at St. Louis, to take a stay of proceedings on the bondholders, and to send out a committee to confirm the news he had telegraphed them.

The second thing Jack did, after telegraphing the Company, was to telegraph his lawyer to transfer half his stock to Mrs. Merton. It was done before she and McElroy got back from the mines. "They stayed to eat up the lunch," she said, and "would a battered wreck like Jack, for instance, have some too?"

Every day the yield from the new vein grew more and more phenomenal. The Big Smokey on the other side of the mountain was entirely eclipsed. By the end of three days crowds of people came flocking in to Boulder. Two new stage lines a day were put on from Denver.

"Mother, we're rich beyond any dreams we could ever have dreamed. Your little fortune, that you would have given me, sinks into insignificance, don't it? What is twenty-five thousand dollars to us now? I'll buy you a yacht that will cost that much."

"There's a children's hospital that's more necessary to my comfort, Jack dear, than a yacht. I'll take that first, if you please. Yes, my own little fortune *has* sunk out of sight, dear Jack. Here's the paper you wanted to see that night you found the money in your overshoes. Dear me, that's three weeks ago!"

Jack took the Detroit paper and his eyes fell on great, staring headlines:

"WRECKING OF THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK!

ABSCONDING CASHIER!!

STOCKHOLDERS LIABLE FOR TWICE THE
AMOUNT OF THEIR STOCK."

"Mother! Mother! Everything you had in gilt-edged securities. That money you gave me was the last dollar you had in the world."

"The last *we* had, dear. I still had the children and you, and a chance to 'hitch my wagon to a star.'"

THE PILGRIM



WHERE THE BREEZES SOFTLY BLOW.

BY CAP'T JACK CRAWFORD.
(The Poet Scout.)

Would you breathe the healthful air,
Would you flee from business care,
Would you listen to the birds amid the trees?
Would you hide from worldly strife,
Take another lease of life,
And revel in doing just as you please?

Would you hunt, and fish, and row,
With your heart and cheeks aglow,
Would you dwell 'mid vernal beauty bright and rare?
Then come, O come away,
And let God's sunshine play
Upon you ere you climb the golden stair.

Yes! come from care away,
Let's be merry and be gay,
Let's get a taste of heaven here on earth.
Come out and greet the Spring,
While its joys are on the wing,
And make the glad air gladder with your mirth.

If you want to know . . .

where to go, send your address for a list
of "Summer Homes" published by the
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

GEO. H. HEAFFORD,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
AND ST. PAUL
RAILWAY.

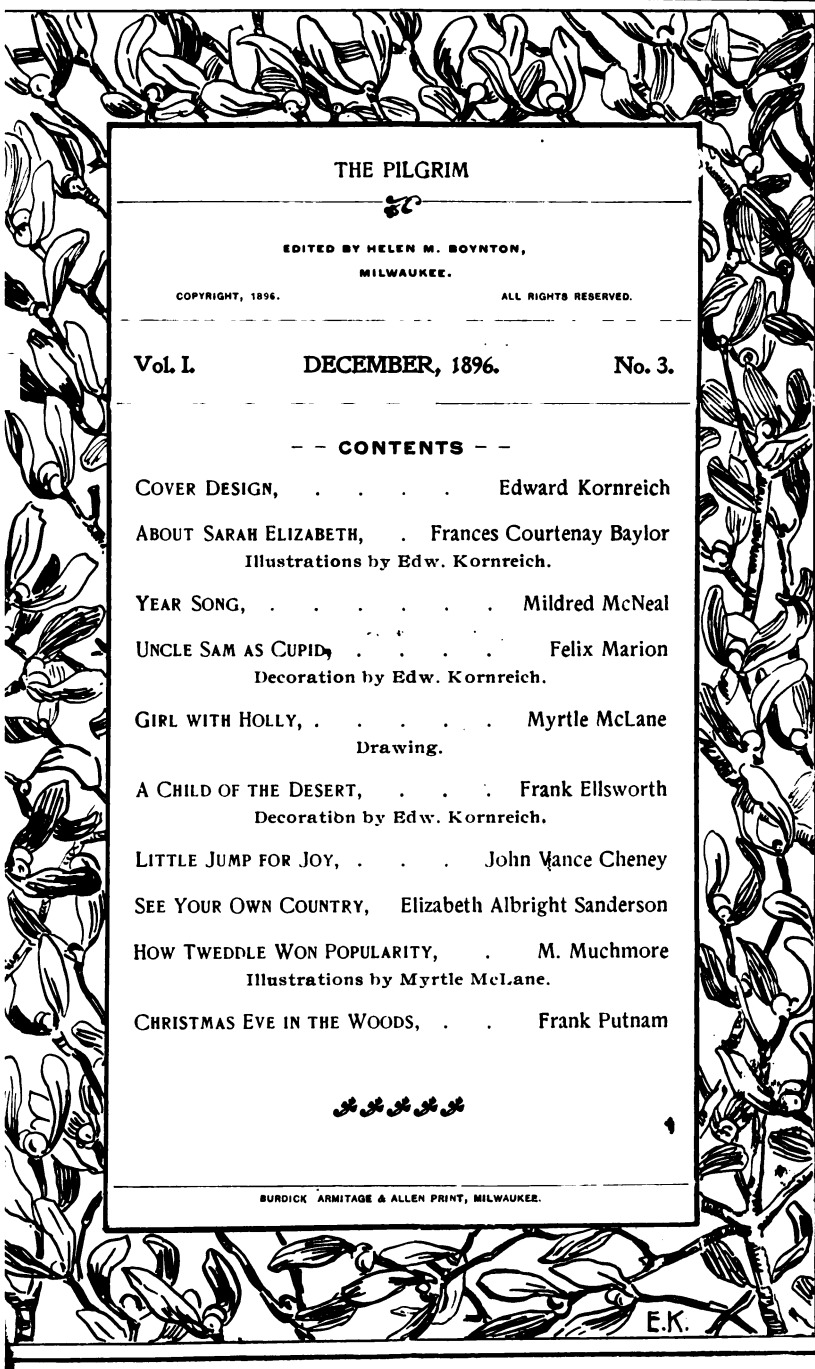
First
Class in
Every
Respect.



THE PILGRIM



HOLIDAY NUMBER

A decorative border of stylized leaves and flowers surrounds the central text area.

THE PILGRIM

EDITED BY HELEN M. BOYNTON,
MILWAUKEE.

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BURDICK ARMITAGE & ALLEN PRINT, MILWAUKEE.

E.K.



SARAH'S father was an officer in a cavalry regiment and was stationed in New Mexico when his lovely young wife presented him with a daughter. The couple had their first quarrel, or something very like one, when the question of naming their paragon of a baby came up for private discussion between them. Mrs. Pepper was of a romantic turn of mind and was all for calling her heart's treasure Alicia Gwendolen Montmorenci Pepper—that, or Gertrude Anastasia de Millefleurs Pepper; "she didn't care which,"

she said. But her husband, who was made of more prosaic clay, frowned disapprovingly over these suggestions.

"I am a plain man, wife," he said, "and a poor one, and I can't give in to such big wiggery. I won't call the child Susan Redd after my mother, because with her hair it might make her absurd and cause her to be ridiculed, but I vote that we name her Sarah Elizabeth for your mother and my sister. She can live up to that if she amounts to anything at all, and I shan't feel like a fool every time I have to speak to her. 'Gertrude Anastasia'—great Scott, Katie, I can't have a child of mine called that, not even to please you."

Mrs. Pepper pouted. Mrs. Pepper flouted 'Sarah Elizabeth' fully as much as her husband did 'Alicia Gwendolen,' but she was a good wife and she saw moreover that Capt. Pepper had "made up his mind," and when that process took place, she knew from long experience that she might as well yield first as last. The post chaplain duly and officially confirmed the father's choice, and Sarah, who would have been a healthy, happy, lovely child by any name, grew and flourished apace for three years afterward, as well as though she had been the infanta of Spain, with fifteen fine-sounding titles conferred



upon her by the archbishop of Madrid, with all the world to see it done. Both parents delighted in her beauty and intelligence alike. Both condoned her hair. Both had ten thousand plans for her future and repeated her infantile witticisms to everybody who cared to hear. Most people liked hearing them, too, for she was a child with a head on her shoulders and a heart in her bosom. Perhaps Col. Coffin who had nine prodigies of his own, turned a deafer ear on such occasions than anybody in garrison. He was a selfish man to begin with, and then there was something in the way he was placed. "Remember the nine little Coffins," he would say, raising a warning hand as he spoke; "I can't bear it, really. Three times a day! Think of it! Mrs. Coffin keeps a note-book and sets down what our children say—a most fond mother, Mrs. Coffin. But / fly." Still even he was not altogether proof against little Sarah's heart. That young person would cling fondly to his legs, crying, "Pretty man, I love oo." She climbed up over the back of his chair and flung herself into his arms and embraced him with effusion when he came in full canonicals to call. She took her peppermint stick out of her own mouth and could not rest until it was transferred to his. "By Jove! that child *likes* me," he would say, and fancied himself the object of an exclusive passion. Not so, Sarah did like him; it was quite true, but she "loved everybody ever so," as she herself stated, and there never was a child more entirely born and made to be spoiled.

The Colonel commanding sent for her, when he dressed every morning in his quarters close by, that he might enjoy the pleasure of her society. The young officers all carried her pick-a-back, and told her stories, and gave her sweets. The married ladies made her welcome and treated her to seed-cake, and admired her complexion, and praised her for all sorts of good qualities. The Sergeants and Corporals were mostly her slaves, and their wives and children her dear friends. The Drum Major actually let her fill his bearskin with water and play "tea-party" with the guests she had invited—and indul-

gence can no further go. Still, spoilt she was not. Eager, curious, bright as a sunbeam—above all, loving—there laid Sarah's secret. She was a tremendous democrat, and no respecter of persons, *as* persons, and she had a wonderful heart of love for her years, so that it came as natural as breathing to her to enslave the entire garrison in one way or other. She was "about half past three or twenty minutes to four" in years, as Mr. Cox, of her father's regiment used to put it, when Capt. Pepper was ordered to report at Fort Misher, two hundred miles away, across a rolling prairie burnt yellow at that particular season, and full of great fissures that showed the effect of long drought as well as of Apache Indians. With a few other officers and a small escort, the Peppers bade farewell to their comrades and companions in garrison and started on their journey, little Sarah Elizabeth almost buried beneath the heap of last presents bestowed upon her in barracks and quarters alike, and hugging to her breast a huge doll, presented to her by the Col. commanding, that had arrived in the very nick of time that morning from New York. Some of the officers galloped beside them for ten or twelve miles and then turned back, waving their farewells, and shouting them as well until their voices could no longer be heard.



For several days all went very well with the party. The weather was fine, the horses and mules went with a will, the ambulance lost no spokes nor screws, the camp-fire shone on a tired, but cheerful party every night, and not an Indian was reported in sight by the scouts who pushed ahead.

On the tenth day, however, one of these men came back and saluting respectfully, stated that there was a large body of Indians moving toward them from the base of the foothills, and that their command had been seen, and reported likewise that he had "seen several fellows" riding back like mad before

he fell back. Capt. Pepper and the other officers felt pale enough when they heard this, but being brave men, they kept a bold front, and making a corral of their wagons, they looked to their ammunition and awaited developments. Mrs. Pepper had every curtain of her ambulance buttoned down tight and shook in her shoes. The officers held a council in low tones and scrutinized their side-arms closely. The soldiers' eyes often sought Capt. Pepper's as they hurriedly obeyed his orders. Sarah Elizabeth was the only member of the party who remained wholly unconcerned, and even she wrapped her new doll in her mother's shawl and put her under the seat to keep her from "de Injuns." In an hour they were surrounded by some thousands of redskins. "They are going in to get their presents, luckily for us. We are all right," cried Capt. Pepper, after a short parley with a vanguard of them, and friendly enough they seemed. They inspected curiously everything in the little camp and they smoked the pipe of peace. They talked in the sign language of their journey, the heat, the nearest water, the death of one of their big chiefs. They seemed to be in the best of humors.

Mrs. Pepper shrinking back into the farthest corner of the ambulance, presently heard the pop of a button torn loose in the curtain opposite and saw an Apache in full Apachicals, gazing intently at her and little Sarah. She repressed a scream with great difficulty and went on talking. As for Sarah, she had long been tired of being cooped up in there, and to her mind an Indian was not one bit more alarming than the negroes whom she had daily seen in garrison. So what should she do but hold out two confiding white arms to Redfeather, saying, "take me out, quick." Redfeather smiled, disclosing a brilliant set of teeth. He understood, and before Mrs. Pepper could interfere, Sarah was in his arms, and no more alarmed than if he had been her father. Mrs. Pepper cried out.

"Amigo! Amigo!" cried Redfeather in reply, and rapidly touched his lips, and understanding this, too, he put one foot on the wheel of the ambulance and then proceeded to laugh



with delight over Sarah's red curls. He fingered them and called upon his tribe to admire them; he gazed at Sarah's blue eyes and milk-white skin with deepest interest. He had never seen a white child, nor a red head in all his life and they fascinated him completely. He looked back at Mrs. Pepper admiringly and presently thrust Sarah back in her arms and ran off. He returned with an interpreter and asked for the brave that owned that squaw and papoose. When Captain Pepper was indicated, Redfeather's negotiations began. He offered forty buffalo robes, ten blankets, twenty ponies and fifteen of his own squaws for Mrs. Pepper and Sarah, and gravely awaited the Captain's reply. The Captain shook his head. "Fifty buffalo robes," cried Redfeather, thinking of pretty Mrs. Pepper. The Captain again shook his head. "Twelve blankets and thirty ponies," said Redfeather, thinking of his favorite color as exemplified in little Sarah's abundant tresses. Capt. Pepper frowned and remained obdurate.

"What? I offer you twenty of my squaws for one of yours! Twenty-one!" said Redfeather eagerly, with just the air that people always have at auctions in civilization. Capt. Pepper held up one finger, laid his hand on his heart. Redfeather was beaten at last. He gave a grunt and walked away. One of his squaws was present during this extraordinary scene, mounted on a pony. Her hair, her pony's tail, and a long trailing litter behind her, made of reeds and filled with her personal effects, was made gay with strips of red flannel, and as she listened, Mrs. Redfeather, handsome young squaw that she was, scowled darkly and fiercely. She did not want to be transferred to Capt. Pepper. She hated the idea of Mrs. Pepper mounted on that pony and set in her place. She did not smile until Capt. Pepper explained what Redfeather wanted, and she saw the look of horrified disgust and protest with which Mrs. Pepper caught hold of her husband's arm, and when she saw Sarah precipitate herself upon her mother and kiss her repeatedly, poor Mrs. Redfeather broke out into a moaning sob as if she could bear no more, and flung herself

face downward upon her pony's neck in an utter abandonment of grief that lasted some time. When she again sat upright, Mrs. Pepper was so struck by her sorrowful appearance, that she cast about in her mind for something that would please or comfort the poor creature. Looking into her work-bag, she came upon some ribands, a string of mock pearls, a package of chocolate and a bunch of artificial flowers just removed from an old hat. These she massed in her apron and getting out of the ambulance, she gave them to the squaw with so much loving kindness of manner and voice that no words in her own tongue could better have conveyed sympathy, receiving in return a look of gratitude and pleasure that fully repaid her. With native coquetry, the squaw promptly transferred the pearls first to her hair and then her neck—it was, in her eyes, a magnificent gift. A little later the whole body of Indians moved quietly off, and the coast being now quite clear, Capt. Pepper and his party also resumed their march. Three hours later they camped on a site which had evidently been previously used—lighting their fire indeed from a brand which was still burning, and getting their water as their predecessors had done, from a beautiful little stream that formed one of the few oases in that desert.

Tired out by the long drive, Mrs. Pepper could think of no better way of resting herself than lying flat down on the prairie. She generally, in an Indian country, did this inside the Company corral and under the ambulance for safety. But she was so convinced that they had now nothing to fear, that while supper was being prepared she picked up a pillow and wandering a little way off, she put it down under a tree in a copse near the brook and sank down with a sigh of relief upon it for "a good nap." She was over-tired, however, and could not get the sleep she coveted, so she laid there quietly and looked about her for some time, then up above her into the green depths of the trees overhead. At last, chancing to turn her head to the right a good deal, she spied something she did not know, could not tell what. As she looked, how-

ever, the strange thing resolved itself into a stranger, the strangest and last thing that she could have expected to see there—nothing less than the back of a child's head! Springing to her feet in the excitement of this discovery, she ran to the spot, and seizing hold of two pliant boughs, she pulled them toward her, and found nestling in them, in a fork of the tree, held in place by some strips of rawhide, an Indian child sound asleep, by her side some shredded morsels of jerked beef, a bit of ash cake and a gourd of water! Her surprise was so intense that she cried aloud and forthwith the child awoke and regarded her with a large pair of dark, wondering eyes. Mrs. Pepper's voice, as she called her husband, soon brought all the camp about her, and her astonishment was fully shared by everybody.

"By Jove!" cried the Captain, "If it isn't a pappoose! Here Grey, Rodman, come here and see this Indian baby that my wife has found! It must belong to those fellows we met going in to the fort. They often do abandon their girl babies when there is a surplus of them, and leave them to die in this way—cruel *brutes*! It is a pretty little thing, the only pretty Indian I ever saw." This conclusion seemed to be generally shared, and when the question came up of the child's future, Mrs. Pepper settled that. "I shall take it," she said, "I found it and I can afford it, and I shall try to be a mother to it, poor little abandoned thing."

"Well, the way a good woman decides a matter of this kind, while we men are hanging around, each determined on *not* doing it, is a thing to remember," said Mr. Rodman to Mr. Grey; "I always liked Mrs. Pepper, and now I know why, she is a true woman. It will be a disgrace to us if we let her bear all the expense of that brat. We must all pony up and invest something in 'futures' for the next world on this." They lit their pipes and talked of the elections after this, for it was after supper, and dismissed the affair from their minds. A baby is always a small affair in a man's mind, unless it happens to be *his* baby. Not so Mrs. Pepper; with Sarah to

watch her do it, she was briskly engaged at that moment on that very baby, and had scarcely been able to eat a morsel for thinking what she would do for it. She forgot all about her ill health and her nerves outright. She had not felt as well for years as she did while meeting the emergency. Her fingers fairly itched to get hold of that baby. To the disgust of a surly teamster, she would have a baggage wagon unpacked to get at one of her trunks and get out of it some of Sarah's discarded clothes. She set up Sarah's India-rubber bath tub, saying, "you can wait till to-morrow, dearie, but just *look* at this poor little thing!" She got out a cake of Lubin's soap, and prepared a delicious bath. Taking off the cotton and flannel rags in which it was wrapped, she put an amazed infant into that tub, and just revelled in making it "just as clean and sweet as any white child in the world." When she had clothed it and parted and brushed smooth its abundant black hair, with all a mother's swift and tender dexterity, she picked the child up and took it over to a group of officers with great pride and pleasure. "*Now* look at my baby," she said; "would you ever know her for the same child?"

"Never, Mrs. Pepper, never," asserted Mr. Rodman. "It might be a Spanish child. I have seen plenty of babies quite as dark in Mexico, and just look at all those fal-lals!" indicating the tucks and ruffles of the dress, "and a bow of red ribbon, actually!"

"Only baby-ribbon," explained Mrs. Pepper. "It suited her so well, I couldn't leave it off. Here, dear," to her husband, "hold her while I get her something to eat. Luckily I've got some canned milk. Mr. Rodman, won't you put up the hammock? I mean to put Winona—I've named her that—isn't it a pretty name? Winona and my Sarah in it. It is so hot in the ambulance and I am afraid of all the creeping, crawling things on the ground."

"With pleasure, madam," said Mr. Rodman, and actually gave up his smoke to do that bidding instantly.

"Kate, my girl, you *are* a brick and no mistake," said Capt.

Pepper, as she moved off. "But, I say, don't be too long. I am not used to being 'nuss' to a papoose, and the government won't give me anything for it, and if I chuck it over to Grey, here, he'll drop it, or sit on it, or something, sure as sure."

"Just let me catch any of you dropping it or sitting on it, that's all!" she called back, and went off and improvised a first-rate nursing bottle for Winona, and gave that small person a meal over which she swelled visibly, like a kitten before a saucer of milk. After this she laid it in the hammock, and the child, feeling itself in heaven, dropped promptly off to sleep again. She then undressed little Sarah and heard her prayers and tucked her comfortably in the opposite end of the hammock, and sat down and rested from her labors, well content, a very sweet smile on her lovely face, such as good angels wear when they do loving deeds. It was a very fine, clear, moonlight night, and the party, being tired, turned in early, without exception. Mrs. Pepper slept in her ambulance, which she had ordered should be placed near the hammock, where she "could be ready if either of her babies needed her." In three hours the whole camp was absolutely still save for the sentinel's tread as it echoed through it. The trees above the hammock cast that part of it in shadow, the stars shone brightly overhead, the brook close by, babbled and murmured sweetly and seemed to make more tranquil the silence of the peaceful scene. To the sentinel it seemed that nothing and no one stirred, not even the leaves of the mesquite and the chaparral about him. However, some one was stirring—as an Indian stirs; moving as an Indian moves, making no more noise than a snake over grass. If that sentinel had had Indian eyes in the back of his head, when he walked away to the far end of his beat, he would have seen a form bending above the hammock, two, three, he would have seen Winona pressed close to her mother's heart again in a passionate embrace, he would have seen Sarah lifted in a pair of strong arms so gently that she scarcely stirred, and

if he had had Indian ears, he might have heard the faint swish of bushes parting before and closing after a figure, the light footfall of retreating steps, the distant gallop of horses' hoofs.

Mrs. Pepper had so long been unused to the care of a young child, and she was so tired that she slept, like a log, until the sky began to turn faintly pink, before the coming sun and the freshening morning air chilled her into remembering Sarah. Only Sarah at first, was she warm enough? Then came the recollection of little Winona. She sprang up, thinking, "O! what a shame," as she looked about her, as a woman does when she has overslept herself under such circumstances, instead of "Hang it! What a nuisance!" which is apt to be the masculine form of exclamation when duty beckons him during the wee small hours. She cast a glance at the heap in the hammock below, and hurrying penitently to it, she pulled aside the blanket, and uttered the most piercing of shrieks, after which she fainted. The whole camp was soon aroused and found her lying unconscious beside an empty hammock. It took the men at least half an hour to revive her and find out what had happened.



"To horse," was immediately sounded. "Boots in stirrups," and away they went across the prairie with Capt. Pepper stern and pale in command. They rode far, they searched well, they sent three scouts back to the fort from which they had come, but they were obliged finally to return as they went. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed up Sarah and Winona, for all they could see or hear, and after three days more, during which they waited for Mrs. Pepper to be able to travel, the party resumed the march, arriving safely, eight days later, at their new post—a gloomy party of jaded horses and troubled officers and soldiers, and a heart-broken mother.

Infinite was the consternation and sincere the grief



throughout the whole service when it was known what had befallen "little Sarah Pepper," loving, frank, trusting little Sarah, whose sweet child-love had touched so many, many hearts. Condolence, in the shape of letters, poured in upon the Peppers by the bushel literally, and in the subdued voices and kind glances that met the mother, especially, at every turn, she read a sympathy that touched her to the quick. She was a Rachel mourning for her child, and she could not be comforted. The most terrible and distressing images of her little Sarah, beaten, suffering, dying, abandoned, haunted her by day and by night, and as effort after effort to reclaim the child failed, her strength departed with her hope. She had scarcely left her quarters for five months, when, one night, lying awake in her room, her husband absent on a scouting party, she thought she heard a faint "tap, tap, tap." She sat up in bed and listened. The weather was still warm, the windows were up, the shutters bowed. She felt no fear. Was not the garrison a large one, having six companies of cavalry and two of infantry within its bounds? She waited, and presently the shutter swung back a little and an Indian head was thrust in with a low "Pst!" of caution, followed by "Amiga! Amiga! Venga!" Mrs. Pepper was greatly alarmed. What! was she not safe even in a big garrison? A great horror of Redfeather, who, she thought, had taken her child, filled her mind. Was he determined to steal the mother as well? This time she did not shriek, neither did she faint. She sat half paralyzed and stared at the window. She now saw a large black object appear in it, unslung from the Indian's back. "Pst! Venga! Venga!" the low voice cried eagerly again. "Amiga! Amiga!"

The Indians occasionally brought fruit and wild honey down to the fort, and Mrs. Pepper thought "O, it is one of the runners with an olla of berries to exchange for groceries." This gave her courage. She rose, and stepping to another window, she called the sentinel on duty. He dashed around the house to intercept the Indian, and as he did so Mrs. Pepper, standing aside, saw—Heavens! yes, nothing less, saw a



blanket unfolded, and Sarah, her own precious darling Sarah, held toward her.

Of course she flew to her. Of course she embraced and kissed her a thousand times. Of course she cried copiously over her. Of course she forgot all the world while she did it, but when she came to herself, she found a room full of people, rejoicing for and with her; saw a dark face smiling upon her that she recognized as that of Redfeather's squaw; saw that her Sarah was brown, was tattered, was adorned with a long string of mock pearls, was clean, was grown, was safe and well. An interpreter being sent for, soon came and all was explained. Redfeather had greatly coveted that white squaw and red-haired child. He had meant to take both, and could not get at Mrs. Pepper in the ambulance. His wife had encouraged the idea, wishing to get back the papoose she had so grieved to leave. She had obeyed Redfeather and helped him to carry off Sarah, but when she saw how beautiful the white squaw had made her baby—"like the moon," she said, she had felt—here she laid her hand expressively over her heart. Then every day she felt worse; then Redfeather had beaten her child and tied red flannel in Sarah's hair, and preferred the child of the white squaw to his own.

This was not to be borne. Interest and remorse had together done the deed, and she had brought Sarah seventy-five miles in person, alone and on foot, to deliver her to her mother, adding as a final plea for forgiveness of the wrong she had done, the pearl necklace that Mrs. Pepper had given her—her chief treasure.

It is hardly necessary to add that Mrs. Pepper was too thankful to split many hairs or ask many questions, and Mrs. Redfeather went home with the necklace around her own neck, on a pony, laden with groceries, and clothes, and gifts for Winona—best of all, with a heart at peace, a sweet memory of another mother who had got back her child.

So, sweetly does the Rose of Sharon blossom, even in the wilderness.



GIRL WITH HOLLY

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THE YEAR SONG.



WHEN the snow falls,
 Hushed are the bird-calls;
 The silvery brook falls
 Locked in their cold walls,
 Give back no singing.
 The gentle winging
 Of the white snow
 Stills all below.



GREEN branch and round nest
 Where tender birds rest.
 Soft hills to east and west
 Bud girded to the crest,
 Now lone are lying,
 Mid the wind's sighing,
 And the white snow
 Stills all below.



BUT as the day long
 Came in a glad throng
 Choruses, sweet, strong.
 Too soon the year song
 Bears back to heaven
 The melody given,
 And the white snow
 Stills all below.



BUT grows the world and drear,
 But to the soul's ear
 Still the song of the year,
 Delicate, sweet, clear,
 Soft is intoning,
 'Neath the wind's moaning,
 And the white snow
 Keeps all below.



Mr. James Austin Marsh entered his office one morning in September, 1881, with his mind deeply absorbed in the case of *Le Jendre vs. Le Jendre*, which would demand his presence in Baton Rouge on the following morning, and on which he must continue to work during the day.

The morning mail lay on the desk, and as he threw letter after letter aside, they seemed to invite his attention to familiar clients, who joined with the office boy in wishing him "good morning."

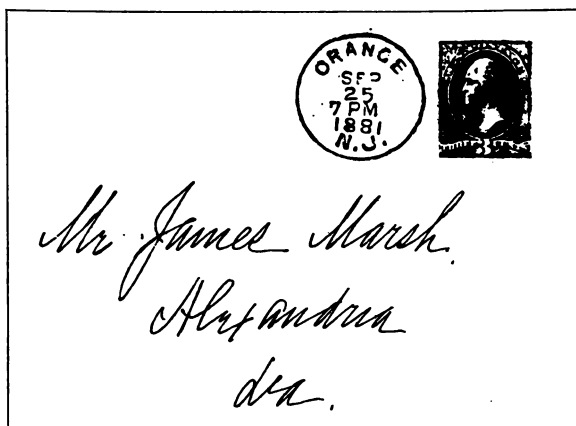
He evidently regarded it as a kind of duty to inspect the covers before penetrating into their contents. When he had run through the entire number, he reversed their order until he held one that had attracted him on account of its weight.

"A woman's business letter is always a ponderous affair," he mused.

He felt a professional degree of confidence in his knowledge of its quality, but being somewhat pleased with its exterior air of dignified legibility, he gave a good natured, apologetic little nod to the other letters, as if to indicate, "Ladies first!" and opened this one addressed to Mr. James Marsh, Alexandria, La.

He read slowly, and during the ten minutes that followed his face was a baffling study for an expert physiognomist. At first it expressed startled surprise; then it became a smiling interrogation, but the smile faded after a while though the question still remained. He looked as if some one might be teasing him, and he tried to show a dignified, though good natured failure to appreciate the joke. Finally he laid the

letter down, readjusted his glasses and looked again at the envelope.



There could be no doubt about it; the letter was addressed to James Marsh. He noticed an omission of the middle A., but this could not be called remarkable. The only remarkable feature lay in the contents. Here was he, a doting husband and father, in receipt of a letter from some fair unknown, declining his offer of marriage. He was compelled to admit, even in the face of existing circumstances, that the letter was more beautiful than any he had ever read, or thought or dreamed of. Being alive to the sentiments of youth, which were anything but an afterglow in his own heart and life, he could not believe that such sacred material would be used as the chief factor in the perpetration of a practical joke.

He read the letter again, but in no part of it could be found the faintest semblance of levity. It was clear, lofty, straightforward, sympathetic; in a word—womanly. Throughout there was a note of pain, such as only a true woman can express when she is inflicting the knife-edged weapon of negation on the heart of the man who has asked her to be his wife. In those pages the whole story of their friendship was



told. It had commenced in their childhood and seemed to have reached its fullness when the offer of marriage was received, and here was an appeal from her, from Eleanor Hart, that friendship might survive out of the embers of the beautiful something she was asking him to destroy.

James Marsh felt that he had accidentally stumbled into somebody's holy of holies, and he longed to retreat with sympathetic grace. But how?

As if to answer the question, he looked once more at the envelope that had invited him into so much perplexity. Using his more professional eyes, he scrutinized every impression on the square piece of paper, from the postmark Orange, N. J., Sept. 25, 7 P. M., '81, to the abbreviated Louisiana at the end of the address. At this juncture his broad palm fell with a degree of emphasis on the papers that were accumulated on his desk, while at the same time he exclaimed with considerable audibility, "Missent!"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Oh—nothing, George; I forgot you were here. I have made an important discovery in a case that is interesting me just now."

This discovery revealed the similarity between the D and L of Eleanor Hart's chirography, and suggested to the puzzled attorney a vague possibility of the existence of another James Marsh, in Alexandria, Dakota.

His impulse was to reinclose the letter at once; but had he acted on this he would have broken one of the rules of his life. Holding the letter in his hand a moment longer, as if to finally decide on a proper disposition of it, he laid it in a drawer of his desk sacred to personal matter. He had determined to write to the other James Marsh, be he man or myth, on his return from Baton Rouge.

* * * * *

Nearly a week had elapsed before the law withdrew its demands sufficiently for James Marsh to recall and carry out his determination. Then he forwarded Eleanor Hart's gentle refusal, with the following:

ALEXANDRIA, LA., Oct. 5th, 1881.

MR. JAMES MARSH.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am addressing you on a most unprofessional subject; but I have taken the liberty of using office stationery, that my letter may readily become self-explanatory. I realize that the odds are against me in the start, from the fact that I belong to a much abused triumvirate of nineteenth century wit, and though I do not mean to enter into an argument in defence of the thread-bare product of the Emerald Isle, or the loquacious mother-in-law, I do wish to assure you that it is not my legal intention to "rush in" on a subject that is closely allied with a man's religion. I am walking on ground at this writing where angels never fear to tread, but strange as it may seem, I do not feel that I have wandered far from home.

Had life and experience forced me to other conclusions, I might have simply returned you the letter from Miss Hart with a dignified apology, and explanation of its miscarriage. But I am impelled into the belief that I have been appointed by Cupid as a delegate, to secure your nomination and election to the most important office a man can fill.

You are indebted to the true ring of genuineness in Miss Hart's estimate of your character, for the interest I am manifesting in this case. Were I not thoroughly convinced of your worthiness I would be slow to advise you, but I have gathered from the soul of Miss Hart's beautiful letter that you are both fair specimens of God's handiwork, and I am not willing that some other man should win the prize that was undoubtedly meant for you. I want you, my dear sir, to try again!

You may, in your present despondency, feel inclined to hurl at me, "*Res judicata pro veritate accipitur*," but I must remind you that this case has not yet reached the Court of Appeals. It is a curious fact, worth noting, that a woman seldom realizes it is the three-letter affirmative she wishes to use until she has said "No." This does not, or should not, reflect on the better half of humanity, as it is based on



the thoroughly human principle, that we do not fully value a thing that is giving us pleasure, until some thing robs us of it. One of our recent writers has wisely said, that "constant dropping will wear away the stone of six feminine hearts out of seven." A man does not consider it beneath his dignity in daily affairs to attack, with renewed energy, a case that has met with seeming failure.

Let me beg that you will draw the proper inference from what I have said. I add to this the assurance of one who has basked in its sunshine for a quarter of a century, that no success will so fully repay you, as that one which gives to you a true woman's love.

I am, my dear sir, with great respect,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES AUSTIN MARSH.

The writer did not expect an immediate reply to this letter, and was not disappointed or sceptical concerning human gratitude when it failed to make its appearance. However, when October and November had slipped away, he began to doubt the success of his suggestions.

"Not that I feel he did not try them," he told his wife; "on the contrary, the fact that he has not written is evidence enough that he did try, and that he met with a second failure. A man never evinces an enthusiastic desire to have his repeated defeat heralded to the world; it savors too much of ignominy. I have a suspicion that even his best friend is excluded from such a humiliating confidence. He feels that he has made a sentimental spectacle of himself, and would hail temporary suspension of memory as the most healing balm to his injured pride." Mrs. Marsh heard her husband in significant silence. A woman's memory never slumbers on certain subjects, and she retained a vivid recollection of his having tried even unto the third and fourth time. This deliciously voluntary information she stored away as a valuable bit of expert testimony.

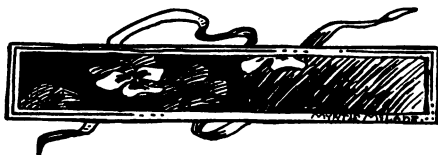
It will never be definitely conceded as to who was prime

mover in winning the prize, but that somebody was successful, was made manifest early in December, when certain engraved documents were intrusted to the mails, in which Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Hart requested the presence of various personages at the marriage of their daughter, Eleanor, to Mr. James Marsh.

One of these specimens of the engraver's art found its way to Alexandria, Louisiana, in company with a joint letter from the "contracting parties."

As a sample of epistolary merit, this communication, in a contest, would have found its way to the uncongenial atmosphere of a waste paper basket, but as a dear, spasmodic, exuberant, grateful, joyously disconnected illustration of the perfection of love's young dream, it was irreproachable! Neither of the writers had, as yet, decided upon a honeymoon destination, and as it was no difficult matter for him to detect that they hoped he would do this for them, James Marsh considered his triumph complete when he had signed and sealed the invitation that would bring them to his home for the Yuletide hours.

"The orange blossoms that I send may be faded," he wrote, "but come to their birth place and let us show you how their fragrance has kept awake the music of wedding bells, in the hearts of a Louisiana 'Darby and his good wife Joan!'"





IT was holiday time and we were trying to reach Del Rio on Christmas day. We had kept our mules steadily hauling the heavy wagon over the lonely road since early morning, with a short rest about noon at California Spring. Now, late in the day, we were approaching Dead Man's Pass, in the sterile desert between the Devil's river and the Pecos. Usually, even in winter, the semi-tropic sun burns the cheek of the traveler as he journeys towards the Grande, but this bleak December day it was hidden behind masses of dense black clouds, which, as they hurried southward, seemed to almost touch the tops of the hills near the pass. The chill north wind pierced the heavy clothing of the men and passed on over the dreary wastes which extend to the Grande and beyond. The stunted trees we passed, after leaving our dinner camp at the Spring, seemed to have shrunk within themselves as they loosened their grip on the dying leaves which filled the air near every bush. The wind changed from a steady blow to short, sharp gusts as we reached the pass. The clouds seemed to bend lower and almost touch the ground, and away down there, where the cactus and yucca flourish, there was an odor of snow in the air. The desert seemed more than ever devoid of life. The weekly stage, due north that day, which connects the lower Devil's river country with the outer world, had not passed, and all through the day, except those in our party, not a human being had been seen. As we entered the pass we sighted what seemed to be a wagon halted by the roadside two or three miles ahead. As we approached the outfit we saw two lean, unfed horses at the front of the wagon, while in it were three sheep, whose pitiful cries of hunger were almost

human. Under the wagon, lying on the folded wagon sheet and covered with thin horse blankets, was a woman, whose emaciated features, staring eyes and drawn skin told more plainly than words could of days and weeks of suffering. Lying beside her, caressing her and whispering words of love in her listening ear, was her husband. His dark skin betokened him of that class of Mexicans so common along our southern frontier. He did not hear us until we halted beside his wagon, when with a plaintive cry of joy he sprang to his feet, and in his arms we saw a little babe. He came to us and with choking voice and tears coursing down his cheeks begged us to help him. Five days before they had started from Rancho los Olmos, far up the river, for Del Rio. His wife needed the aid which only a doctor could give. His earthly possessions were the three sheep, and these were to pay the doctor. He had made a bed of the wagon sheet, and placing his wife, his *nina*, his *diosa*, upon it, had started on the journey. But as they left Dead Man's Pass she was taken with the pains of travail, and they had stopped by the roadside, and there, like Hagar of old, she had brought forth her Ishmael in the silence and solitude of the desert.

Our doctor had not waited for the man to finish his sad story, hardly to begin it, but jumping out of the wagon had knelt by the mother's side and spoken to her in his kind way in Spanish. A light came into her eyes as she replied and spoke of her child. The doctor was more gentle than a woman as he made a few brief inquiries and encouraged her as only he could. He gave her a little medicine, telling her she would soon be well again. But when he came toward us his face told a different story.

Our wagon drew ahead a little and to the other side of the road, where a fire was built and water heated. With loving hands the doctor did what he could to ease her sufferings, but after darkness came and the hours advanced we knew the end was near.

A little after midnight the doctor took the father to one



side and told him that soon she would be beyond all pain. With a low moan he clutched the doctor's hand and wept. Later, with infinite tenderness the doctor told the mother that perhaps before dawn she would be with God.

In those sacred last moments we left them together alone, and only the Father in Heaven knows the love which passed between them. While we were waiting, the sky cleared and the brilliant stars shed their soft radiance over the desert. About four o'clock the father came to the doctor and said the mother wanted us near her. The babe lay on her bosom sleeping, and over its form she had laid her thin arms. After a little stimulant had been given her she seemed to be a little stronger. She put her arms about the little one and clasped him to her heart, but the exertion was too great. Her arms slipped from about the child, she tried to whisper something, then gasped, and as the magnificence of the rising sun spread over the eastern sky that Christmas morning, the mother's soul passed to the great Beyond, in the glory of a life yielded that another might survive.



LITTLE JUMP FOR JOY.



I HAD a playmate when a boy,
His name was Little Jump for Joy;
When I was seven he, too, was seven,
He said that he was born in Heaven.

His yellow hair was very curly,
We were together late and early;
I thought, at least in summer weather,
We two should always be together.

But on a day long, long ago,
He left me — how, I hardly know;
Much as the sunlight leaves the day,
He shook his locks, and slipped away.

SEE FIRST YOUR OWN COUNTRY.

(AN OPEN LETTER.)

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your address—"From one who has been nowhere to one who has been everywhere"—is quite irresistible; and your plea for advice, as to whether you shall spend your vacation in Europe, or see your own country, touches a chord quite willing to respond.

There is a vast difference between the man who travels merely to see the sights, and another who considers it not only a recreation but education as well; who carries everywhere the purpose to have a profitable as well as a good time; and who returns to his business unfolded in mind and body.

Now, my friend, two months profitably spent in Europe, for education and recreation, requires a long period of study; for with so short a time at your disposal it is necessary to have previously learned a great deal about its history and treasures, so that you may be ready, not to make new acquaintances, but to recognize old friends without the aid of Baedeker. Otherwise you will probably come back to America after such a trip, with a jumble of impressions and with only the one delightful sensation of having been across the ocean. That, in itself, is charming, for an experience on shipboard is not to be forgotten.

However, visiting the old country before knowing your own is like beginning your American citizenship by learning a foreign tongue before you acquire your own. *By all means know America before you go abroad to see and judge other countries.* How can you better do this than by personal visitation and observation thus fitting yourself, not only to enjoy but learn from a foreign residence, to be truly an American; one who believes his own to be the most favored and blessed on all the earth: yet sensible enough to appreciate



the garnered wealth of centuries; to adopt rather than deride customs, usages und laws that may have proven better than his own.

But perhaps all this smacks of the school! After ten months of hard work you may need to stop thinking, and only feel; to leave behind man and all his works; to lie hidden close in the heart of Nature, where with unveiled eyes you may see her "visible forms," and with unstopped ears hear her "various languages." If that be so, then, by all means, remain in America. For nowhere else may you find such sublimity or such loveliness, as you prefer.

Go stand by the roaring plunge Of Niagara—walk beside her mighty rapids—look upon her sucking whirlpool. All this tremendous force set in a frame of smiling fields and orchards.

Pass through the Garden of the Gods into the wonderland beyond. Climb the majestic Colorado peaks, or see the mountains rise about you rank upon rank.

Seek the enchantment of the Yellowstone, where in the grand basin the riven earth throbs with elemental passion, finding vent through a hundred wounds, making such a scene, such an Inferno, as even Dante could not portray. While not far distant lies the famed Canyon—majestic and rainbow tinted—a veritable glimpse of heaven, where the very pools and lakelets have the shape and color of flowers.

Now steam through Glacier Bay between floating icebergs, with snow peaks looking down upon you, and, spanning all, a vault of turquoise blue. Or scramble over the mighty glacier: not a muddy, pebbly, conglomerate mass of ice, but a rushing, tempestuous river, stopped in mid career, the crested waves still curling high; the billows tossing tumultuously, yet held in an icy clutch, beautiful but relentless—a river of frosted silver and crystal, threaded by awful crevices of sapphire walls and illimitable deeps.

Go visit the Yosemite, where waterfalls come tumbling down and unbroken rocks rear themselves thousands of feet



over a valley starred with flowers, brilliant with butterflies and laced by the shining thread of the Merced.

Go dream with the mighty redwood forests of the Mariposa, in the rose gardens of Santa Barbara, in the orange groves of the San Gabriel Valley.

The Londoner boasts that a park and a school are within a half mile of every man's house. So, too, you have within easy hail a pleasure and a wonder, some handiwork of God, such as are exceeding rare in other lands. "Take the wings of the Morning," of the night express of your own road—the *Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul*—and you have the most charming and diversified country imaginable, besides cities with beauty and interest.

The invalid and the indolent, the tourist and the reader of rocks, the artist and the quiet lover of the beautiful in nature, or the most exacting critic may well be satisfied with the sylvan loveliness of the Dells of the Wisconsin or the Dalles of the St. Croix, while the upper Mississippi unrolls a longer, stronger fascination than the Rhine (barring old German legend and folk lore), or the blue Danube.

You can take your delicious ease beside the Springs of Waukesha—or with radical contrast pitch your tent deep in some forest glade, where the red deer lifts its startled head, or the trout lurks under the bank of an eddy, while on a royal couch of fir boughs beside a camp fire you may see visions and dream dreams no mortal saw before.

And know with pride that it is all "*your ain countrie*," the promised land—you have come into full possession.

I would have you know and feel the matchless beauty and influence of what the Master has put almost at our doors.

Some days, in the quiet of the old parsonage, when books are barred and only memory is allowed, I see a marvel of places passing in strange review; but, of all that haunt me, the grandeur and beauty of picturesque America lasts the greater while.

Sincerely,

Augusta, Ill.

ELIZABETH ALBRIGHT SANDERSON.

HOW TWEDDLE WON POPULARITY.

EARLY in Tweddle's career at Harvard he browsed about in that pronouncedly original brain of his to the end that he might discover some quality of mind or heart, since he was neither handsome nor rich, which should give him the open sesame into the college social world.

In all university towns there is a certain ultra set, into the charmed environment of which it is every socially inclined college man's desire to penetrate. We are usually two thousand strong at old Harvard, and eligible though we may all be, that does not stand for admittance into the privileged ranks of the five hundred allowed to society proper. A man who aspires to take his place among these elect, must win his spurs in some popular line. Now to be rich, very rich, is one great factor in popularity, probably the greatest. Tweddle was not rich, though his line was long and had been well-to-do for generations. Tweddle, who was generally hail-fellow-well-met with time, event or place, never, however, quite forgave his father for thus handicapping his early ambitions for a social career by neglecting to score several millions in return for a life's efforts. Then, as I said, neither was Tweddle handsome, another important entering wedge into the social world. He had corn colored hair to begin with; soft hair, just off from the curling point, which caused it to always seem to be standing on end in surprise; a pair of glasses gave a correspondingly faint look of surprise to his amiable, but keenly observant, blue eyes. He had a good nose and mouth and a dimple in his chin, but, despite these, he had no pretensions to the fatal gift of beauty; then, besides, he was almost



inclined to be stout, and in height he was but medium. Tweddle dressed well, except for an occasional lapse into a devotion to startling ties and trousers; which devotion, however, he did not succeed in carrying off with the rare assertion peculiar to a man of that pronounced dudish proclivity which calls for a recognition from the ultra belle. Tweddle was a good dancer and a delightfully jolly partner; but herds of men danced as well and were almost as jolly. Tweddle could play the piano in a marvellously clever way for a man who did not know one note from another; but many a man played better. He could thrum a banjo and pick a mandolin; so could a hundred other fellows. He could feather a pretty oar, and was known as one of the crack net players in every tennis tournament. He once had had an ambition to break the ten second record for sprinting, but too much hard work and a convivial temperament broke the backbone of his intention, and though a fair sprinter resulted, the record remained intact. He was one of



the chosen to play upon the college nine, and as a substitute in foot ball he had the honor of being all but maimed for life in a Thanksgiving game. In fact Tweddle was a good all-round athlete, but not in the self-appreciative way of the athletic favorite, for, truth to tell, with all of the rewards that effort would give over to him for the trying, he was something of a dreamer or a bit lazy, maybe. Tweddle could handle any sort of gun, though he always modestly claimed that he could not hit "a flock of barns," and all the way down from Paul Smith's had

A BIT OF A DREAMER. floated stories of his piscatorial success. He could sing a gay barcarole or a simple ballad in a clear, ringing tenor, he was as full of anecdote and



story as a Spanish chestnut is full of meat, and he had as apt a way in making the story fit the occasion as has any Mikado in making the punishment fit the crime. He had a smattering of French, German and Spanish, and was born with the temerity that would lead him to essay Choctaw if the occasion demanded. As a man among men there was no one more popular than Tweddle, but this would not answer as a pass-word into the desirable environment of ultra belledom, he well knew. Popularity with your fellow man is not a signed and sealed certificate to woman's preference; yet it had seemed to be Tweddle's good fortune to be made much of by women so far through his life, and he resolved to leave no manner of stone unturned in his path towards the college man's social goal. He devised sundry and numerous plans of attack, but in the end Fate, who has always had a way of allowing Tweddle to fall upon his feet, rather took a hand in this new desire of his heart, and it all came about most simply.

From having been born of an intemperately brainy but erratic and wholly irresponsible mother and a clever but easy, going father, who had never hinted at such a thing as wifely duty at the hands of his lawful spouse, Tweddle very early in life had learned to look after and do for himself. When but five years old, he was ticketed one day by his father and sent in the care of some obliging conductors from his home in New York to a well-known resort in Georgia, at the request of his mother, who had forgotten to take him with her when she left the week before for this resort with her fancied bronchial affection. This early trying of his wings, led Tweddle, as a youth, into several daring flights of independence, which, since he was born to good intentions and a conscience, did no harm in the end. Early in life, too, since his mother trod a path far removed from the world's practicalities and he had no sister nor convenient woman relative, Tweddle had struggled with the science of domestic economy to the extent of sewing on buttons, repairing rips and button holes, and even

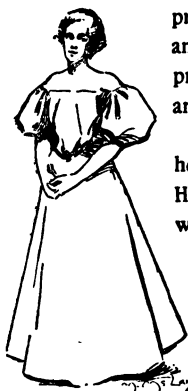


darning stockings; his methods, however, proving oftentimes more original than satisfactory. Still he persisted, as the years went on, in doing the many odd bits of sewing that he did not have time to send to his tailor or that somehow were overlooked by his laundress, who, for a consideration, had undertaken to do his mending. And so, having been thus coached in the benefits attached to such domestic implements as thread, needles and pins, Tweddle got into the way of carrying with him an assortment of needles and several spools of thread in case he might need them. His velvet pansy pin ball, which one of his numerous following of girl friends had given him, was always well stocked with pins. In an inner vest pocket he stored away, with a purpose, he insists, a lot of odd hairpins most providently collected, an assortment of buttons, a shoe string or two, a bit of cotton and even some straggling safety pins, for his dip into domestic science had taught him what such things stand for in an hour of need. His knife contained a pair of scissors, his comb case had a sizeable mirror, and I am not at all certain but that he had concealed about his person a powder puff and a pair of curling tongs. Be that as it may, he could always produce a bit of surgeon's or court plaster, a small bottle of arnica or sundry bottles of homeopathic remedies at a moment's notice, and he had a box of cough drops ready to offer his friends—drops made from a formula of his own—for Tweddle had read a bit in medicine before deciding for the law. By degrees Tweddle came to be known as a most convenient man to have about. Having succeeded in ingratiating himself into high favor with a number of popular chaperons, for no one could adjust a wrap in so unconsciously a tender manner, nor listen with such a devoted air, nor fetch and carry so gratefully it would seem, he was fast coming into demand, when Fate suddenly thrust his cue into his hands and he carried off his part with high honors.

A "boating tea" had been planned by the swagger set, up the Charles River, to which, with rare foresight, only good-



natured men had been bidden. Tweddle's usefulness, added to his good nature, made him among the first to be asked. Tweddle hated these picnic teas with the rest of us, but where beauty bids and reigning beauty at that, you know. Tweddle went primed, it was plain to be seen, and though all things went as well as the general trend of picnic affairs go, before the day was over he succeeded in making himself the hero of the hour by being able to throw himself into the very breach of a picnic fatality. His stock of pins disappeared early in the day and he produced a needle full of black thread when it was most needed. The girls voted him a blessed man as he met a demand for hair pins and his pocket comb and mirror made glad the heart of sundry maids who were in the tremor accompanying the conviction that one's front hair is out of place. His case of court plaster was in constant demand from the time the fire for the coffee was made, and his cough drops disappeared as by magic; not that colds were so prevalent, but that the drops were so toothsome. It was just before we were to return, that Tweddle "scored his final" by his rare presence of mind, his leanings toward M. D. and his arnica bottle, to the rescue of the most pronounced belle of ultradom, Katharyn Alexander.



"HER WORD WAS LAW." Half the men in college and all of the men in her set, were in love with Katharyn Alexander. Her word was law unto the whole of us, who would have gleefully endured the Juggernaut for her sake. She was said to have had on an average of three offers a week while her reign lasted. Of course, this may have been only hearsay, still I happen to know that in one night, Townsend, and Lancaster, and I—well, nothing of this kind seemed to turn her pretty head. Her head, with its curling bronze hair, was placed like that of a goddess upon her white shoulders; shoulders of chiseled marble they were;



and she had an upward tilt to her chin that was maddening. Her mouth was like a "shredded poppy"—as the poet of the class put it—she had the smile of an angel, and yet a look in her brown eyes that somehow made a man stop and think, or sometimes plunge headlong. Tweddle was as hard hit as any of us in this direction, but he had a way of biding his time.

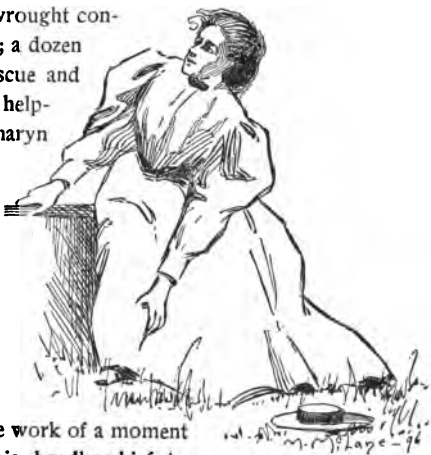
To return to the picnic, however. Everyone had made a move for the boats. Half a dozen men were in Katharyn's wake, helping and hindering her, when, since none of us were conscious of anything below her eyes, she suddenly gave her ankle an ugly wrench by slipping upon a stone in the path.

Her quick cry of pain wrought consternation in our midst; a dozen men rushed to the rescue and then stood around like helpless idiots, while Katharyn

moaned. "I want Rob Tweddle; no one can help me but Rob Tweddle." Of course, no one could. Talk about luck! Tweddle, as usual, was helping the chap-eron (Katharyn's aunt), but he was there at our

call, and it was only the work of a moment for him to sacrifice his handkerchief to bandages, dip them in arnica, and bind up the delicate member, thereby relieving the sufferer and turning mourning back into the channel of a half gaiety at once. It was upon Tweddle's arm that Katharyn insisted upon depending for the remainder of the journey, while the rest of us trailed along, thinking thoughts of ourselves.

It was not many days after, before the injured ankle was pronounced as strong as ever, as a consequence of Tweddle's





prompt action. Of course, Tweddle had to call and inquire every day, and at the end of a month, during which time Tweddle played the part of suitor-in-chief to Katharyn Alexander, she had promised to be more than a sister to him, so it was whispered. At any rate, the whole of ultra belledom rose up forever after and claimed Tweddle for its own. No star in the social firmament ever shown with a brighter lustre than that of this apostle of usefulness.

"Lucky dog, you are, Tweddle, but then Fate has always stood for your friend," some of us said to him.

"Why, boys," I lay awake nights planning this method of attack," calmly asserted Tweddle, thereby administering to Fate a knock-down blow, which she, after the manner of a true tyrant, has never seemed to resent.



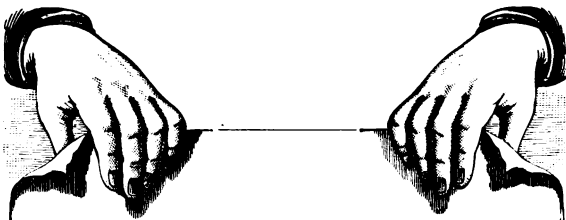
CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE WOODS.

The grey shack glows with the ruddy blaze
Of the logs in the ancient grate;
The lamp's rays gleam through the curling haze
That our corncob pipes create.

The host, with a voice like a tempest, soars
On the pinions of mirthful songs,
And the wind that loud in the tree tops roars
Each echoing note prolongs.

Old Boreas reigns in the woodland wild,
Where the snow lies deep and cold;
Inside are the souls of us all beguiled
By the tunes and the tales of old.

The punch bowl steams on the table round,
Till its fragrance fills the air;
Then right hands rise and a gurgling sound
Is our gay farewell to care.



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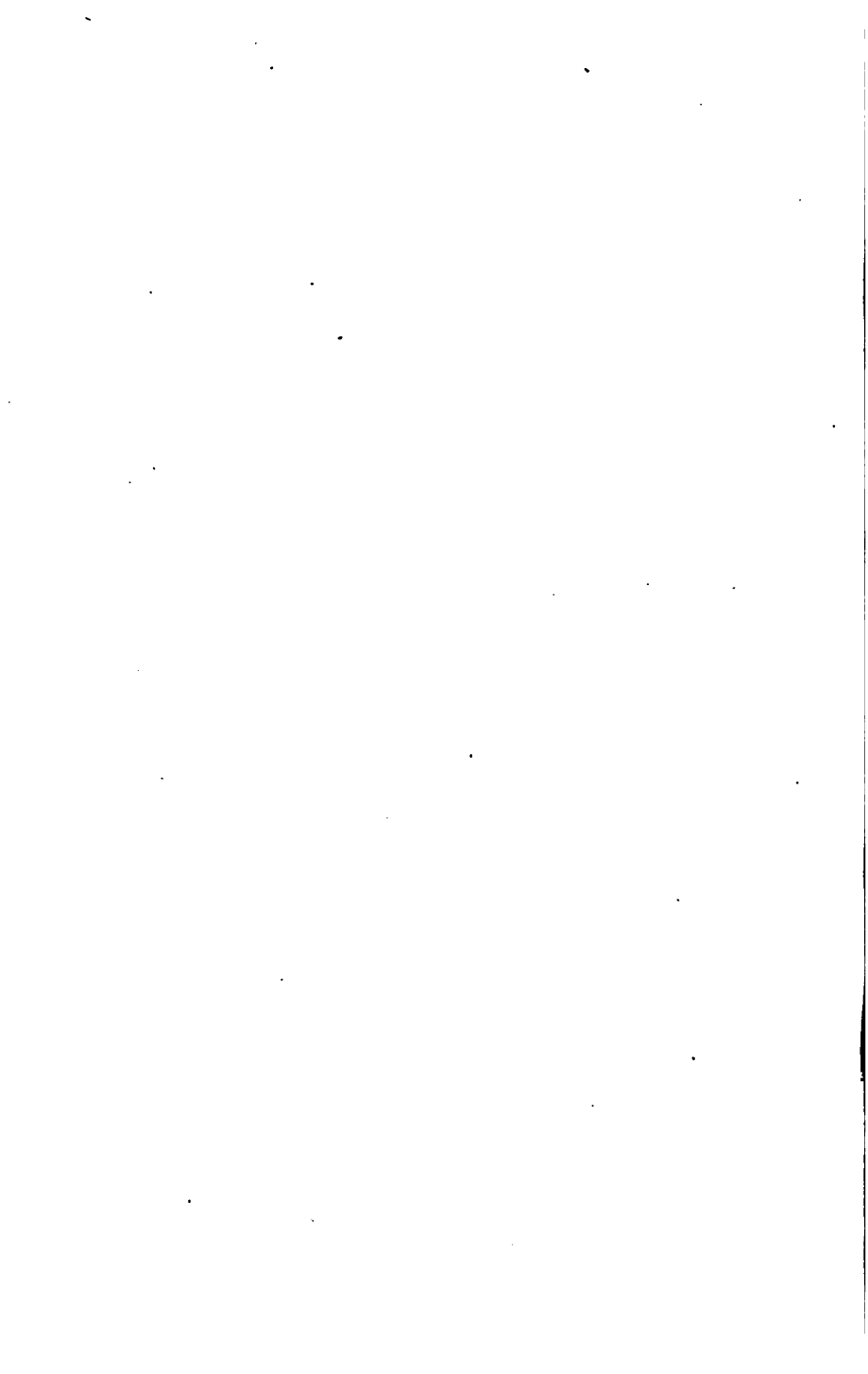
OLD COLONY BUILDING,

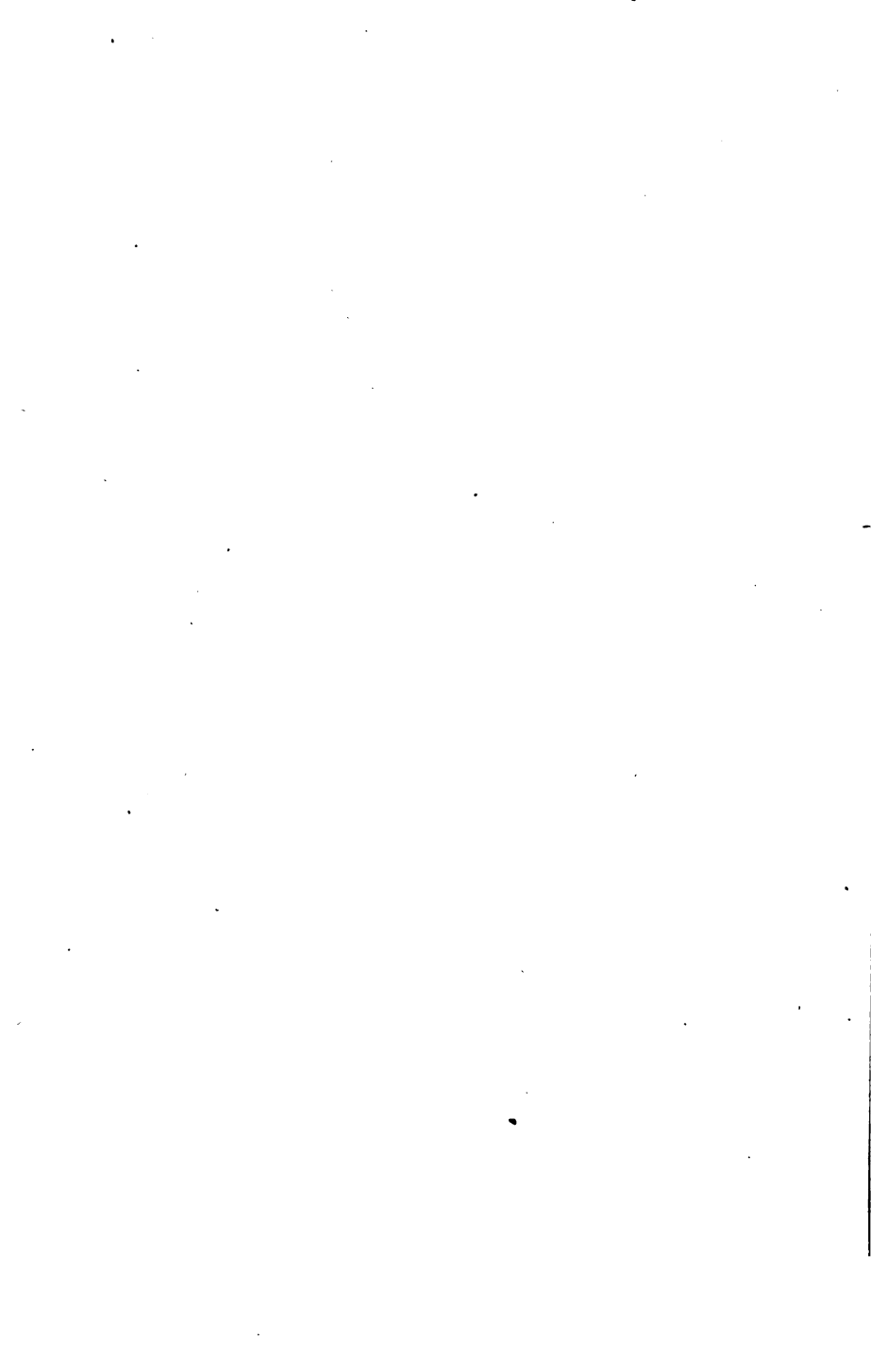
CHICAGO, ILL.

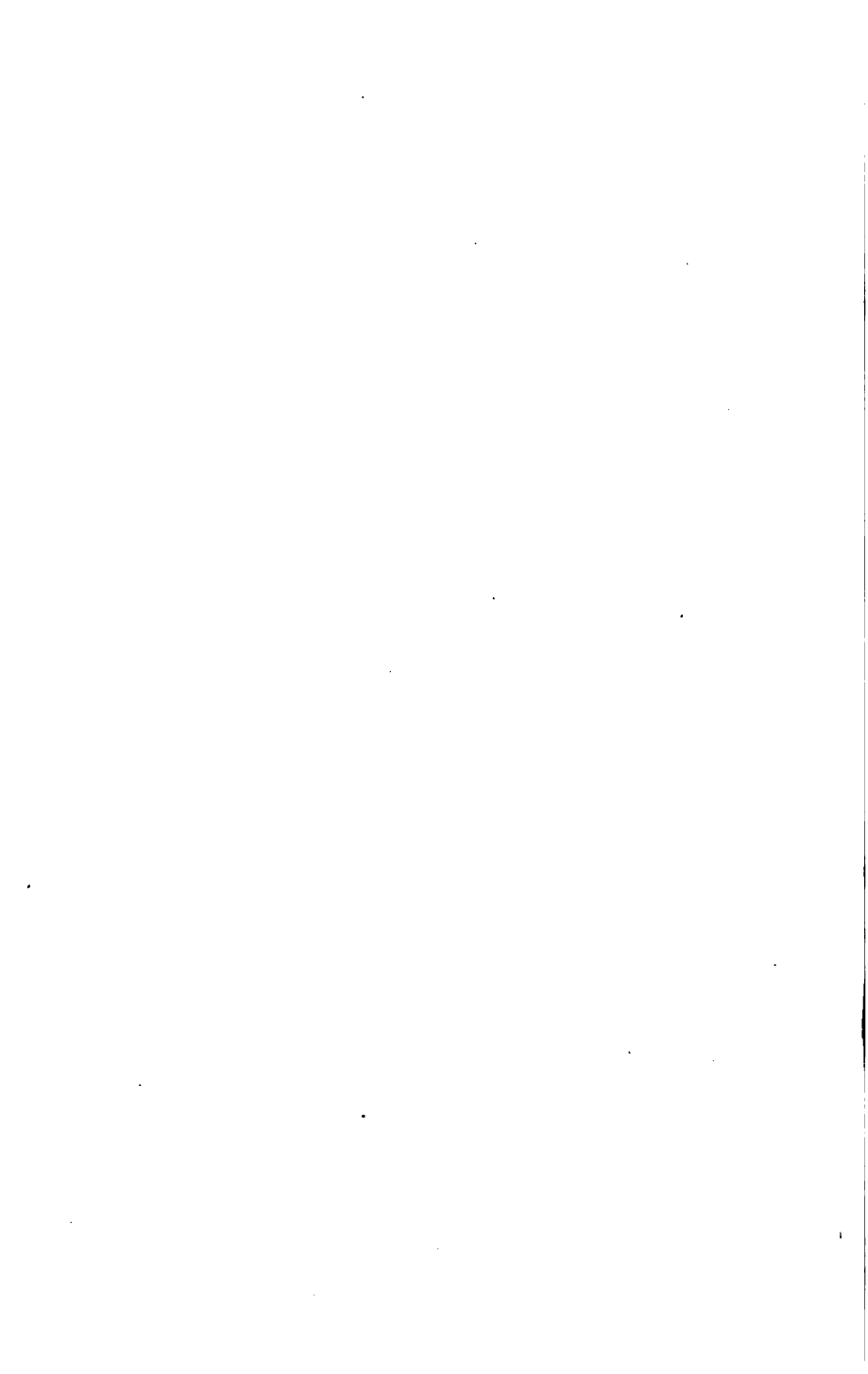


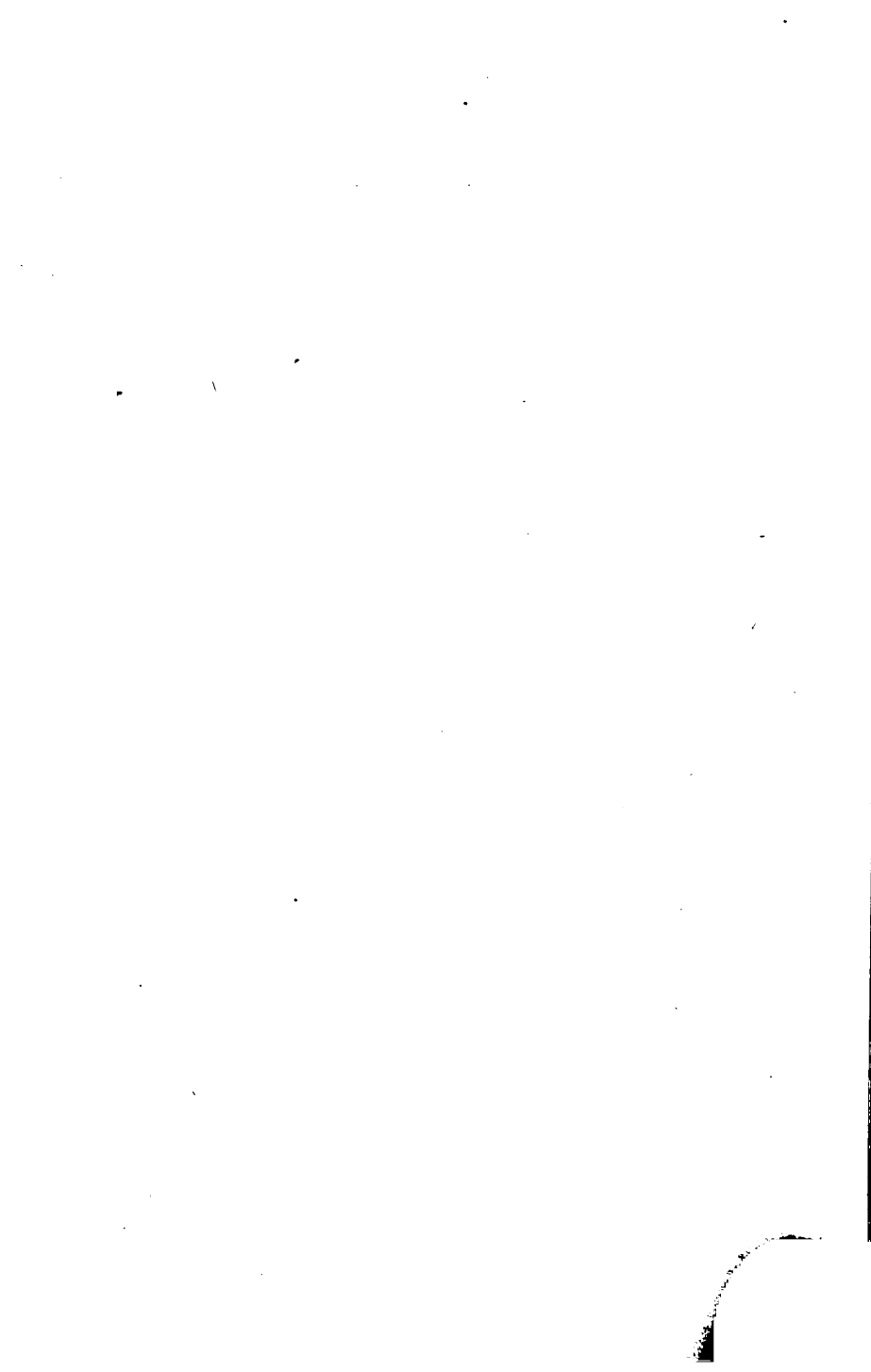
TRAVELERS IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY ARE REMINDED OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE
AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY BY ITS DISTINCTIVE TRADE-MARK.

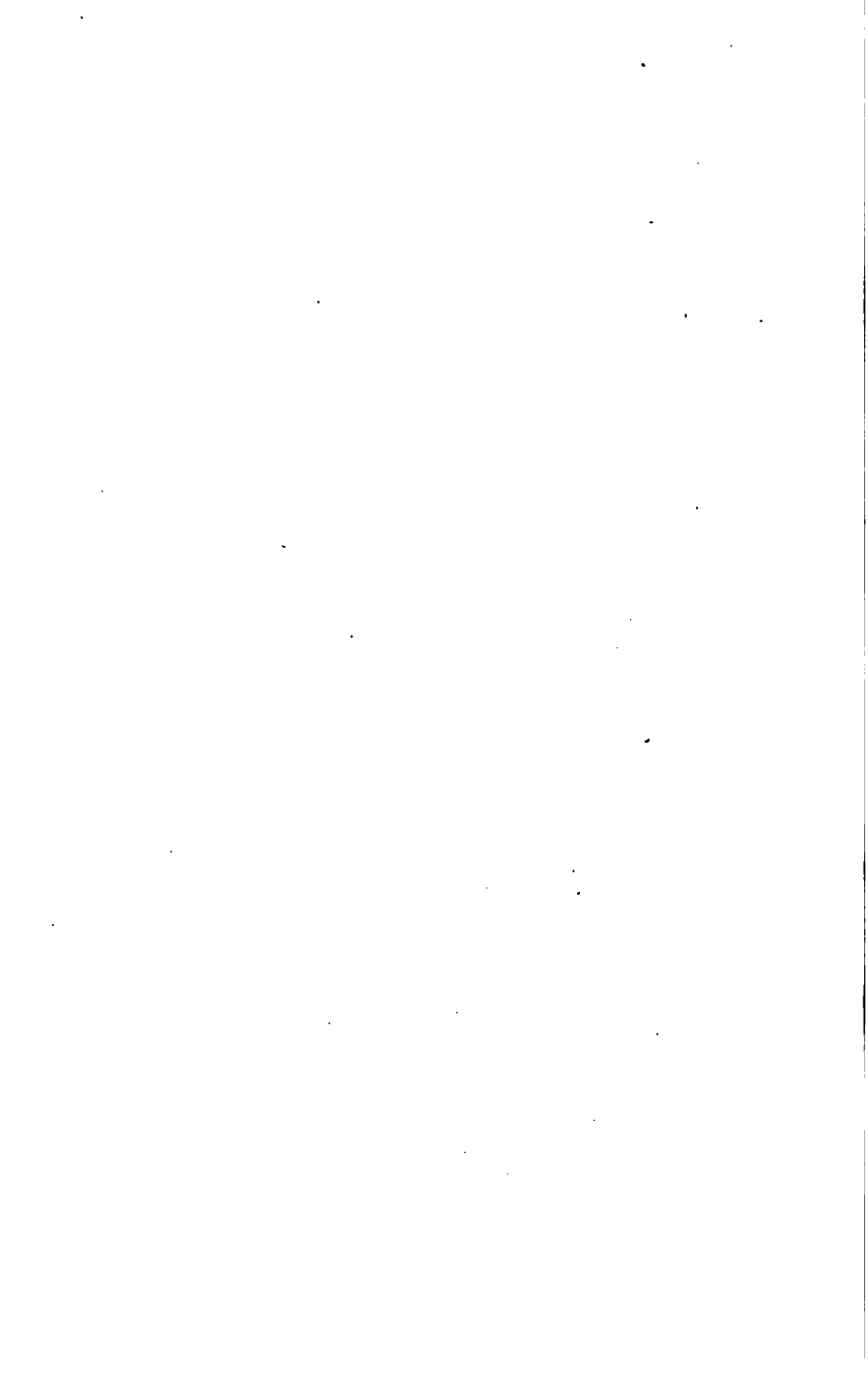




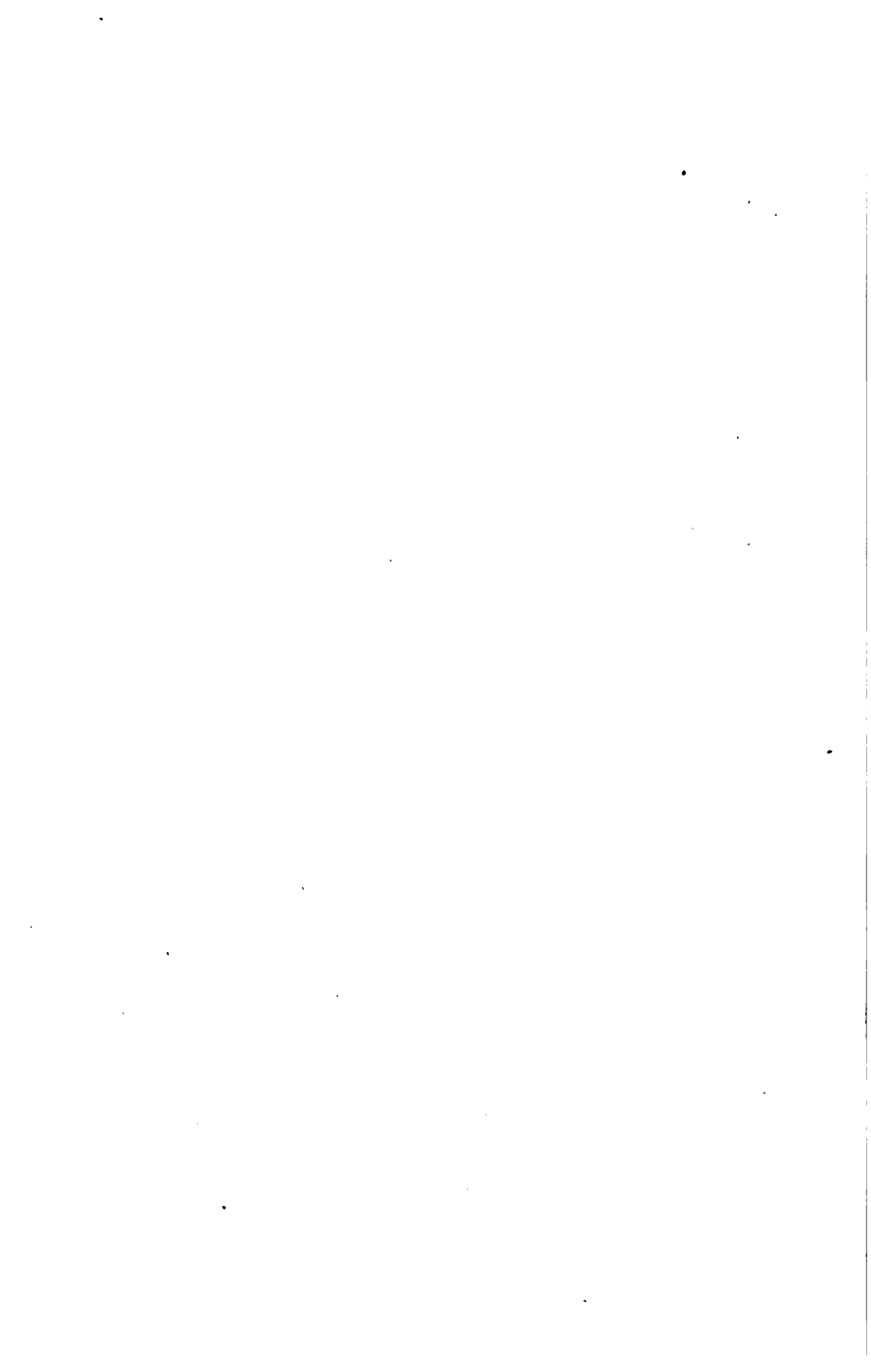




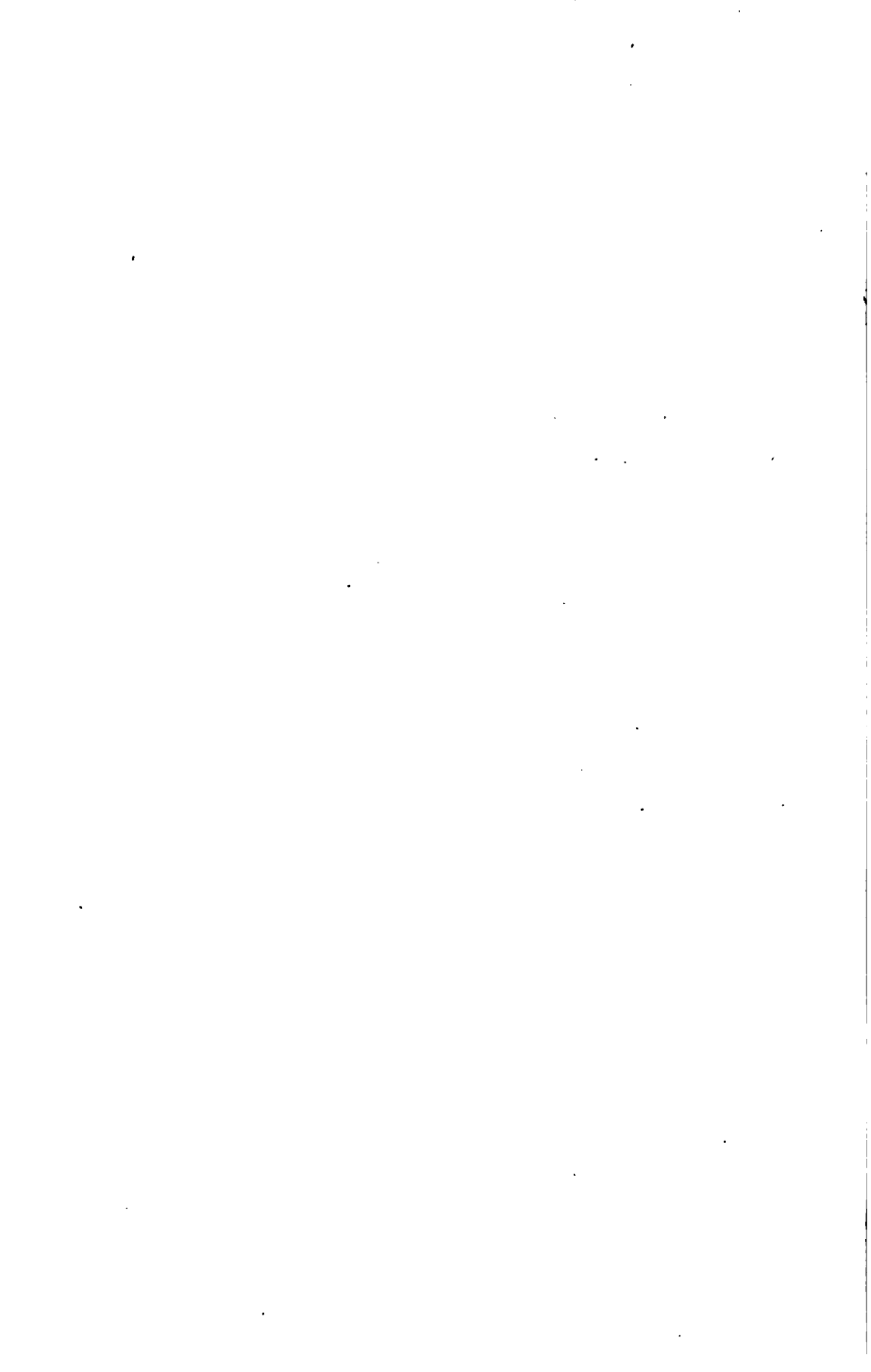


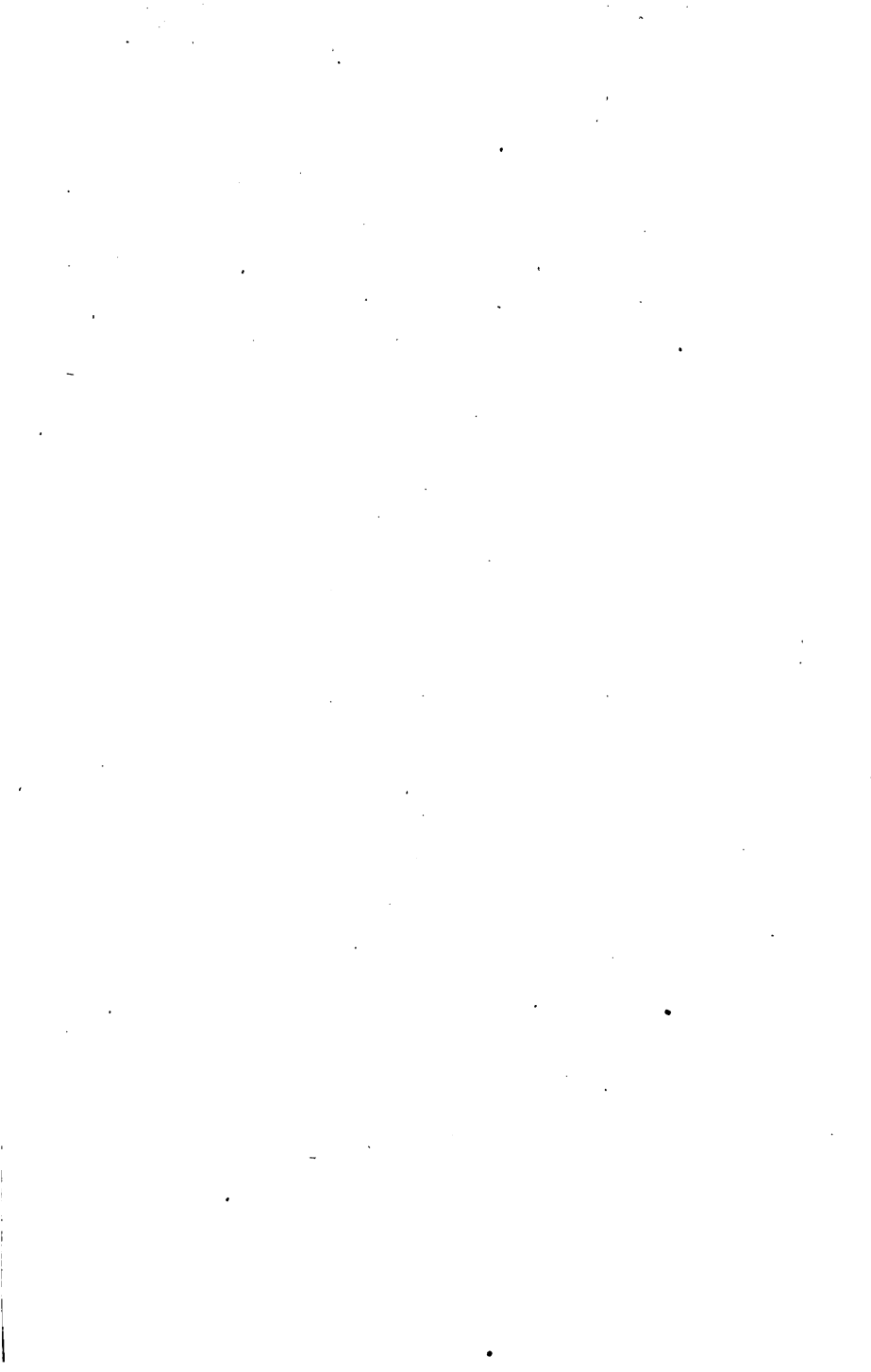




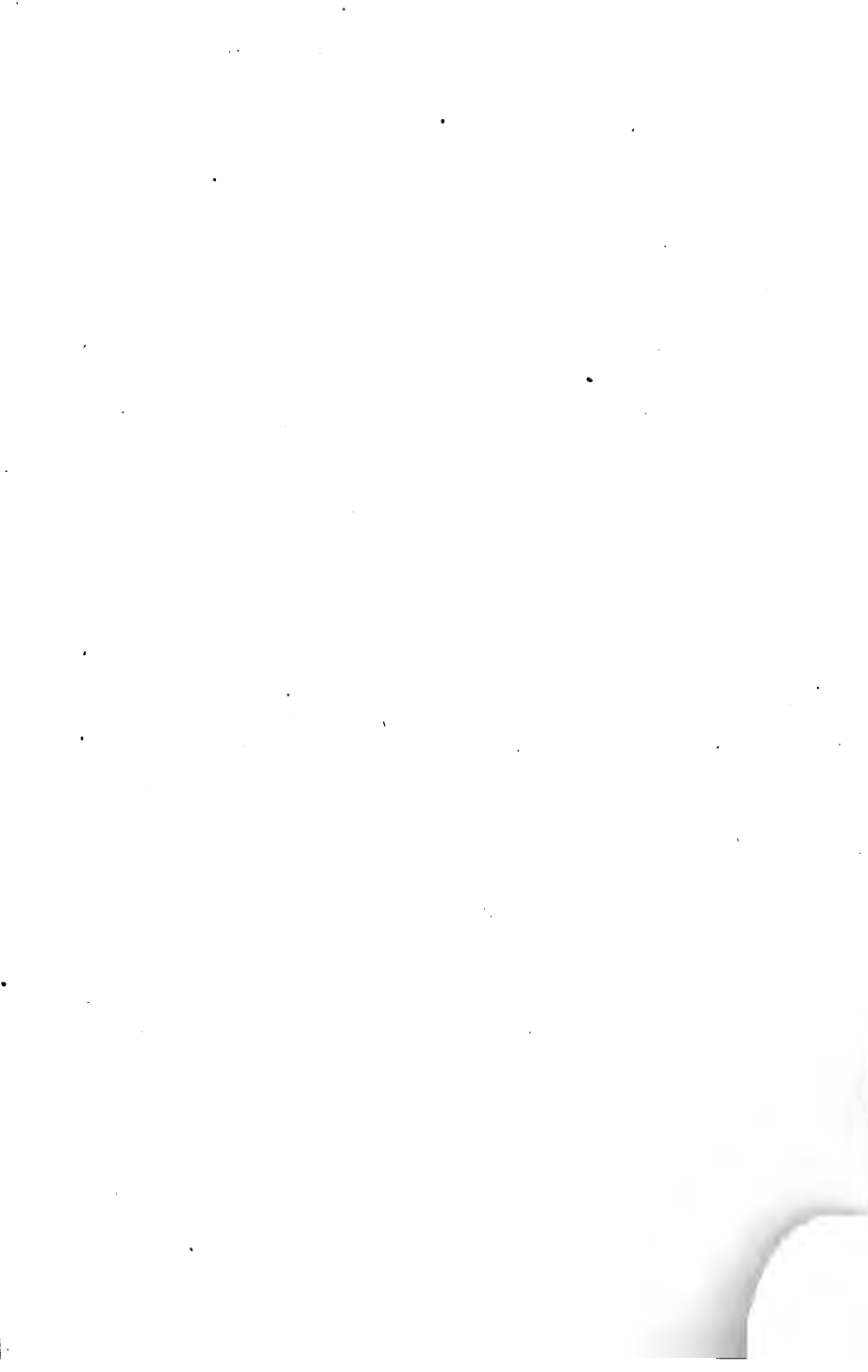


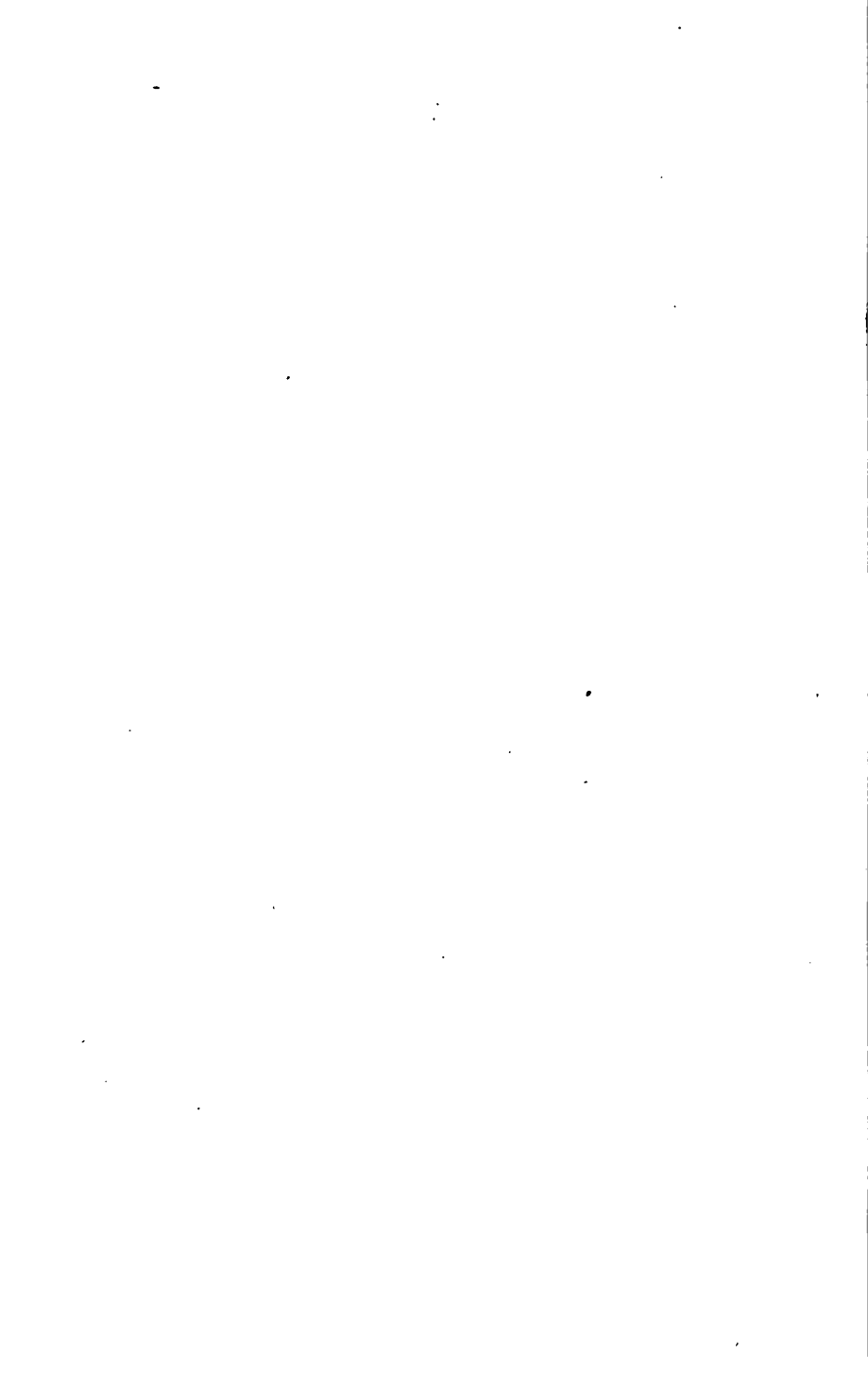




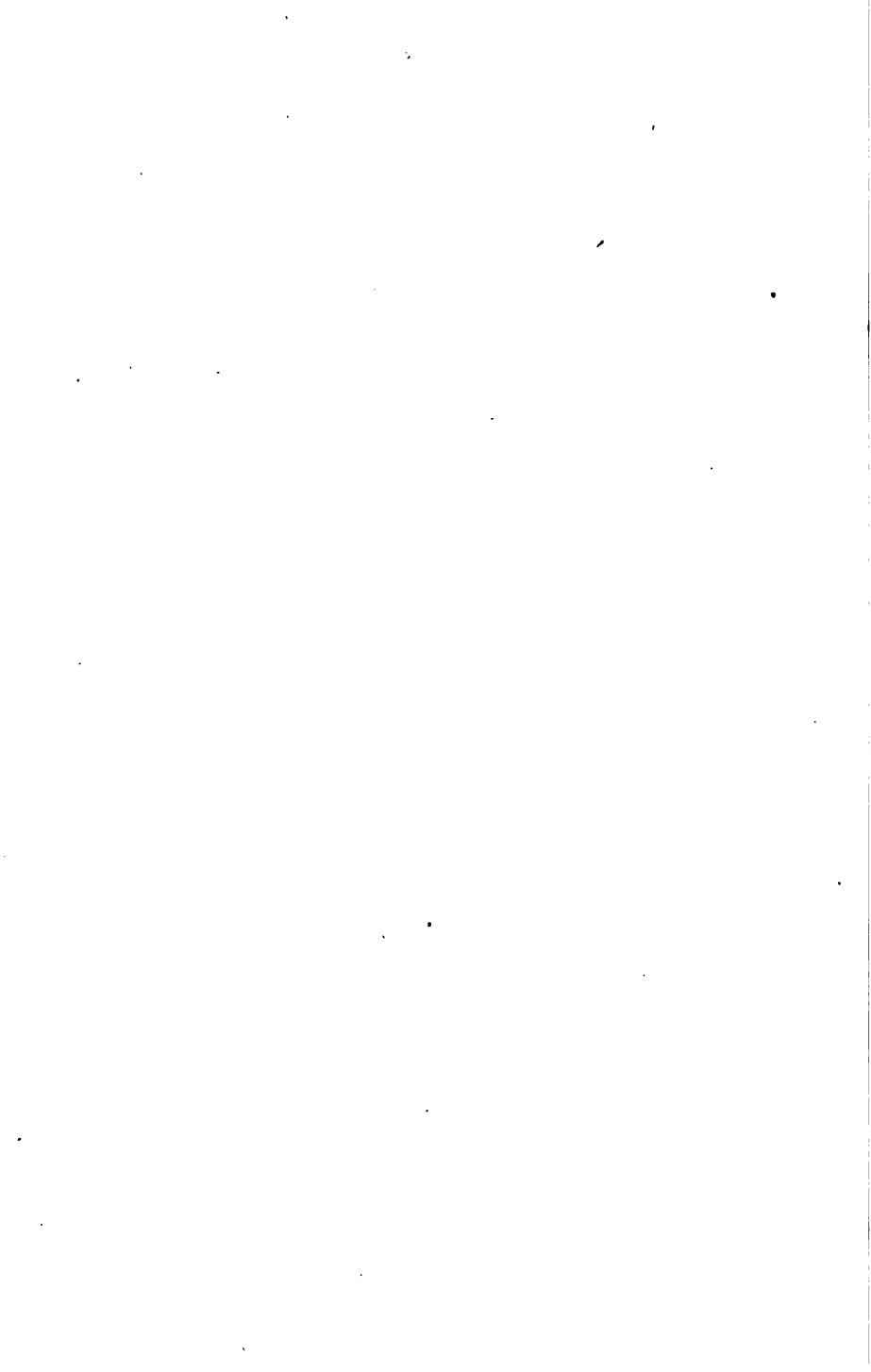




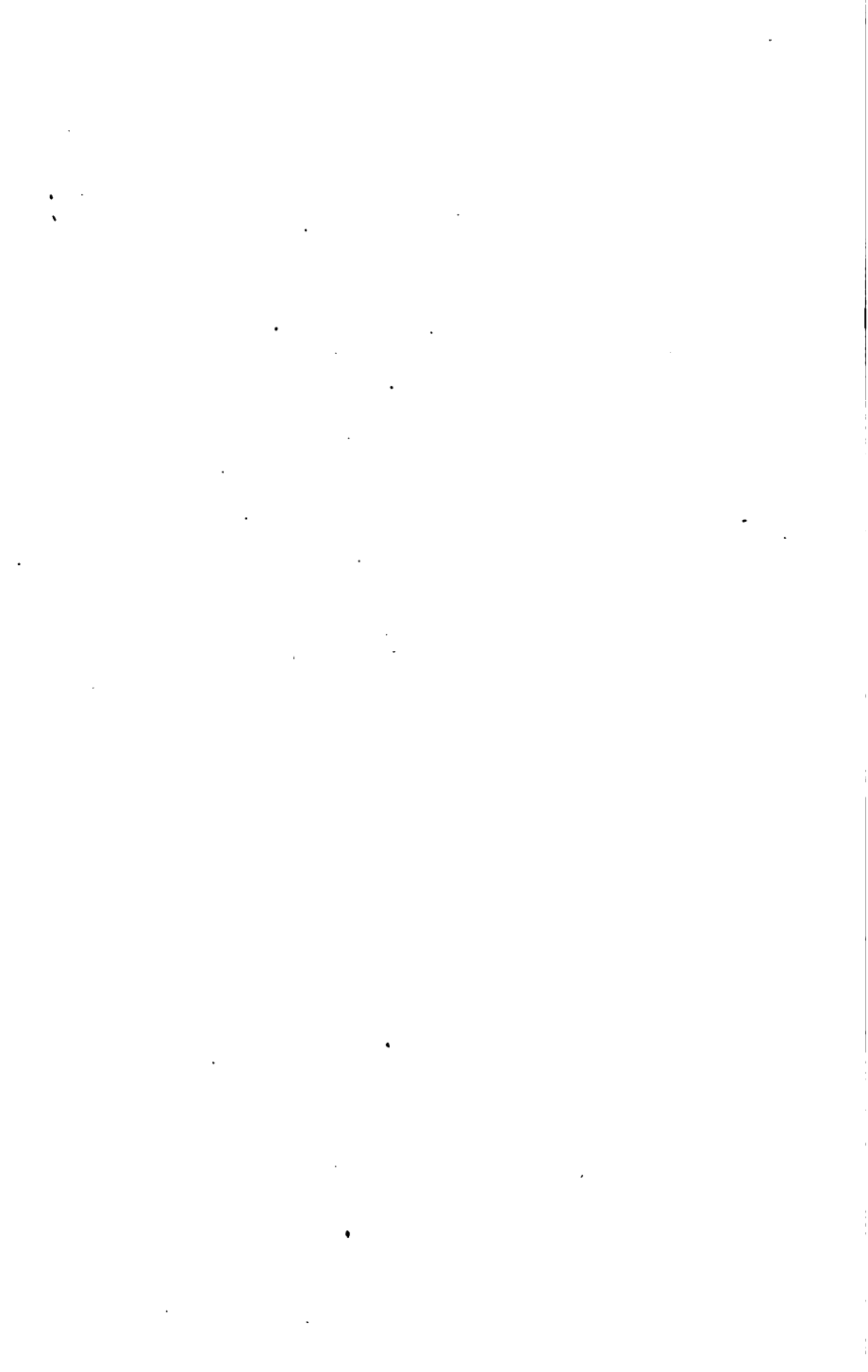


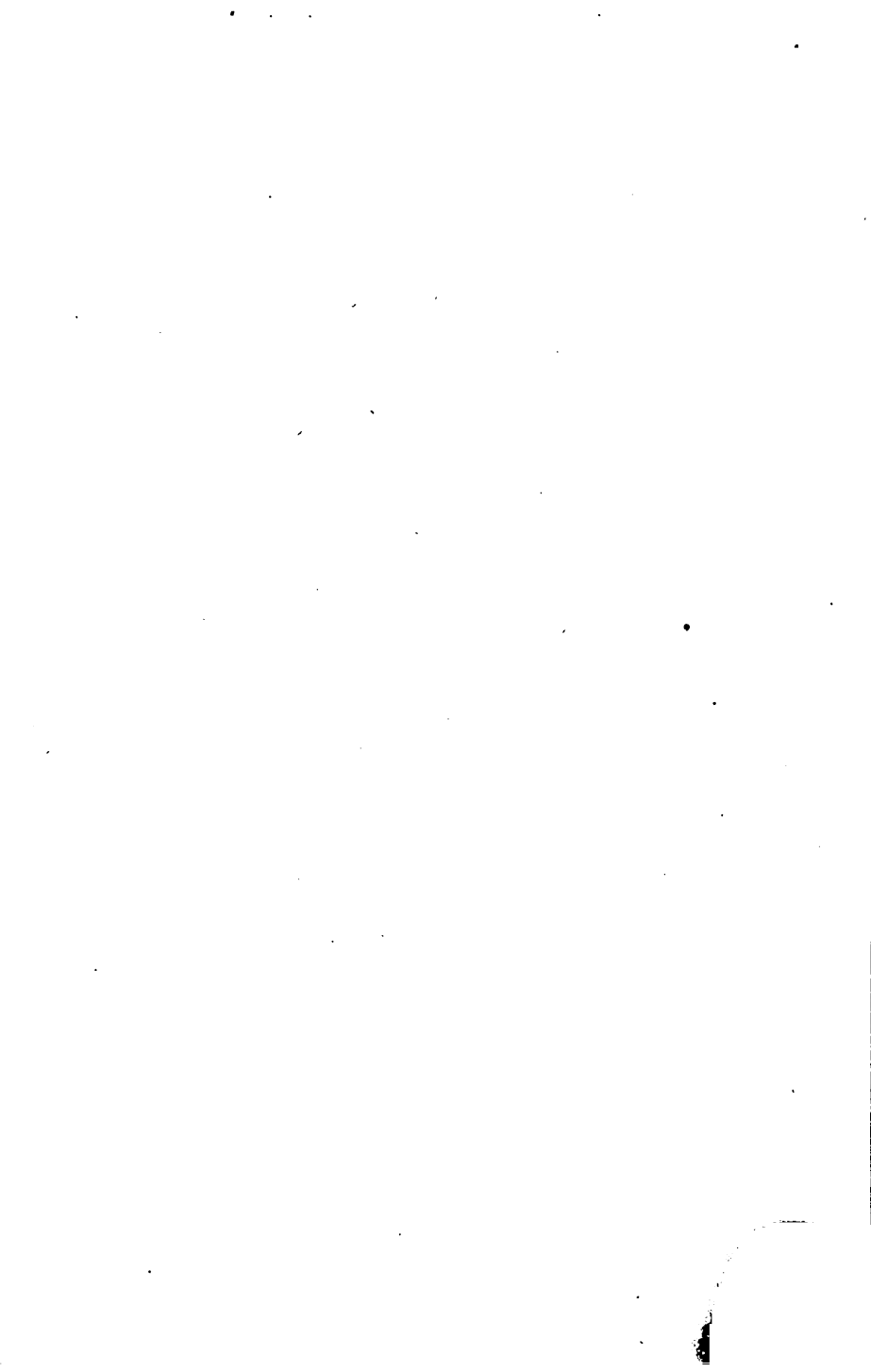


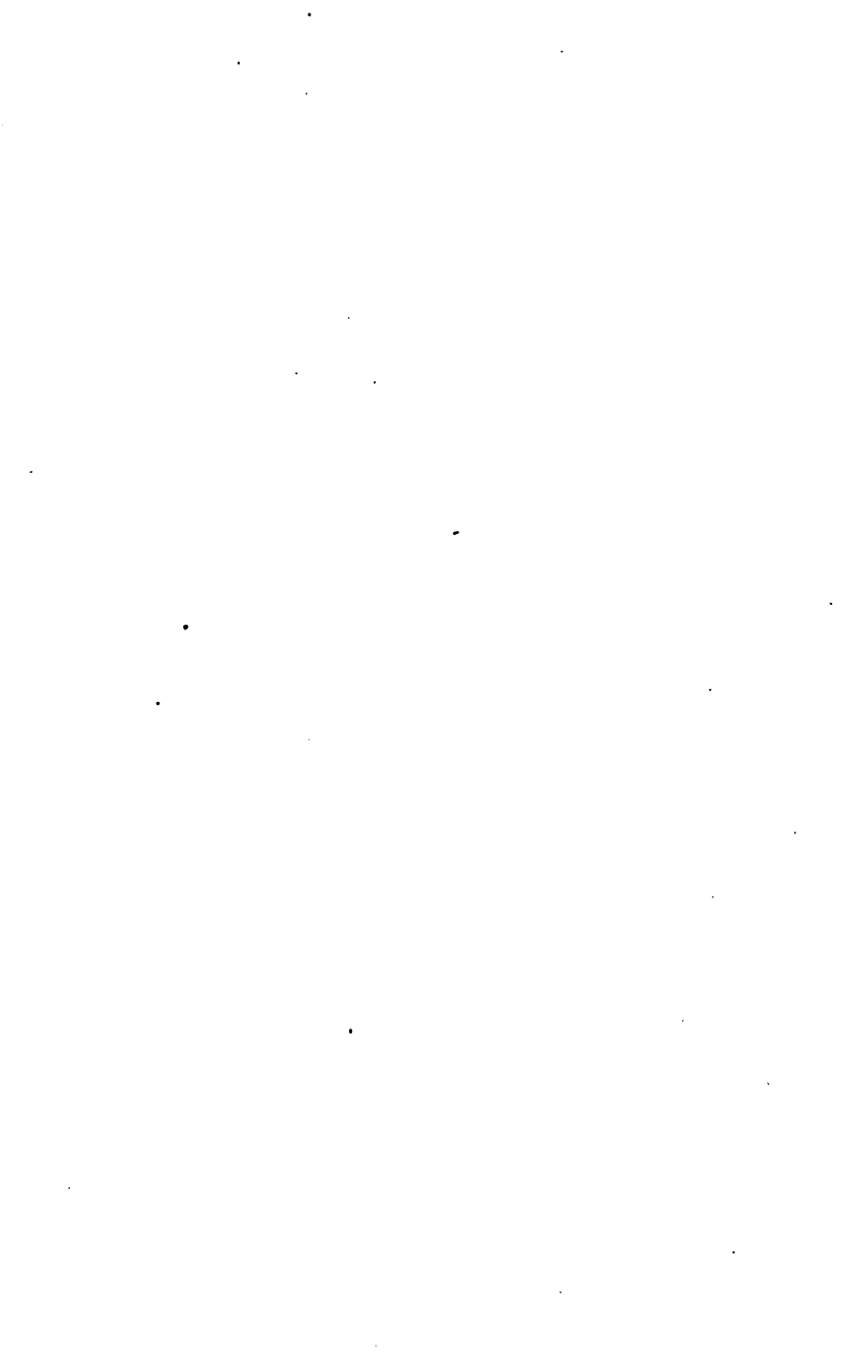


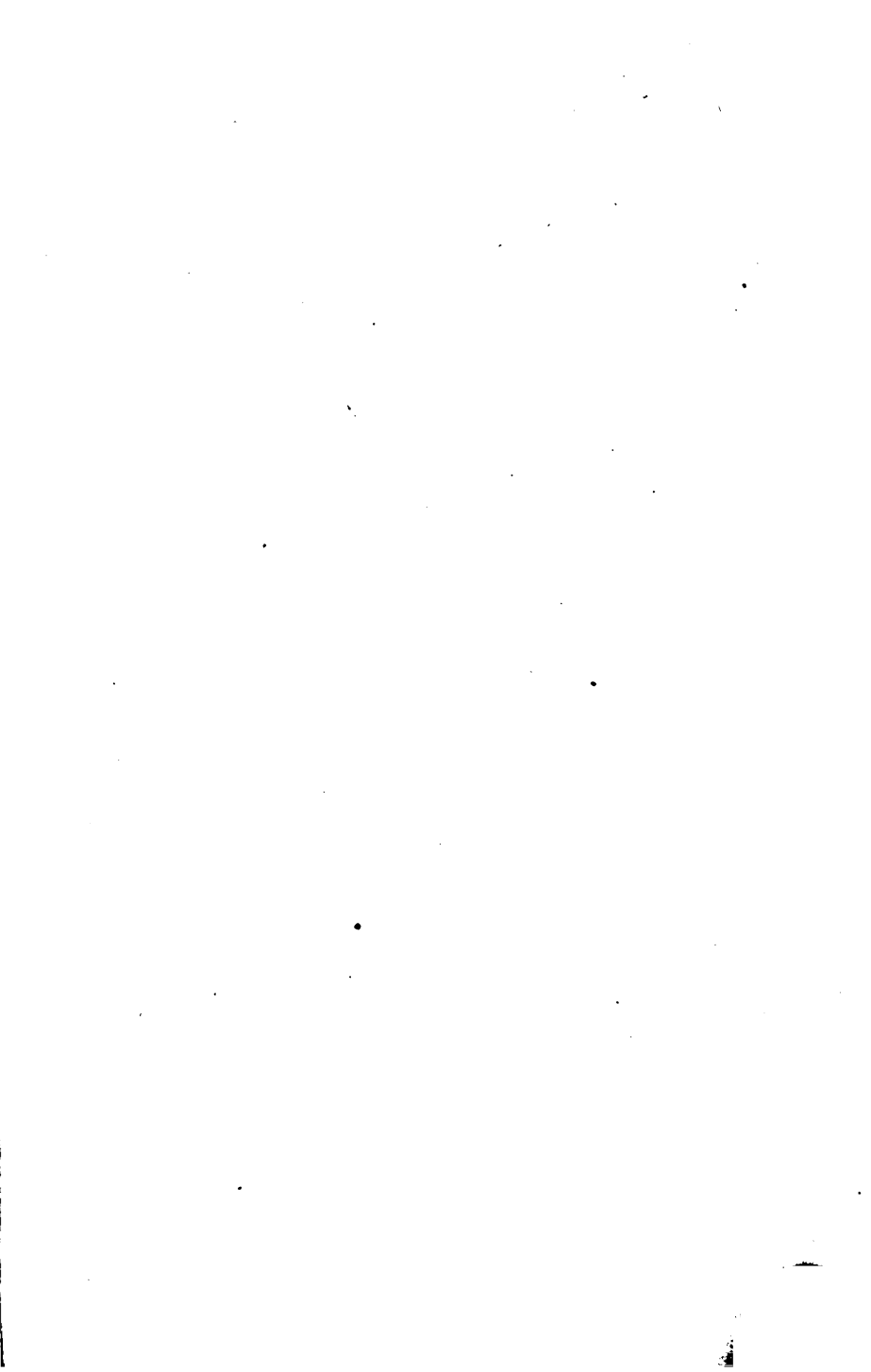


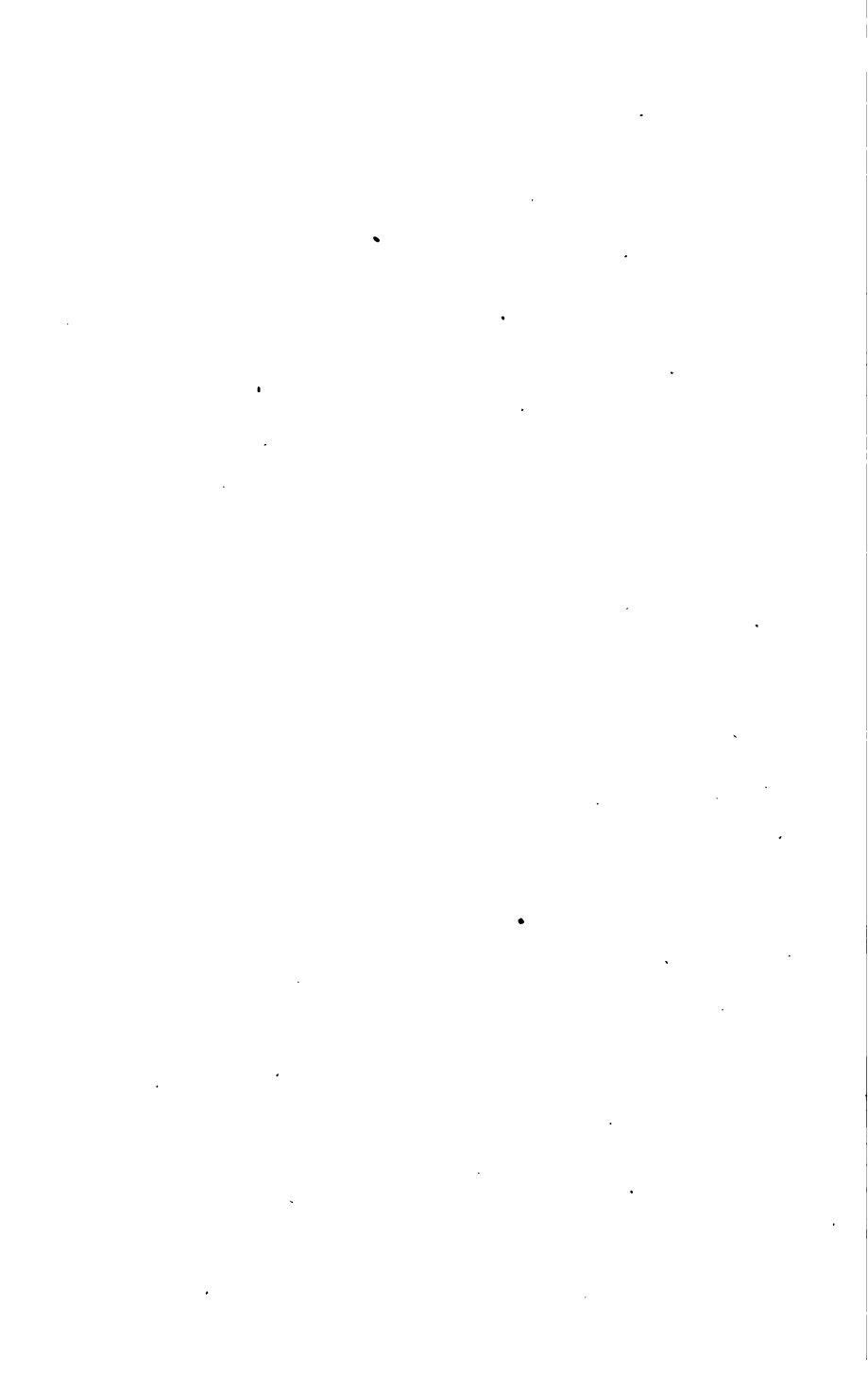






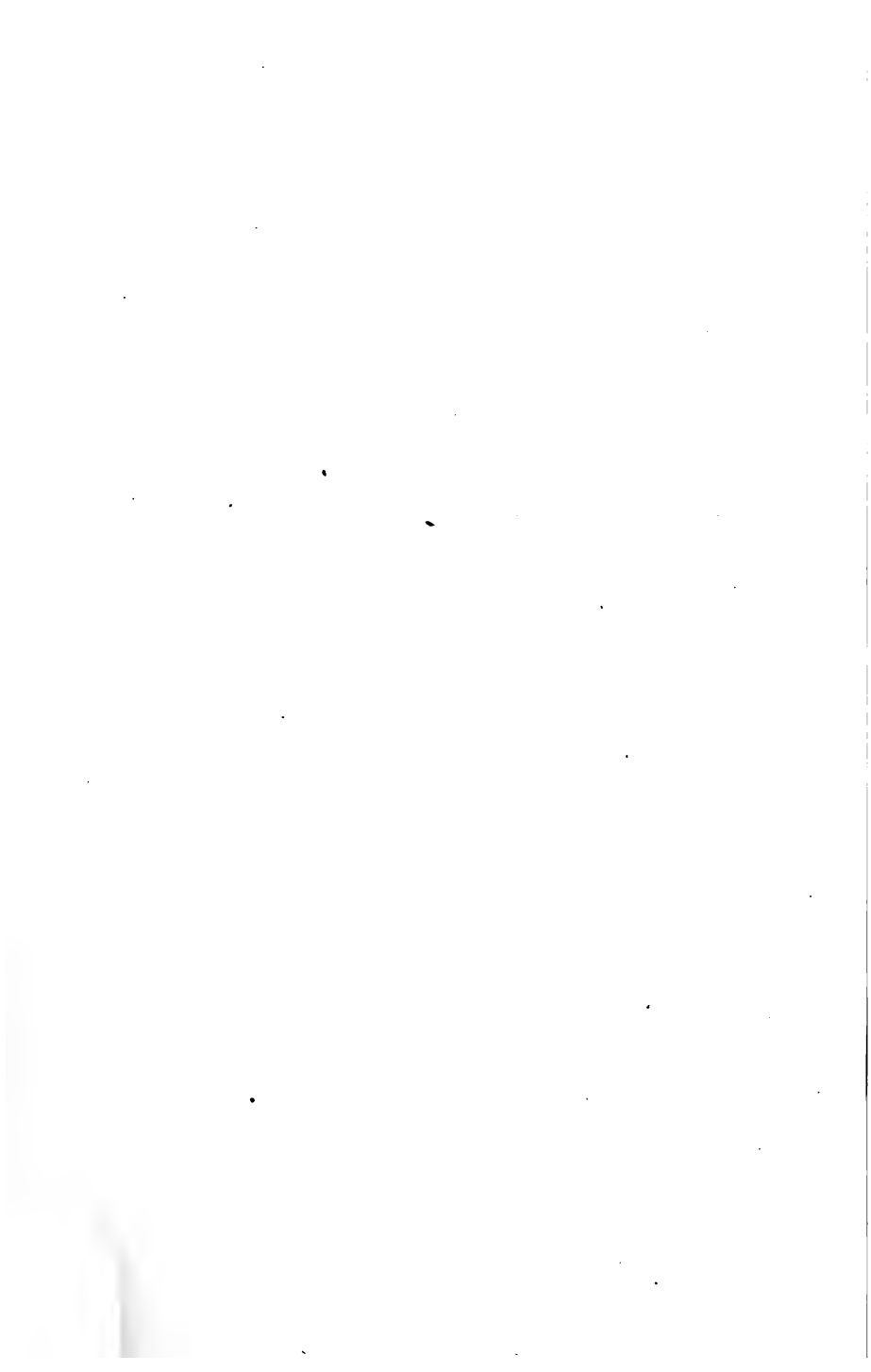












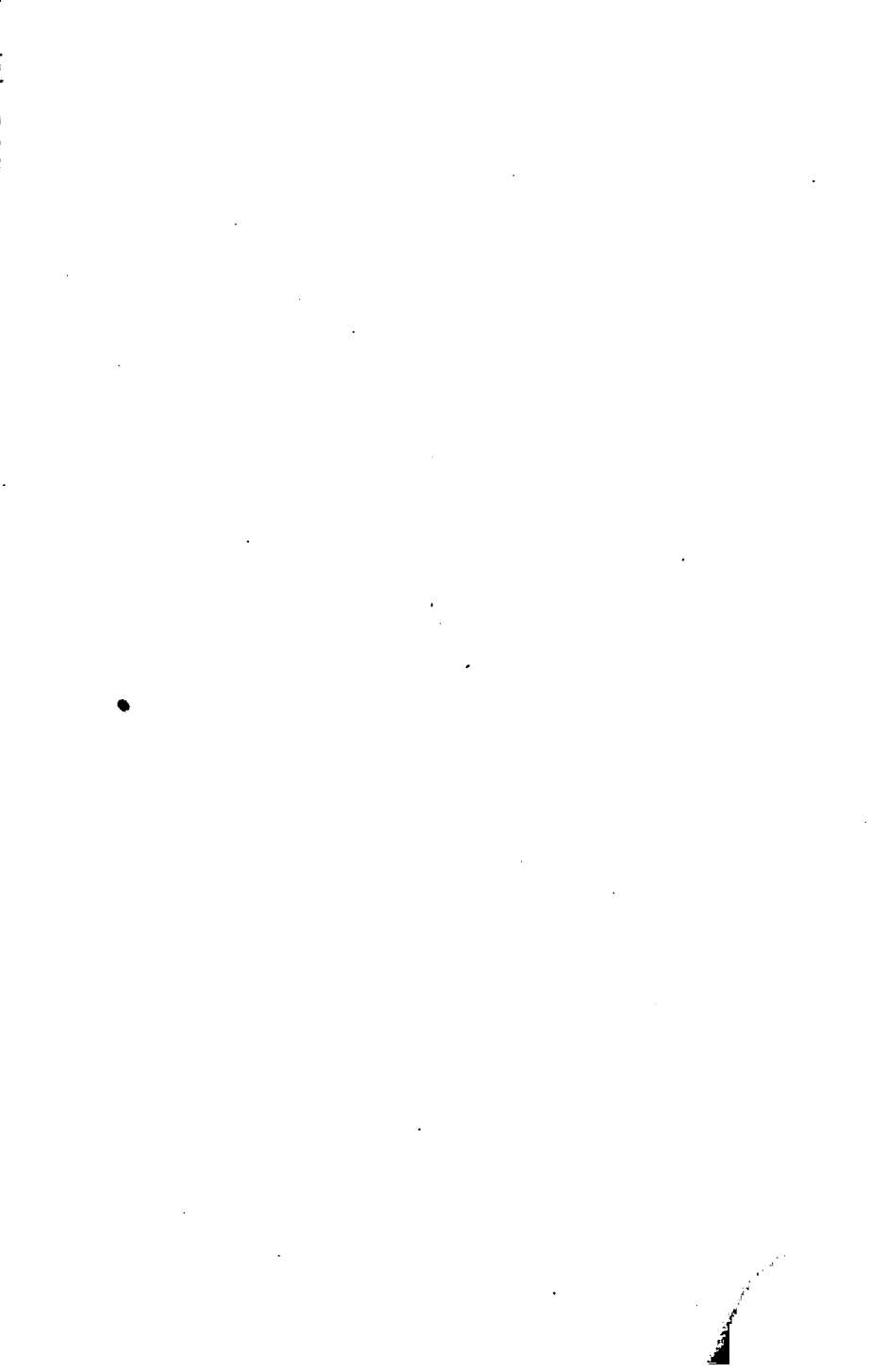


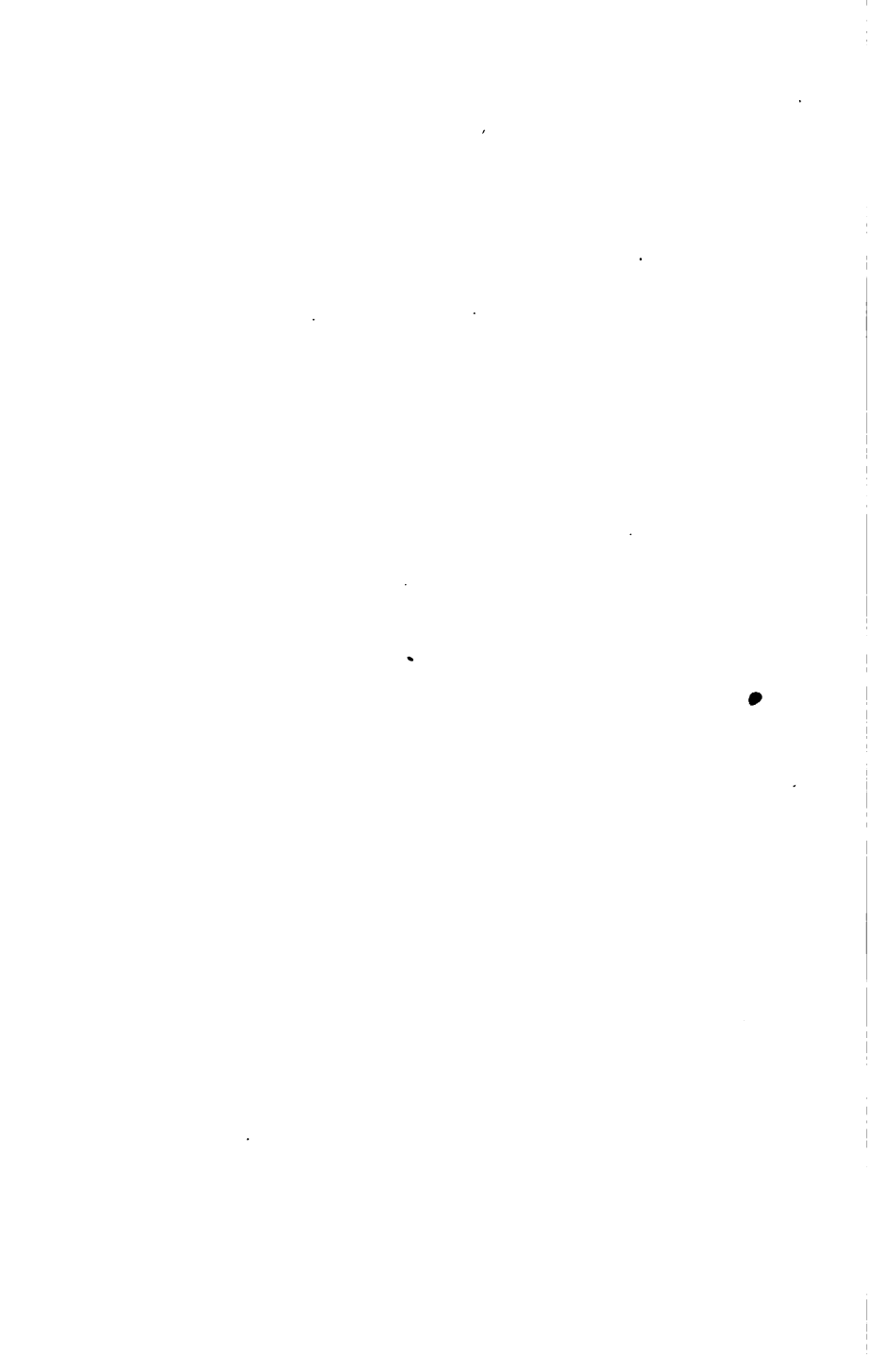




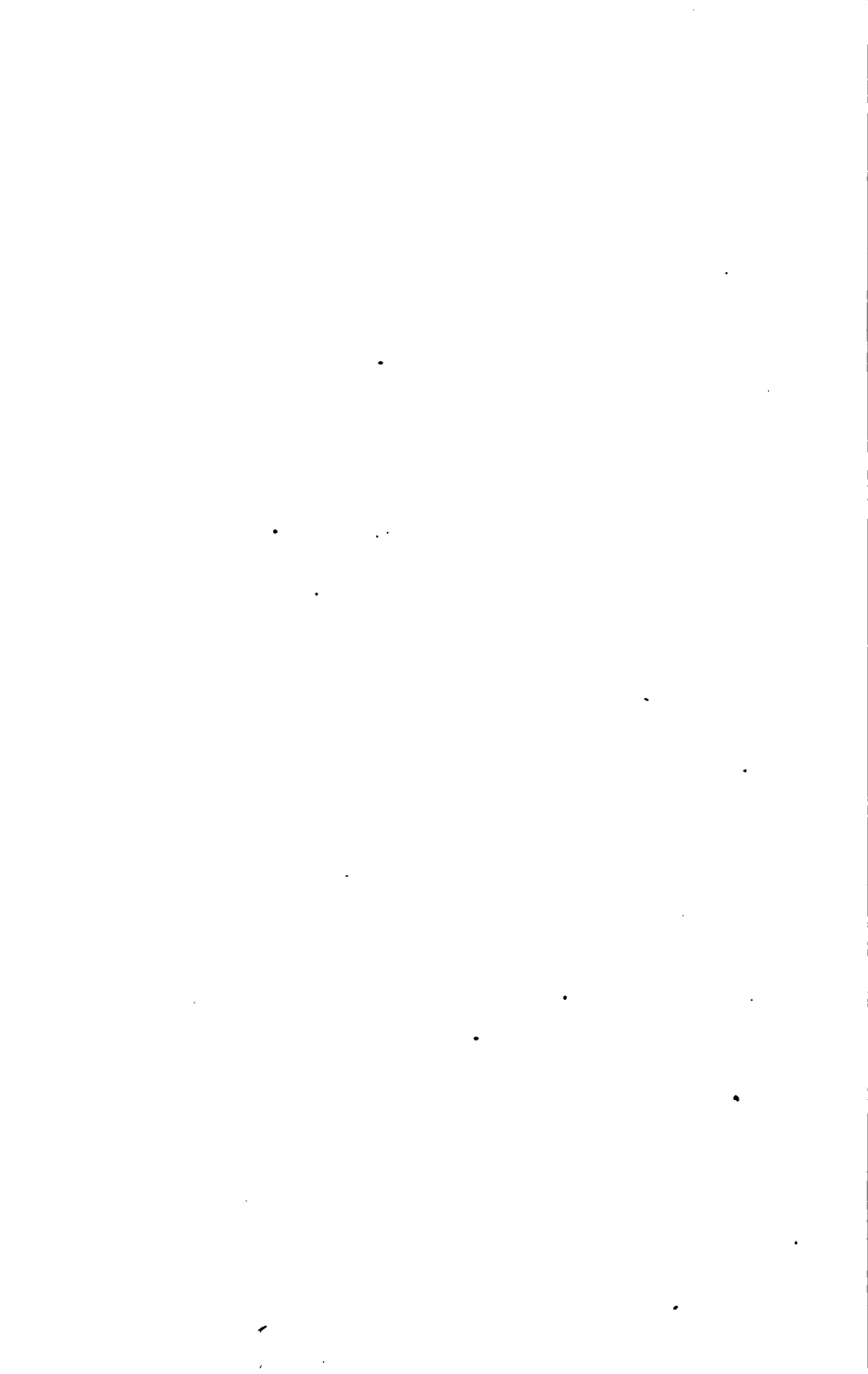


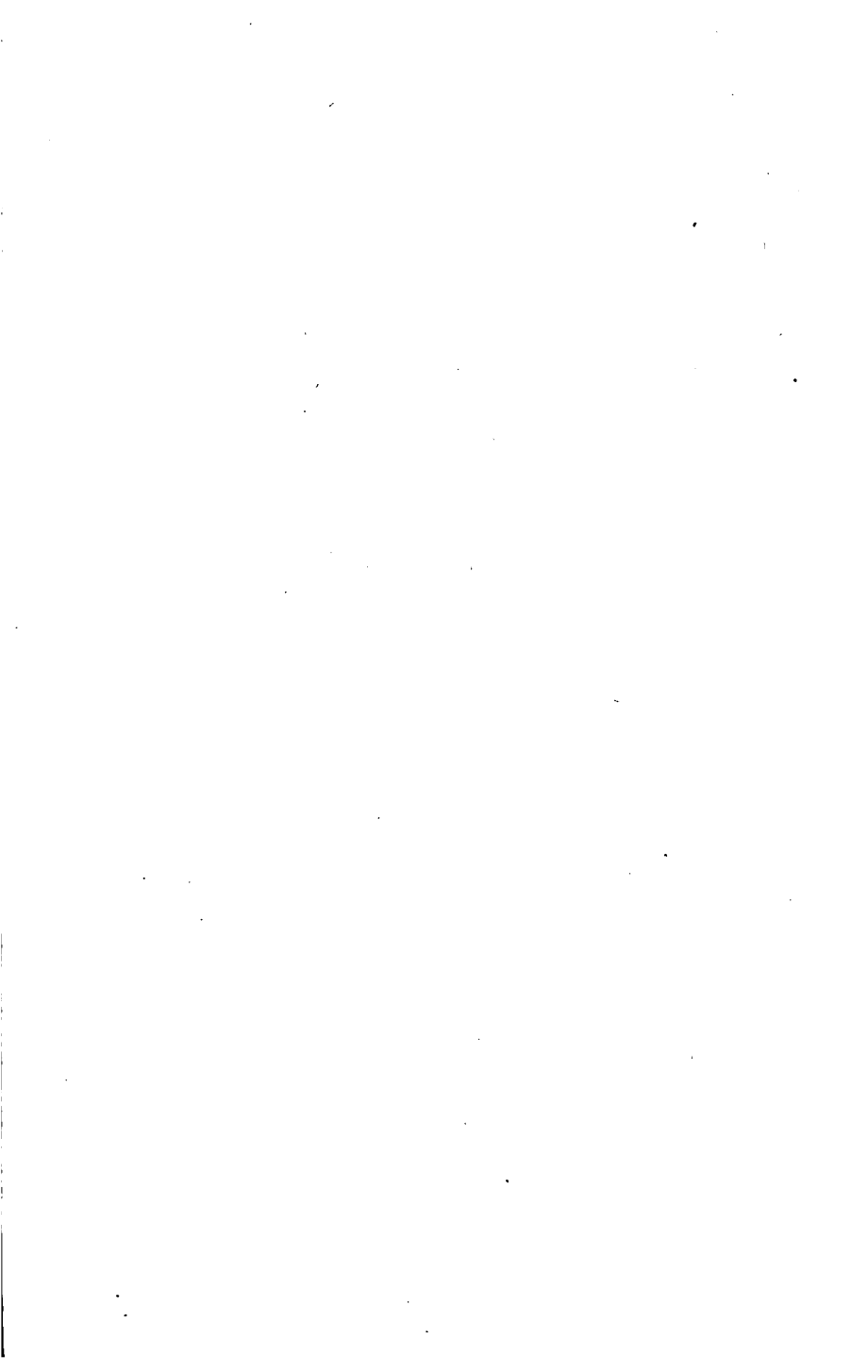


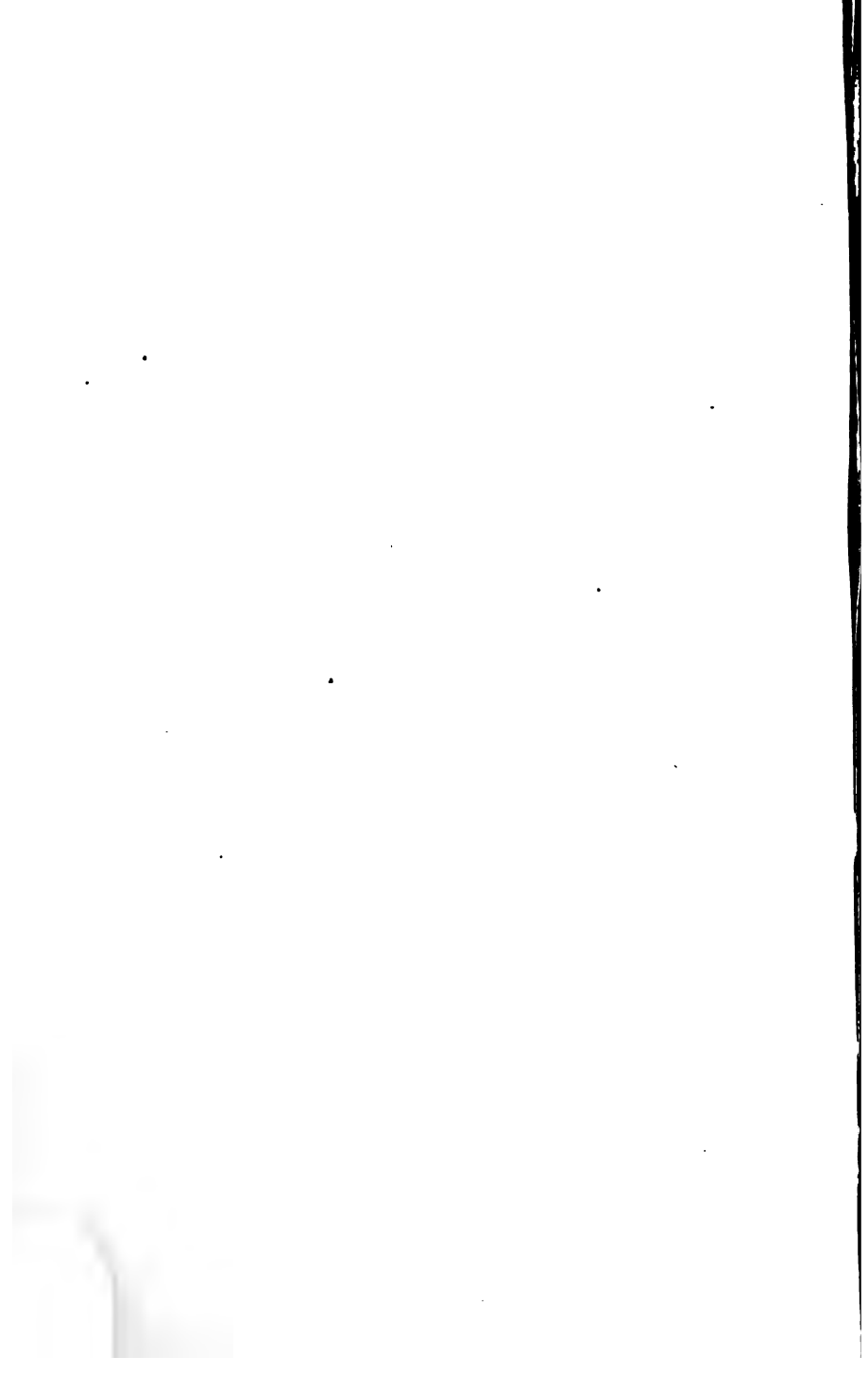




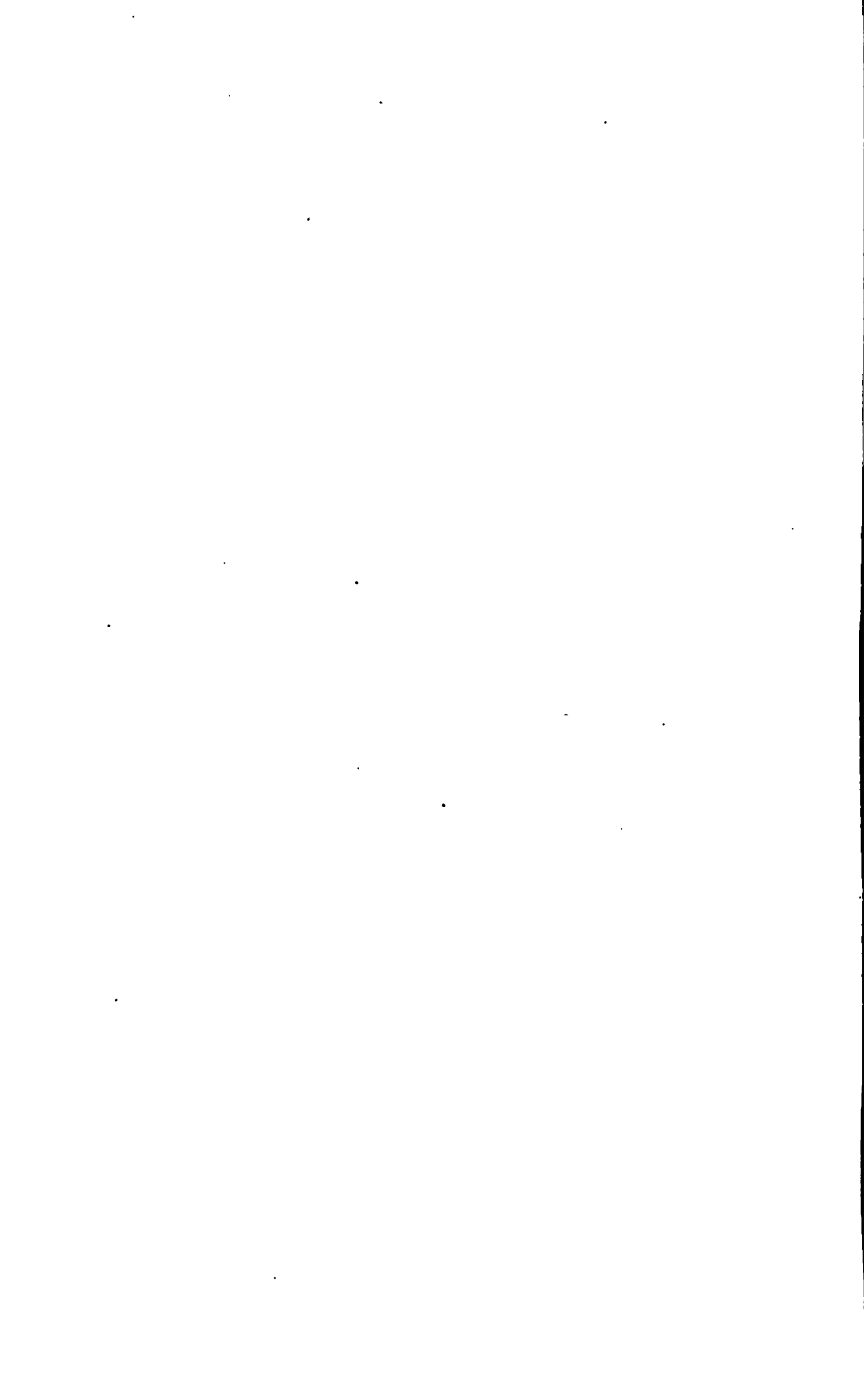




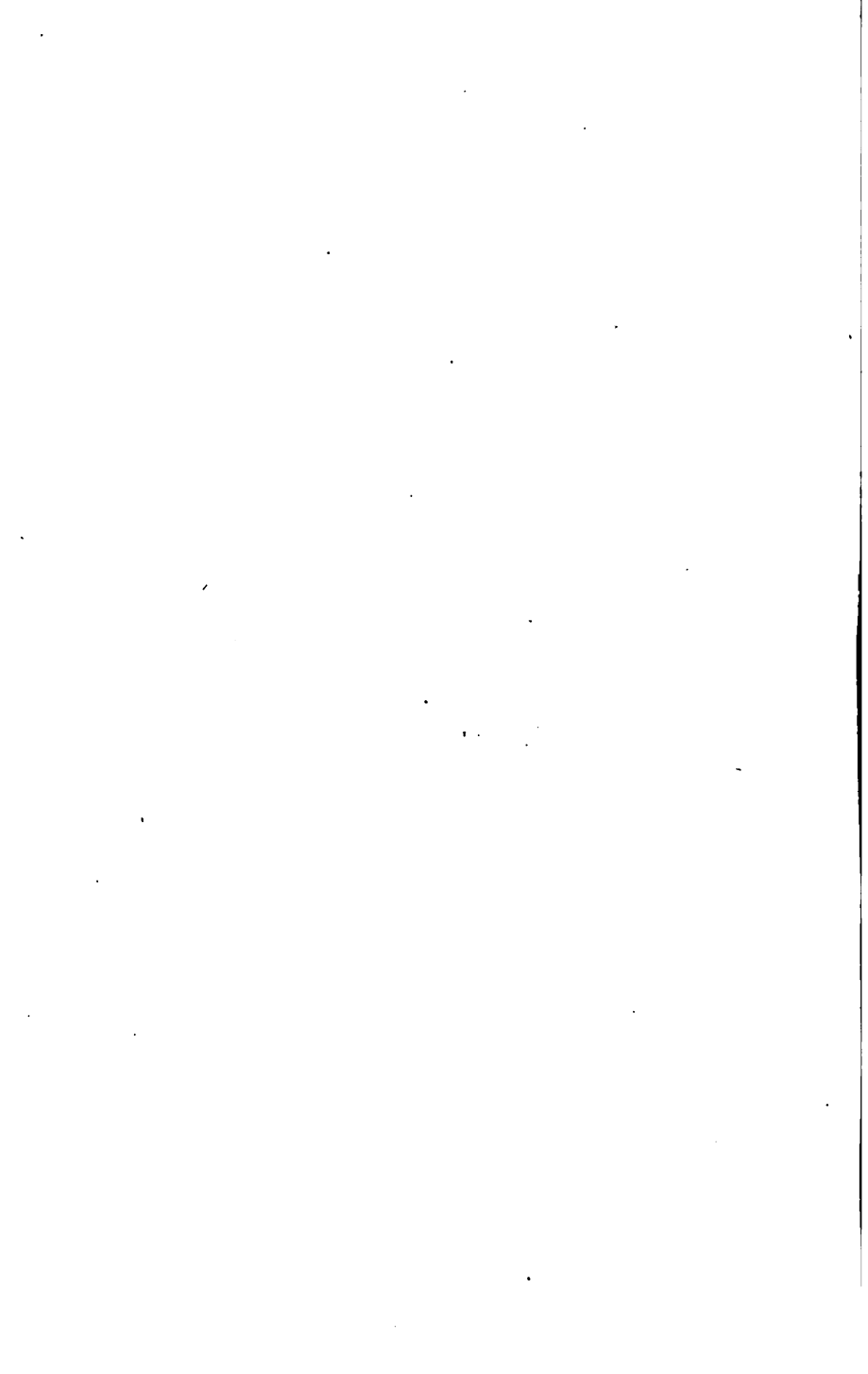




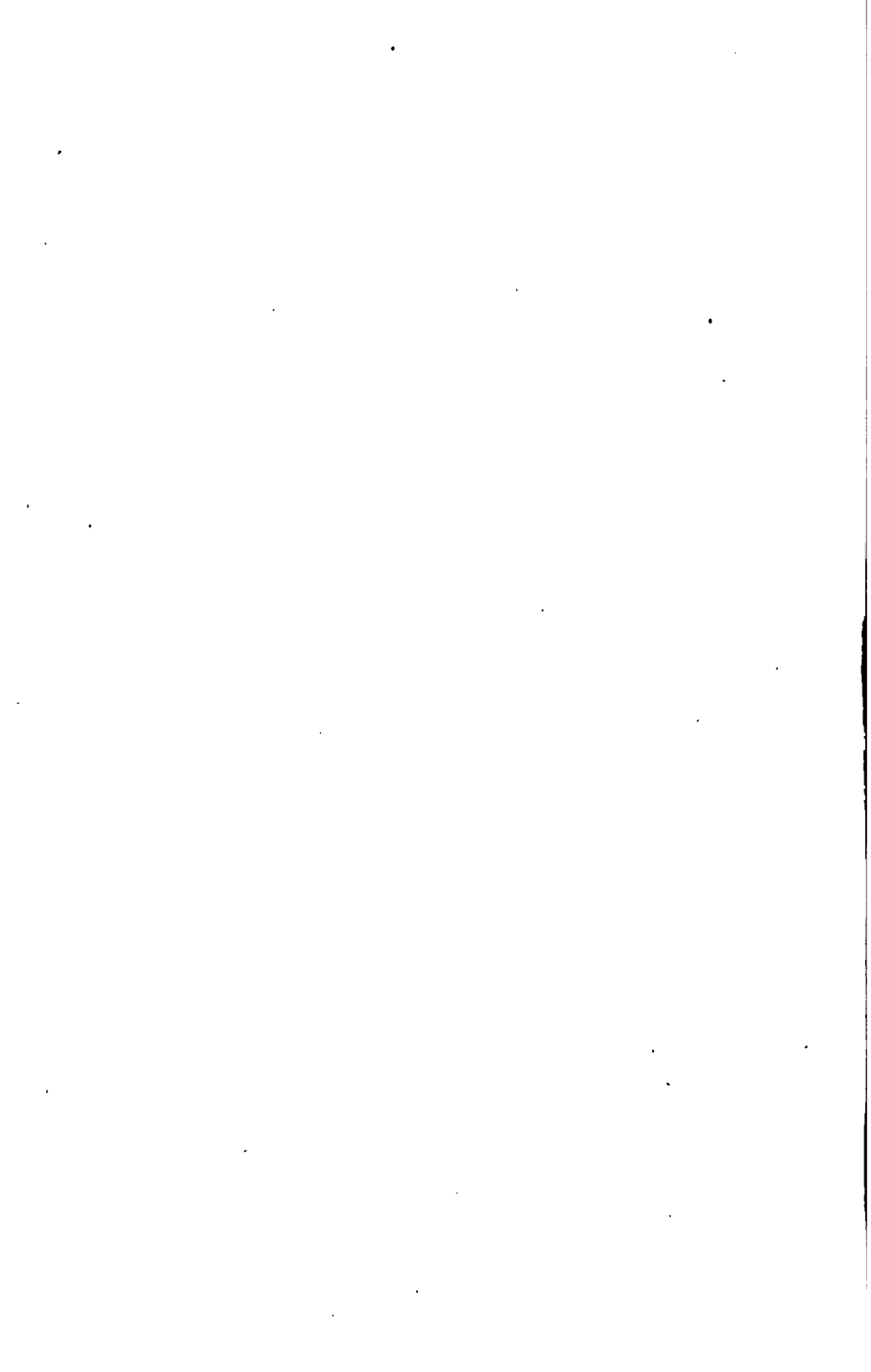




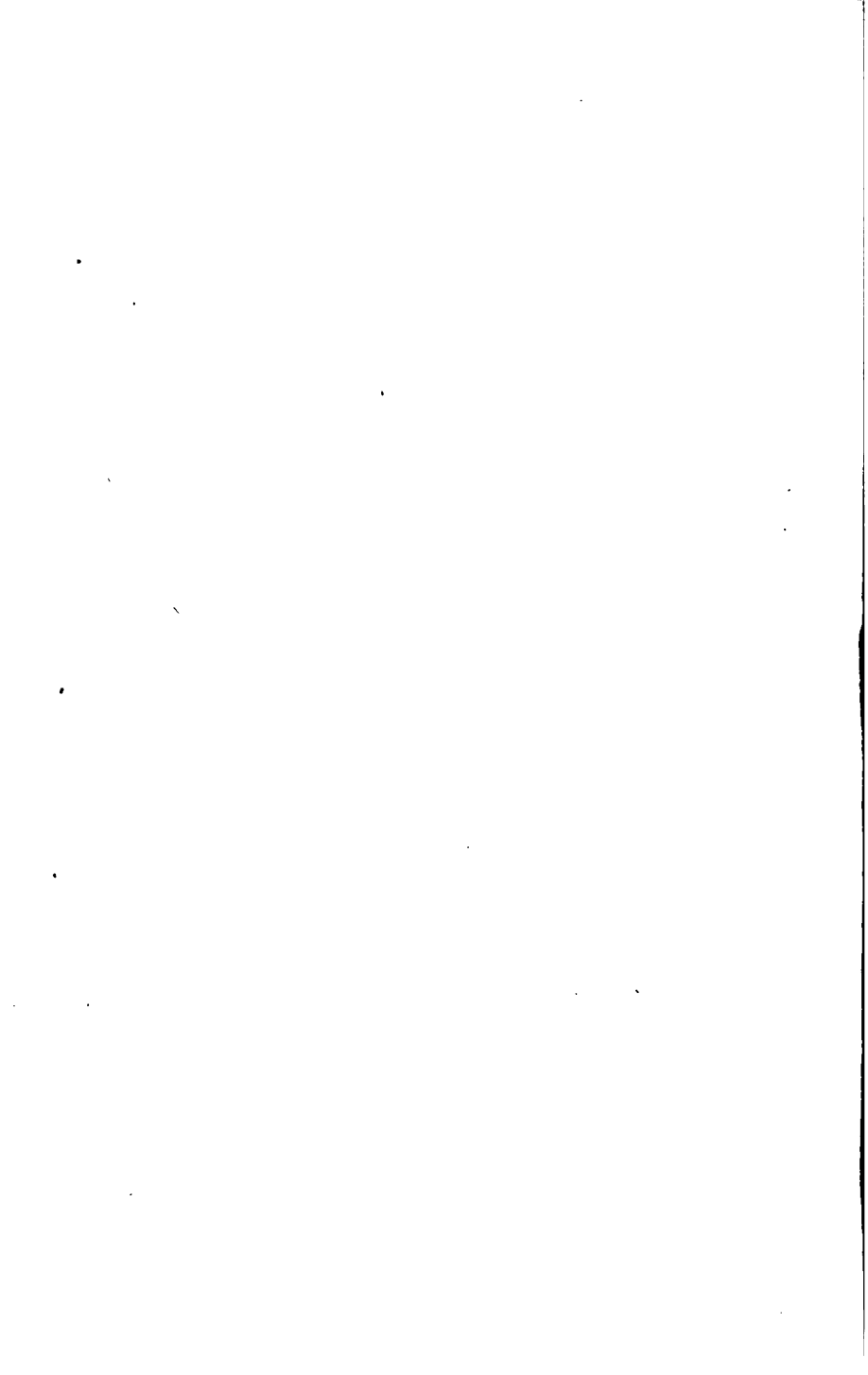






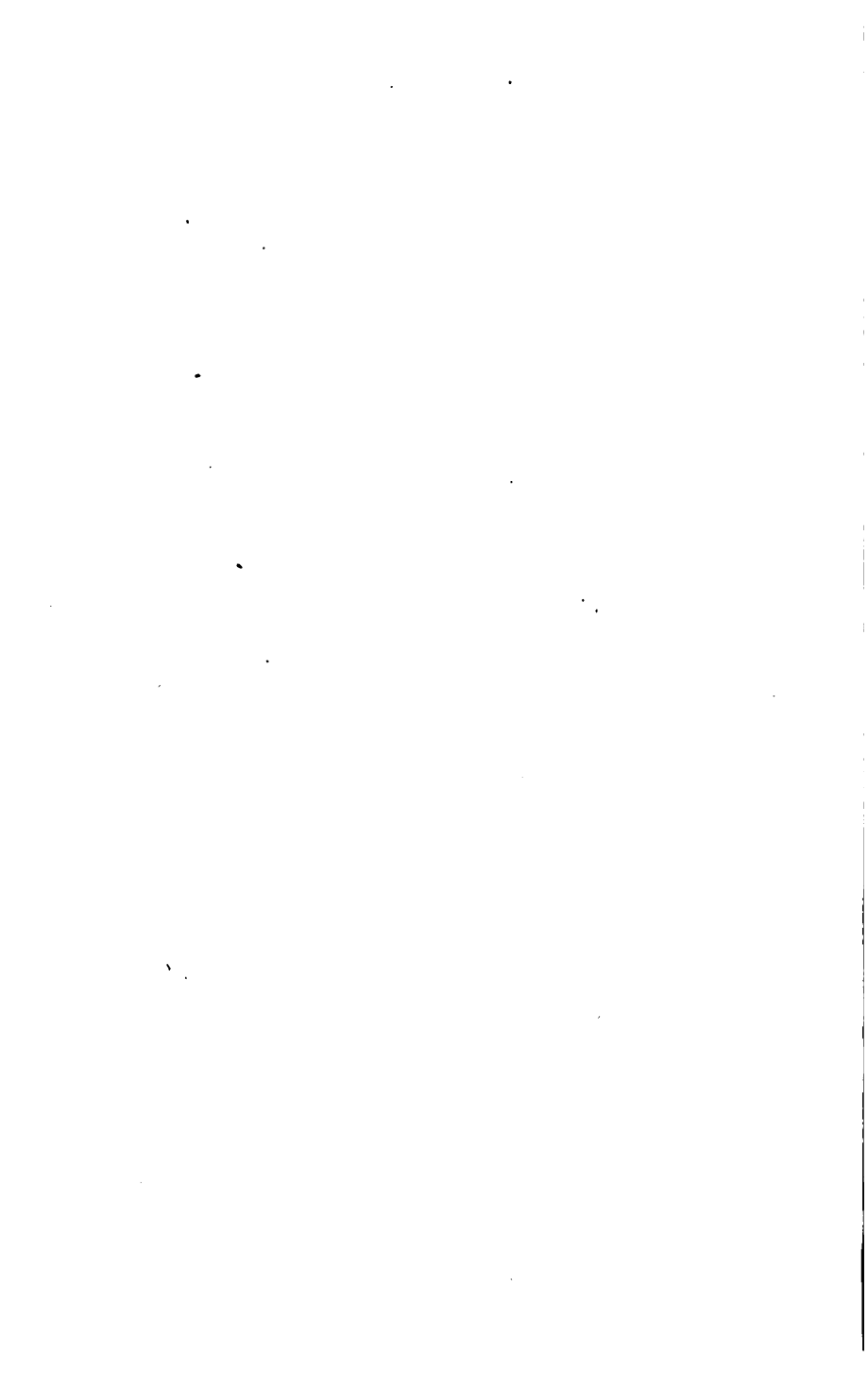




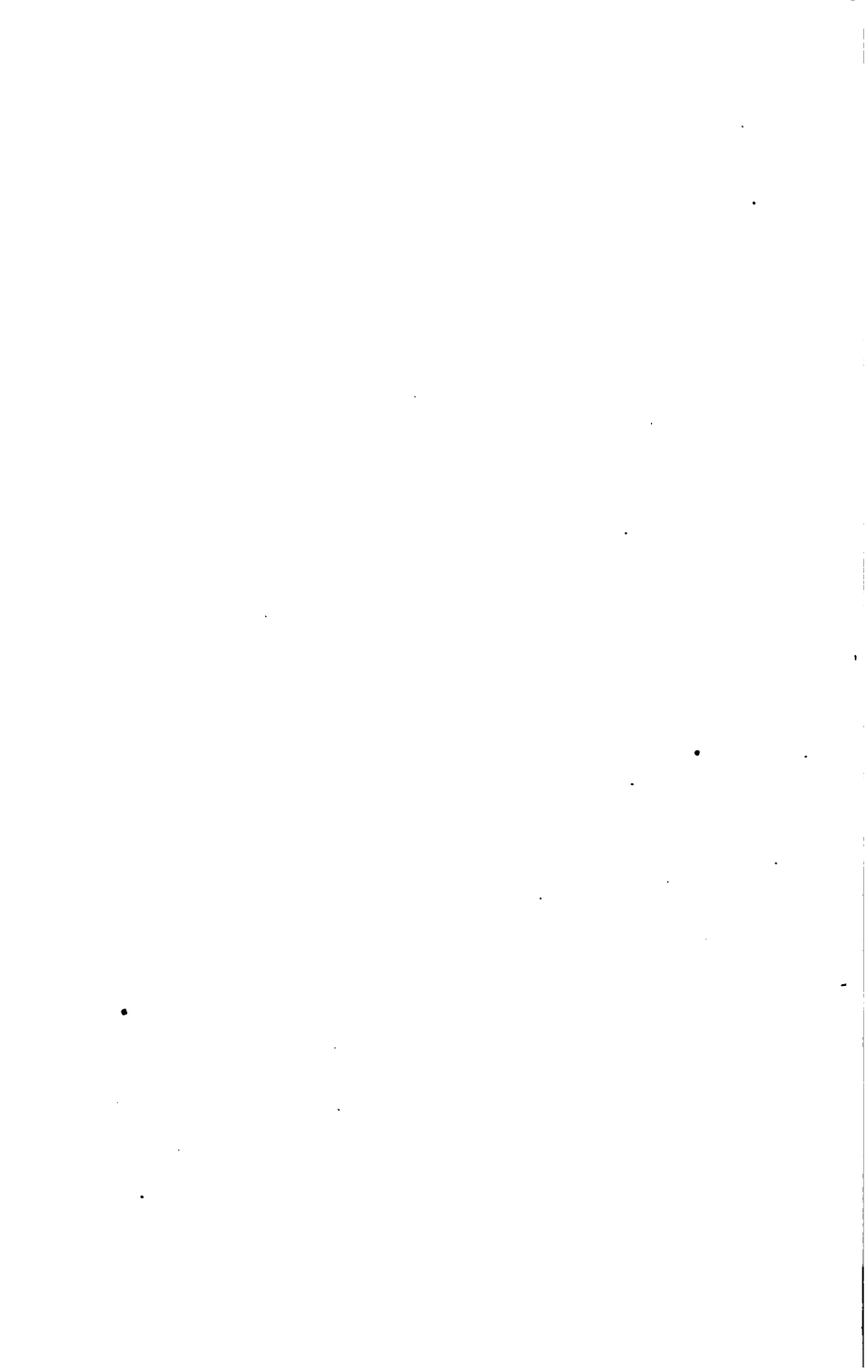




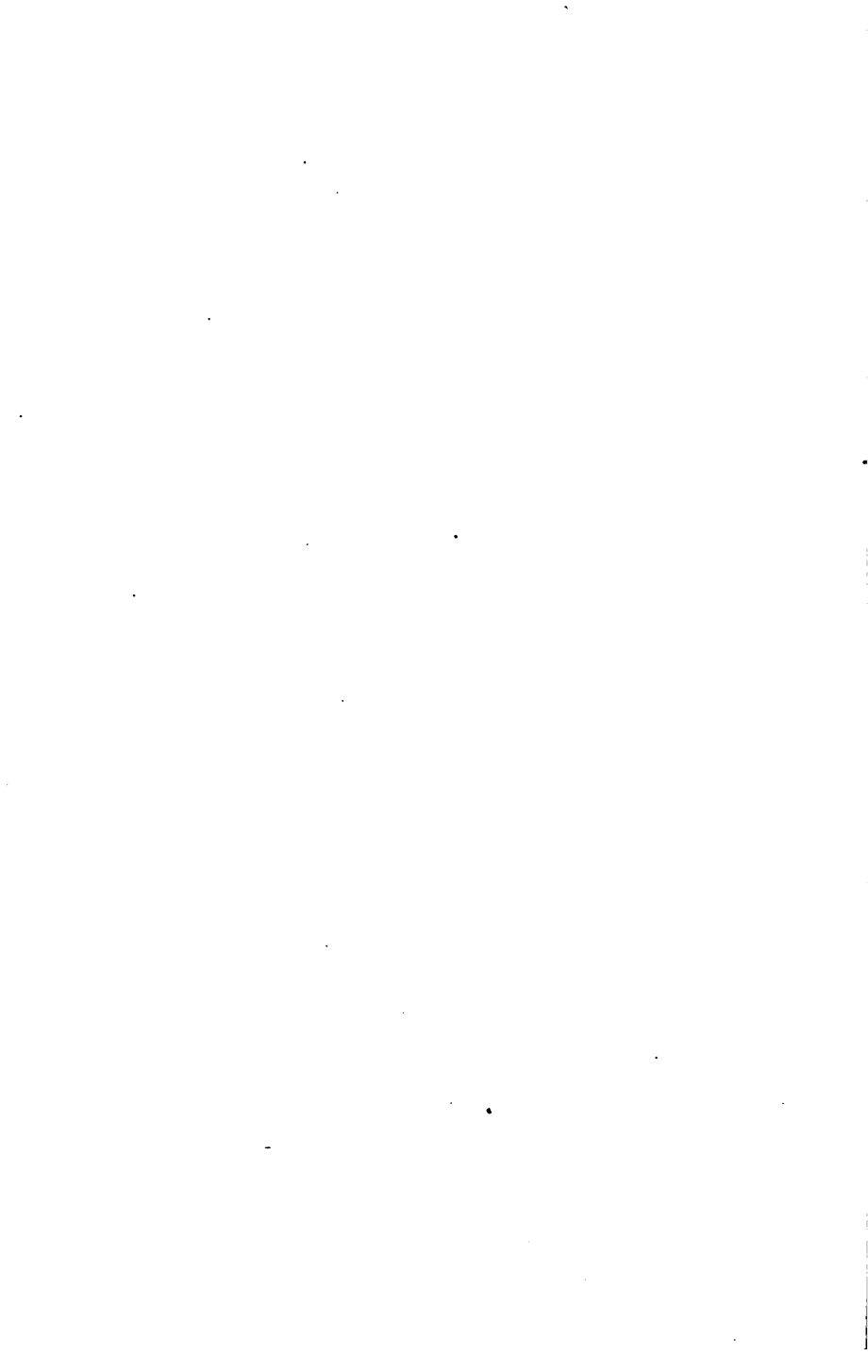




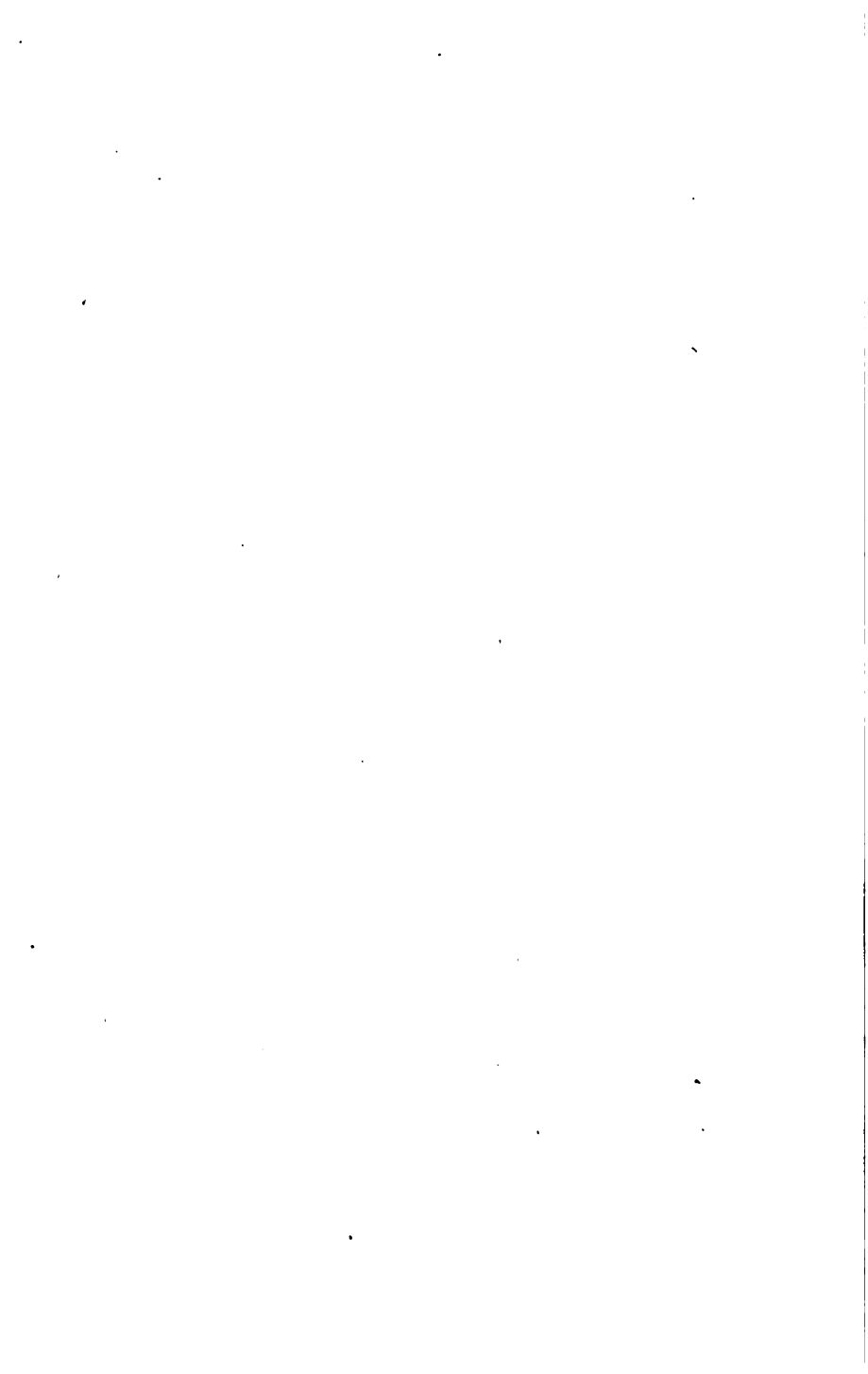




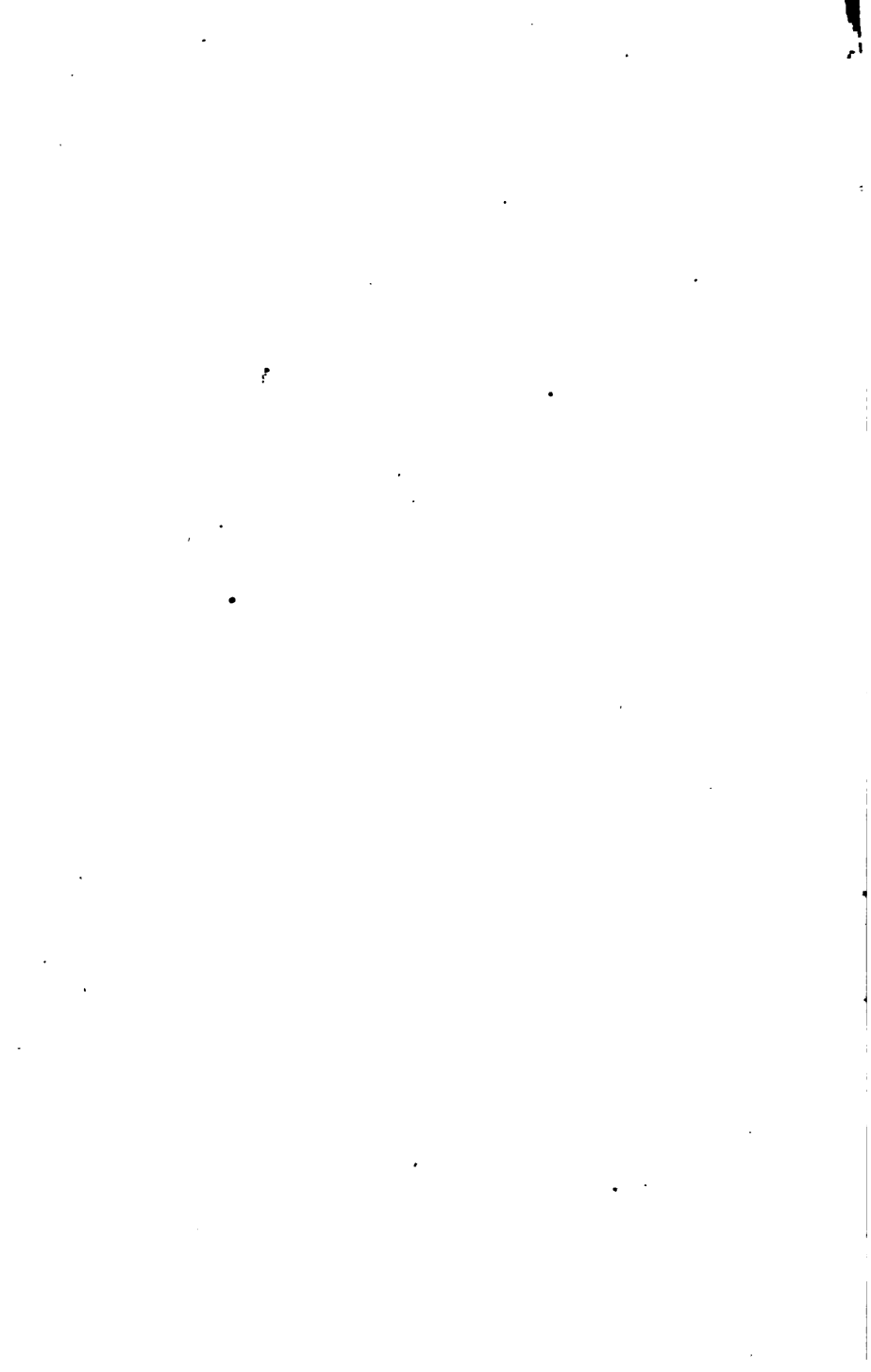


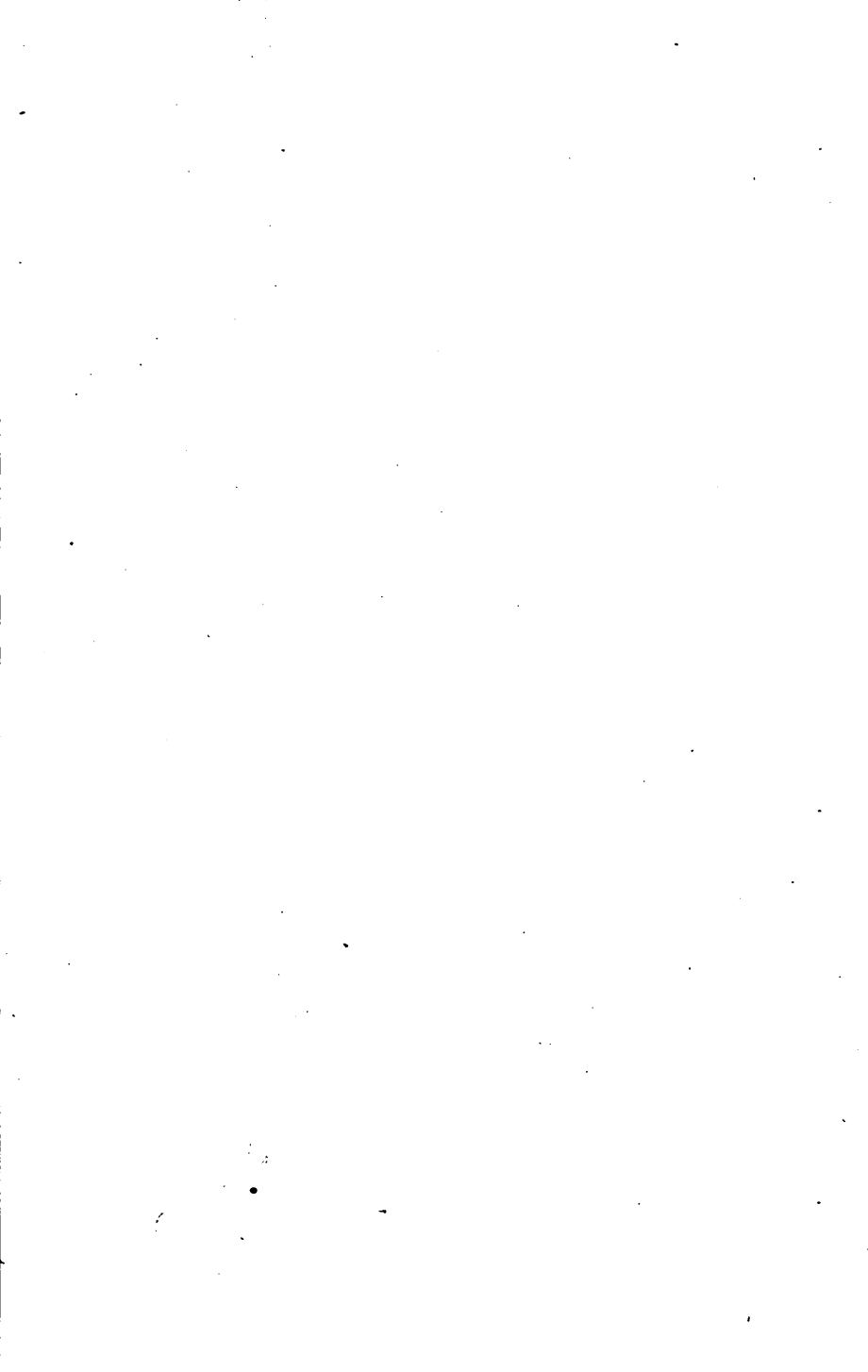














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